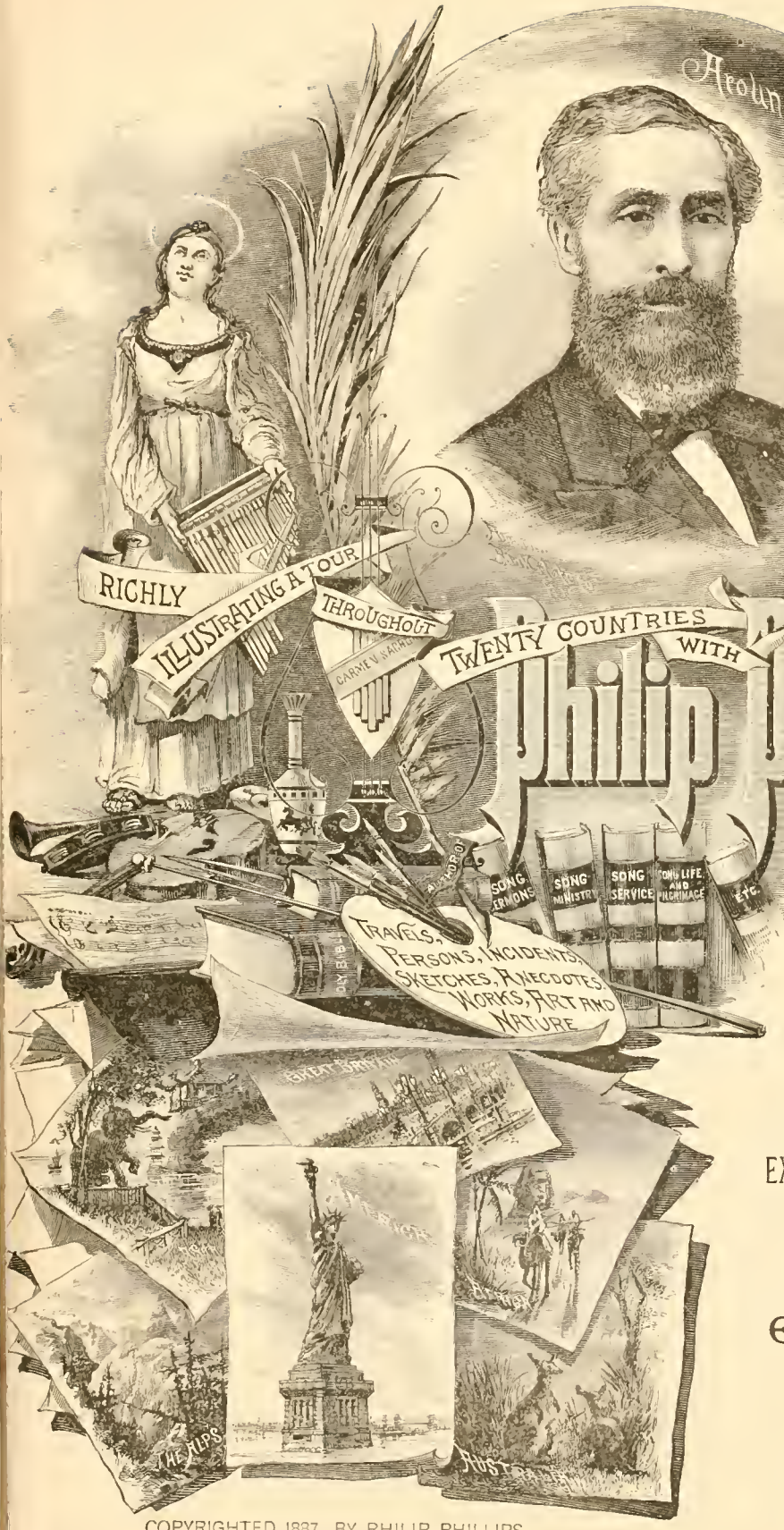
ROUND THE WORLD WITH PHILIP PHILLIPS



RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

The PHILLIPS PUB. CO.



A Pictorial Tour OF THE GLOBE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PEN AND PENCIL,

INCLUDING

EXPERIENCES, SIGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS

OF

MEN AND THINGS,

THROUGHOUT

Every State in the Union,

AND

TWENTY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

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DEDICATION.

To My Wife,

Olive M. Phillips,

WHOSE CONSISTENT LIFE, TIMELY COUNSELS, UNSELFISH SPIRIT, UNWAVERING DEVOTION, AND AFFECTIONATE COMPANIONSHIP HAVE EVER MADE MY LIFE AS A SUMMER MORNING AT HOME.

To the Tender Memories of

My Eldest Son, James,

(Now deceased,)

WHOSE BOYISH CURIOSITY, FILIAL LOVE, AMBITION, AND READY SERVICES IN THE LONG JOURNEY CONDUCED TO ITS COURAGE BY THE WAY;

AND

To My Youngest Son, Philip,

NAMESAKE, AND PET OF THE PARTY, WHOSE CHILD-LIKE WAYS, WHOSE SONGS AND CRIES WERE ALIKE MUSIC TO US ALL, WHO SO OFTEN PUZZLED US IN THE BREAKING DAWN, BY ASKING, "PAPA, MAMMA, WHERE ARE WE NOW?" WHOSE PRATTLE AND PLAY GAVE US THE REAL HOME FEELING ABROAD.

PREFACE.

Gentle reader, when you open
Oft the pages of this volume,
Full we trust 'twill be of interest,
As a summer day of sunshine,
Full of pleasure and instruction
As the ocean is of billows.
It will take you on a journey,
On a rare and wondrous journey,
From the shores of Columbia
And the cities of New England,
To the vast and great Niagara,
Roaring loud and roaring louder,
Till your ears are filled with thunder;
It will take you to the south land,
View the cotton-fields and negroes,
View the marvelous plantations,
And the great Palmetto swamp lands;
It will take you to the wheat-fields,
Through the rolling, verdant prairies;
It will traverse to yon mountains—
Mountains great and highlands mighty,
Gardens wonderful 'twill show you,
Many a deep and wooded valley,
Many a fall of "Laughing Water;"
And from off the shores of Freedom
It will take you o'er the ocean—
O'er the mild and calm Pacific,
To the island land Australia,
Through its gullies filled with fern-trees,
Through its gold-fields and its cities,
It will lead you ever onward
Where the spicy breezes linger,
Where the Devil-dancers worship;
In Ceylon's all beauteous island,
Where the temples of Benares
Border on the sacred river,
Where the Taj-Tomb most majestic
Fills the looker-on with wonder,
It will take you in its journeys.
Then from India's land of idols
It will lead you up to Egypt,
It will climb the lofty Pyramids,
And will view the Nile on flowing;
Into Palestine 'twill bring you,
Where the Savior lived and suffered,
Glorious land of gospel history.
Then to Italy, land of painters,
Land of architects and sculptors;
And to France and mighty Paris,
Past the vineyards all about you,
It will onward take its journey,
It will climb the Alpine glacier,
It will sail the Rhine historic,
It will view the dykes of Holland
And old Briton's wondrous country.
Think you then this trip worth taking?
Would you see these marvels mighty,
View the strange and curious customs?
If you would, then scan these pages,
Give them thought and deep attention,
And perhaps with pen and pencil
I may paint the moaning forest,
Paint the sad and heaving ocean,
Paint the mountains high and hoary,
And the rivers deep and mighty.
With these kindly words of promise,
Gentle reader, now I leave you,
And I trust will make the pleasure
Of the seeing and the viewing
Of these wondrous scenes and marvels
Yours, as much as books can make them.

Philip Phillips, Jr.

Delaware, Ohio, April 10, 1887.

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

BUT few words are necessary in introducing this volume to the "wide, wide world" of general readers, and especially to that large part of it made up of persons who have listened to the songs of the singer himself, Mr. PHILIP PHILLIPS, a world-wide traveler, who has compassed the globe, reaching, perhaps, a larger number of hearers than any other religious singer of our day.

There is a realm of classic music in which success has been sought and achieved by gifted and ambitious singers. They have subjected their vocal powers to the severest training, under the great masters of voice-culture on two continents. They have been able to perform vocal feats rivaling in boldness and wonder the achievements of the athlete. They have studied for immediate effect. They have sought human applause, and have won it. The triumphs of a single concert have compensated them for years of patient toil and frequent failure. Amidst the ringing plaudits of enthusiastic auditors, they find reward for persistency, fatigue, expense, and patient waiting.

Art, in its highest forms, is to be glorified. Art may indeed be of man, but man is of God; and true art is but the evolution, through human purpose, energy, and skill of the divine conception and ideal. It is legitimate and praiseworthy to seek the highest attainments in whatever line of life one has a peculiar aptitude, and to which he is by natural endowment called; for thus man may glorify his Creator.

Men sometimes achieve success in specialties of thought and labor without protracted preparatory training. Native taste and tact sometimes produce the most delicate and powerful effects of high art. This is true in oratory as in music. John Summerfield, without the training of the schools, held the multitudes who thronged to hear him, spell-bound by his matchless eloquence. An Everett might well have coveted the magnetic power and peculiar grace of that young Methodist orator.

Bailey says in "Festus" that "love is the art of hearts, and the heart of arts." The burning eloquence of Summerfield, while resulting from natural power, was also dependent largely upon the intensity of the divine love which dwelt within him.

Many of the early preachers of Methodism in England and in the far West and South of our own country, derived their success from this twofold endowment—inborn tact and divine impulse. Some of the finest oratory ever heard on this continent has been of this natural sort—developed entirely outside of the schools.

In music we discover the same law. Culture exalts mediocrity. An ordinary voice well trained gives pleasure by its clearness, accuracy, and the perfect control in which it is held.

Where genius enjoys culture the largest results are secured; and where genius and a certain divine inspiration are combined—the inspiration of tender, genuine love—we find, even where culture may be lacking, the success already mentioned.

The modern religious awakenings on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as the enthusiasm enkindled during our civil war, now happily lying in quite a remote past, were largely attributable to the power of song—the song of the individual singer or of great choruses or the thunder of song from the enraptured multitudes. Mr. Moody owes a large part of his success to Mr. Sankey. It is doubtful whether he could ever, by any powers which he possesses, have achieved a tithe of his success but for the musical inspirations excited by his compeer, and the immense choirs which he had the wise policy to organize. Among the human instrumentalities which God has so abundantly blessed in this great revival movement, the principal one is the inartistic, uncultivated, fervent singing of Sankey and his associates. In the honors to be awarded in the future by a grateful Republic, the writers and singers of our most popular war songs will receive a share of the glory once bestowed so lavishly—and none too lavishly—upon the war president and his successful generals. The old "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" "Your mission," "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and others of our patriotic songs stirred the hearts of the people to their very depths, and rallied the masses of the people round the banner of the nation.

In this department of naturally-endowed and inspired singing we must place the subject of the present volume. In the war time and its revival services, at Sunday-school conventions and elsewhere he has been a great blessing to the church and the nation. Untrained in the schools, as indifferent to the laws of high art in vocal performance as was John Summerfield to the mere theory of elocution, Mr. PHILLIPS has, perhaps, done more than any man of his time for the promotion of congregational singing in the churches—the kindling of fervor in public conventions. He has been criticised by foe and friend, but he has gone steadily forward singing his simple melodies, publishing books, crossing continents and oceans, and inciting many a heart to renewed consecration and holy service.

From personal knowledge of Mr. PHILLIPS for more than twenty years, from intimate association with him in Sunday-school and church work, from long weeks of travel in his company on both sides of the continent, I am glad to be able to pay this willing tribute to his genuineness as a man, his earnestness, fidelity, and conscientiousness as a Christian, his simplicity and effectiveness as a singer for the cause of humanity and Christ.

ROUND THE WORLD

WITH

Descriptive Songs

AND

GEM SOLOS

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Chapter I.—New York.

WHO will grudge me a moment to linger in contemplation of such a city? If I affirm New York to be the finest city in the world, no American will dispute with me, and no foreigner would wish to dim the native ardor of my pride. But I shall not say that; for I have visited the hundred mighty cities of the East, and have learned to know that no one city can claim pre-eminence in everything, and that each has something which gives it a prior claim to fame. If New York has its Fifth Avenue and Central Park, it has not the romantic history of a thousand years which makes every stone of some older cities a monument of greatness passed away. But though I have walked the fashionable boulevards of Paris, the busy avenues of Berlin, and the densely populated thoroughfares of London, I know I shall be forgiven by my friends in each, if I give preference for my home city, New York. Before proceeding with New York, let me just say a word or two about myself, in order that both my book and work may be better understood.

In starting upon my new departure, three objects impressed themselves upon me as the aim of my efforts, and I will here name them in the order of their importance:

First,—To cheer and uplift Christians by the sweet Bible promises;

Second,—To lure the erring or indifferent to Christ, by the charm of lofty sentiment and pleasing melody; and,

Third,—To provide an honest living for myself and family, in such a way as to be able to aid many Christian enterprises, without being a burden to any organization for my expenses.

With these objects in my heart, I have continued singing until now.

New York, as most people know, was originally a Dutch settlement; after which it came into the possession of the English, who gave the city its name, in honor of the Duke of York, to whom, at that time, it belonged. Two hundred years, however, have passed away since then, and little remains to perpetuate the story of its origin.

Of my especial work in New York, I will give two illustrations, showing bright and dark sides of New York life. The first of these was the occasion of my singing at the anniversary of the Christian Commission, in the New York Academy of Music. I shall never forget the trepidation with which I anticipated this effort. The audience, I knew, would be a most brilliant one, and, to a great extent, it was an experiment to attempt their entertainment by simple gospel songs. The *elite* of the metropolis were present—an assemblage of over three thousand persons; but soon the responses from the audience reassured me, and I felt that I was safe. The sentiments uttered in song found answers in many hearts, and the applause was frequent and hearty. Even the New York press ventured, on the following day, to speak in approving terms of this "new departure" in sacred song. The New York *Tribune* remarked: "Since the days of the Wesleys there has probably been no man who has been so popular as a leader and singer of sacred song as Mr. Phillips."

But to my other illustration: That which, to my own soul, is the most satisfactory work

I have ever done, was singing in the slums of New York, in connection with Rev. William Booles' and Jerry McCauly's mission. Water Street is well known as one of the vilest quarters in New York. Here at this time, a plain mission-room stood, while a small band of noble workers were laboring to save the fallen. One Sunday evening the little mission hall was crowded with Magdalenes and others of the most vicious characters of the Fourth Ward. I was to sing for this strange audience.

At the time for opening exercises, the famous Kit Burns, a notorious and desperate character at that time, heading a band of about thirty "roughs," marched up the aisle and took a position immediately in front of me.

I feared we should have trouble with him before the evening was over; but, trusting in God, began the services as usual. For a time all went well. Kit and his companions listened with marked attention through several songs. Then some one called out from the door: "Kit, you're wanted." Rising at once in his seat, Kit sent back the ready answer: "Tell 'em to go to ——." Not noticing the interruption, I went on singing of Jesus and his love. Again the rough shouted from the door: "Kit, you're wanted outside." This time the burly leader stood up, and in his hoarse voice called back: "Tell 'em this is the first Jesus meetin' I've ever been at, and I shall stay till it's out." This seemed to settle the matter, and we had no more trouble from outside. During the evening I gave a short exhortation, pleading with the unconverted to come to Christ, and begin a better life. So close was the crowd as they sat around me, that I could hear some of the women say: "We will do better! Yes, we will!" No doubt they were sincere in these promises; but only God and the poor chained soul can fully understand the galling bondage of habit. Many a woman there would weep with remorseful emotion over the tender allusions to "little baby fingers," and all the motherhood in her be aroused to pledge itself for her own darlings; yet, when to-morrow came, the bad associations drew so powerfully that the old neglect and sin went on. While I sang "Scatter seeds of kindness," it all seemed quite possible; but the to-morrow's test too often found them unequal to it. Sin had left its mark of irresolution upon them. Only by sovereign grace can such poor, weakened souls be held to a better purpose and life.

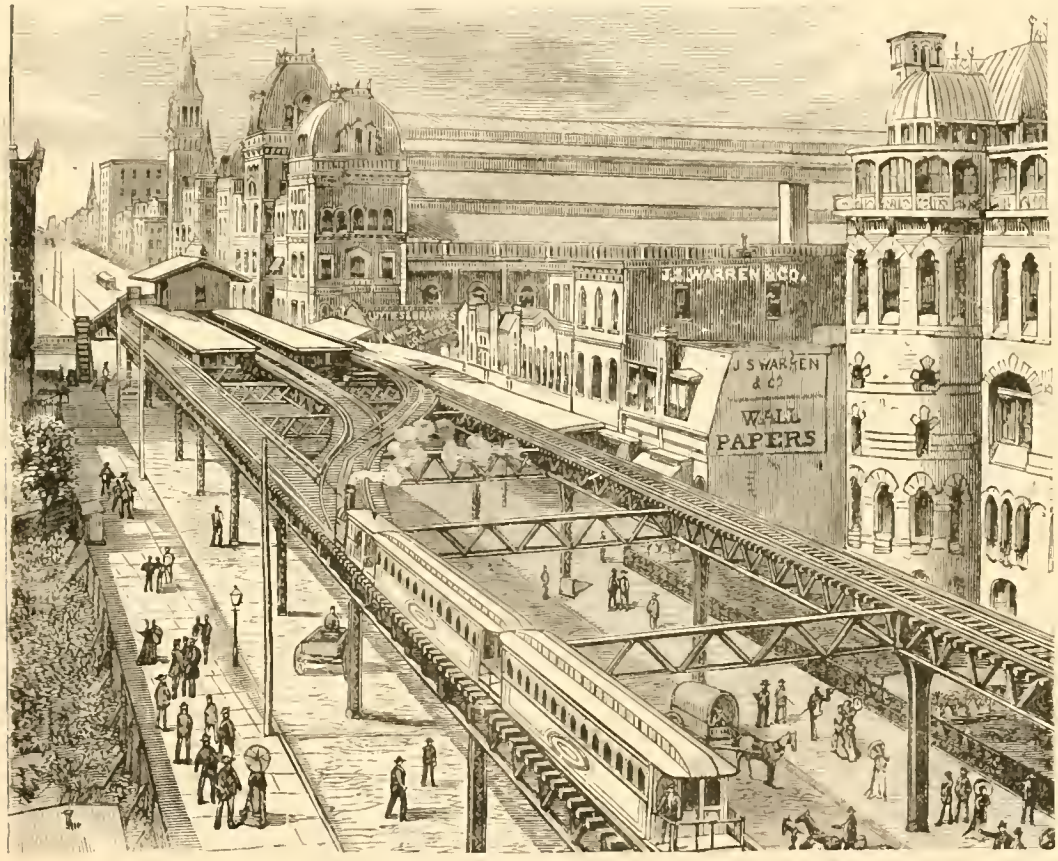


TERRACE, CENTRAL PARK.

A few days after this, one of the women who attended the meeting on this Sunday evening, was found drunk on the street. The Matron of the Mission, seeing her condition, managed to get her into the mission-room, that she might be saved from the idle gaze of the crowd until she came to herself. For some time she lay in a drunken stupor on the floor, and then the influence of her dram began to pass off. Raising herself on her elbow, she looked around, and, thinking she was in the "Tombs" or "lock-up," thus began to soliloquize: "Now, I'll have to stay here thirty days"—that being the penalty for drunkenness on the street—"my business will all go to sticks! I know the policeman, d—n him! When I get out I'll show him;" but just here, looking about more closely, she perceived her mistake, and muttered: "I *ain't* in the Tombs after all. Where am I?" Then, after a moment: "Oh, I'm in that place where they scatter seeds of kindness." She remembered the song

RBC NcU

of the previous Sunday night. The Matron, overhearing her words, came to her and said: "Yes, I found you on the sidewalk, drunk, and I knew the policeman would soon get you into the Tombs; so I brought you in here to rest. Now, won't you come with me, and have a good wash and a cup of tea?" "Oh, I am too dirty," was her reply, as she surveyed her bedraggled clothing and soiled hands. "No, come; it will do you good," still argued her new friend; and, by her winning kindness, the poor woman was persuaded to go in, wash herself, and have a cup of the good Matron's tea. While the abashed woman sat there, a few earnest Christians dropped in, and a short prayer-meeting ensued, in which she was hopefully converted to God. She held fast her profession of faith; and, after three months, died in the triumphs of the gospel.



ELEVATED RAILROAD.

Since singing at the Academy of Music, I have given upwards of two hundred evenings of song in New York City, besides conducting the music at numerous religious gatherings.

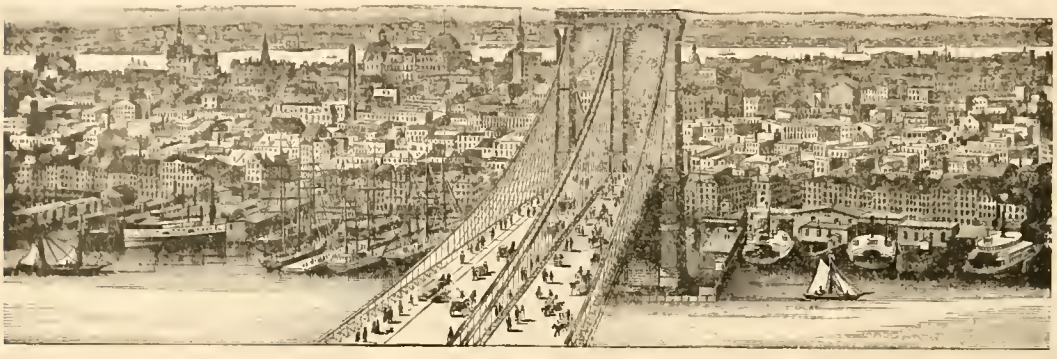
New York is a very cosmopolitan city. There is about it all the busy aspect which has often been described. The Broadway is frequently dangerously crowded with traffic. Fifth Avenue is the finest fashionable street in America, and one of the handsomest in the world. Here the cream of New York society live, and the evidences of wealth on every hand are apparent.

Central Park, however, is the greatest boast of New Yorkers, and they have reason to be proud of it. The ornamental gardening is one of the chief features, and it aids to make the park not only attractive but picturesque. Pleasure boats of various sizes are seen upon the numerous lakes in the summer time, and with their little flags and the awnings of the larger boats help to make a pretty and effective sight. From here we will take the Elevated Railroad, or L road, as the railway is called. This is a novelty which no other city in the world presents. The line now almost encircles the city, the rails being on a level with the second floor windows of the houses and places of business, and in some streets higher than this.

The fare for any distance is five cents, and it is said that over 300,000 ride daily in these cars. Leaving the elevated at the Battery, we make our way to the harbor to get a glimpse of the colossal statue of Liberty erected on Bedloe's Island.

This new wonder of the world is the largest statue ever produced. Liberty's torch towers three hundred and five feet six inches above the waters of the bay. The conception and execution of this vast work are due to the great French sculptor, M. Bartholdi, who devoted to it eight years of his life and most of his fortune, and whose generous impulses prompted him to make such a gift to the United States.

From here we proceed to the Suspension Bridge over the East River from New York to the Brooklyn side.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

This is a gigantic piece of engineering, and the largest suspension bridge in the world. The whole length of the bridge is five thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine feet. Its width is eighty-five feet, which includes a promenade for foot passengers, two railroad tracks on which run passenger cable cars, and roadways for vehicles. It usually takes about twenty minutes to pass over on foot to Brooklyn, the third largest city in the United States. The commercial growth of the city during the past forty years is a wonder even of American progress. The warehouses here comprise the largest granaries in the world. The main business thoroughfare is Fulton Street, while Clinton Avenue is the handsomest street in the city, being embowered with trees and lined with fine residences, surrounded by ornamental grounds. Greenwood Cemetery should also be visited, being one of the finest burial places on the globe. Costly monuments abound on every hand, and, aided by rising ground, with lakes and shady groves, a very picturesque scene is made up. Brooklyn is said to be a city of churches. Here are the Tabernacle of Dr. Tallmage and the Plymouth Church of the late Henry Ward Beecher, both of which should be visited.

Chapter II.—Up the Hudson.

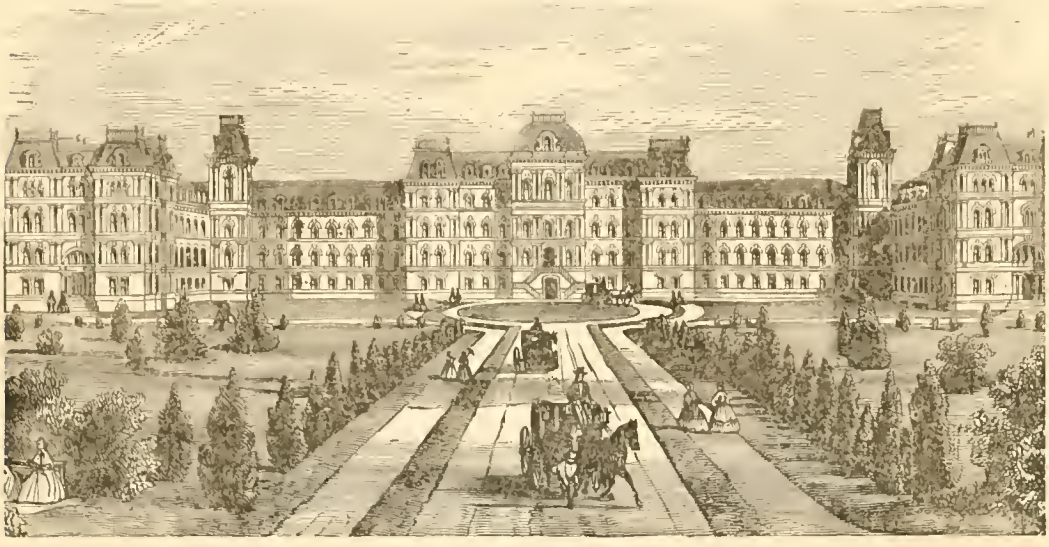
LIKE the pebble thrown into the lake, which shows its influence by the ever-widening circles, so I, proceeding to widen the area of my operations, re-cross the suspension bridge and proceed on my way up the beautiful Hudson, where may be seen some of the most charming scenery in America, stopping at Yonkers, a populous suburban town situated on villa-crowned slopes, and also at Tarrytown, where Washington Irving resided. This name, he says, was given in former times by the housewives of the neighboring country in consequence of the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village taverns on market-days. Sing Sing, the State prison, is also near here.

The next place of interest is Peekskill, and after leaving here the highlands of the Hudson are entered. These present a continual change of rich scenery.

West Point comes next. Here is the Military Academy, one of the first of its kind in America. The cadets' parade, morning and evening, is quite a sight.

My next stop was at Newburg, a beautifully-situated city, and the scene of many interesting events during the Revolution. On the bluffs below it were Washington's headquarters, and other reminders are present of the struggle of a hundred years ago.

Fifteen miles further up on the east bank of the river is Poughkeepsie, built on an elevated plain, having several fine churches and no less than eight important educational institutions, including Vassar College, one of the leading female colleges of the world. The buildings occupy a commanding site, and are modeled after the Tuilleries. The college stands on its own grounds, which cover some two hundred acres. After leaving Poughkeepsie, the Catskill Mountains, which can be seen for a very long distance from the river, begin now to assume a nobler aspect, and form a striking background to the beautiful scenery stretched from them to the river side.

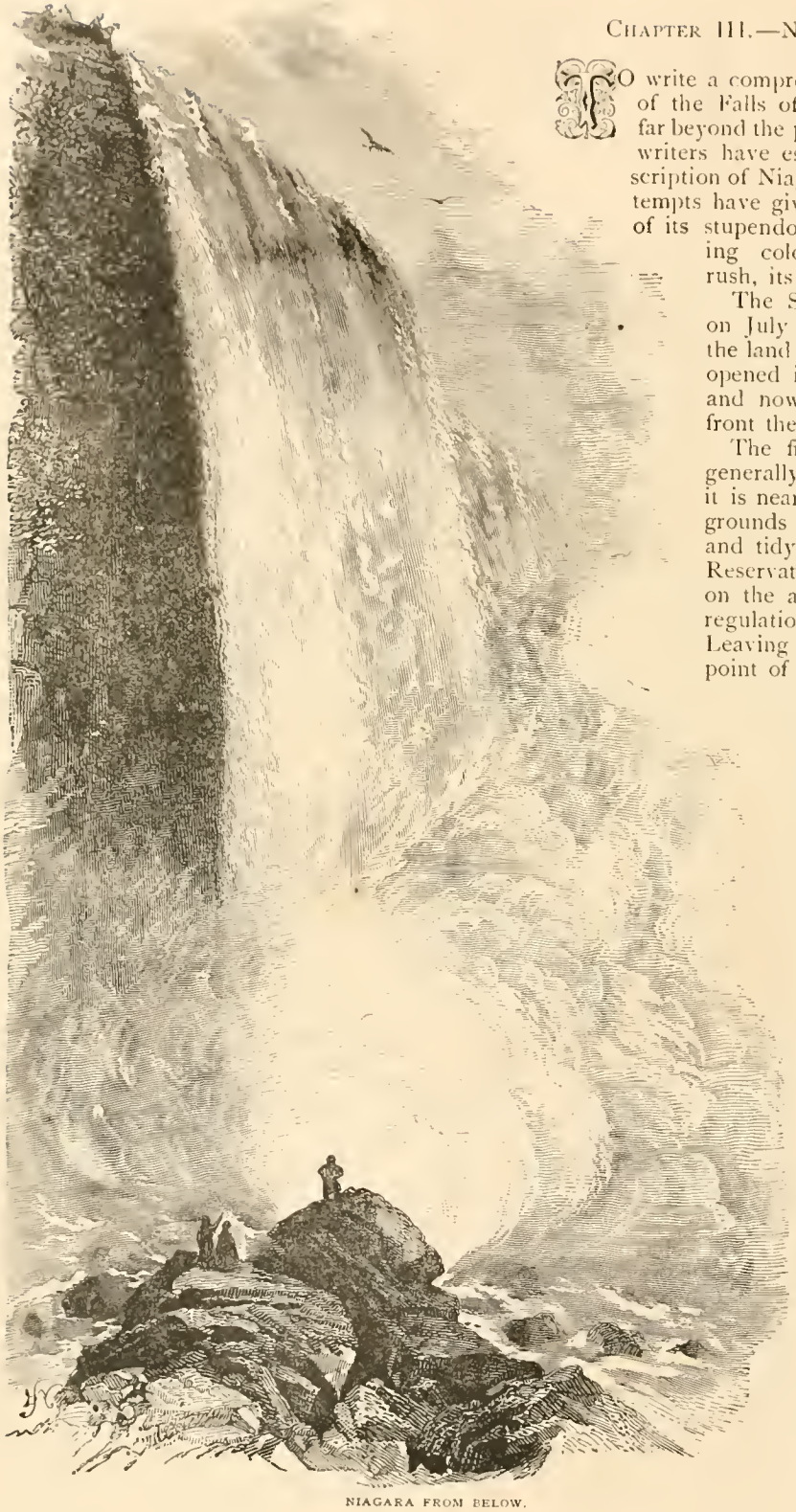


VASSAR COLLEGE ON THE HUDSON.

Catskill Station is the landing place for the mountains, and for those who desire to remain for a time in this delightful spot. Here there are always stage coaches waiting, which will convey the tourists through Sleepy Hollow, where Rip Van Winkel is fabled to have had his long, deep sleep. The journey from Catskill to Albany can either be performed by the boat or by rail. Albany is the State's capital: it is also known as the Knickerbocker city of America. It is very picturesquely situated, and contains many features of interest, among which may be mentioned the New State Capitol, with one exception the most splendid edifice in America.

Troy is only eight miles from Albany, with a choice of reaching it by street car, omnibus or railway.

Glen Falls and Saratoga Springs are well deserving of a visit. The latter is one of the most famous places of summer resort in the United States, and is frequented by Americans from all sections, and by foreign tourists from all parts of Europe. Another agreeable resort is Mount McGregor, lying one thousand feet higher than the Springs, where the late General Grant was taken during his sickness, and where he breathed his last. We now take rail for Utica, a handsome manufacturing city noted for its great State Lunatic Asylum. Leaving Utica, the train passes on to Rome, a flourishing city with several fine buildings, of which the handsomest is the seminary; thence to Auburn, the famous prison city, where the criminals of the western half of the State are confined. Syracuse is the next important city on the line of the road. It is famous for its salt springs, the most extensive in America. Next comes Rochester, the metropolis of central New York where years before, in a large hall, at the age of eighteen, I made my *début* as a singer. My next engagement was at Buffalo, the immense wheat granary of the lower lakes. Among the public and prominent buildings the following may be named: St. Paul's Cathedral (Episcopal), the State Arsenal, the State Armory, the General Hospital, Court House, and City Hall, St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral, and the State Asylum for the Insane, which the Buffalonites claim to be the largest in the States, if not in the world. The next point of interest is one which deserves a new chapter.



NIAGARA FROM BELOW.

Chapter III.—Niagara Falls.

To write a comprehensive description of the Falls of Niagara is a task far beyond the power of pen. Many writers have essayed to give a description of Niagara, but the best attempts have given but a mere idea of its stupendous might, its changing color, its tremendous rush, its never-ceasing roar.

The State of New York, on July 15, 1885, purchased the land about the Falls, and opened it free to the world, and now no toll-gates confront the tourists.

The first place visited is generally Prospect Park, as it is nearest the Falls. The grounds are kept in a neat and tidy condition, and the Reservation Police are ever on the alert to see that the regulations are enforced. Leaving the Park, the next point of interest is Goat Island. From it may be obtained a fine view of the American and Horse Shoe Falls. The Cave of the Winds is also entered from this island.

The morning is the best time to visit Goat Island, as the sun is at your back, throwing a magnificent light on the scenery. It is a very general, but a true expression with regard to the Falls, that the impression on first glancing at them is one of keen disappointment. Simply a hasty glance does not, however, realize Niagara. It is requisite to stand there and drink in the scene gradually, and then the first feeling of dis-

appointment disappears, and gives place to an indescribable sensation of awe at its grandeur. It is one of those things which must be seen and studied to be appreciated. An honest Hibernian, while he gazed upon it, being asked if it was not the most wonderful thing that he had ever seen, replied, "Never a bit, never a bit. Shure, it's no wonder at all that the water should fall down there, for I would like to know what could hinder it; but it's mighty quare, though, I'm thinking, how the mischief it ever got up."

From Niagara we will make a brief visit to the Dominion of Canada. The examination of baggage as we cross the Canadian frontier is very rigid, and visitors will do well to include only such articles as are strictly of necessary personal use.

Canada is chiefly an agricultural country. It is practically an independent state, though it holds allegiance to the British Crown. Our first halt is at Hamilton, the Queen City of Canada, with its wealth of churches, colleges, and schools, abounding in the highest Christian intelligence and culture. While here I visited the Branch Children's Home, originated by Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, of London, heard the little ones sing sweet hymns of praise, and gave them a word of kind encouragement.

I next visited TORONTO, the capital of the province of Ontario. It is situated on a beautiful bay. The streets are regular, and, in general, well paved. "Toronto" means, in the language of the North American Indians, "the place of meeting." There are many commercial buildings of interest in the leading thoroughfares of King and Yonge streets, while the beautiful Queen's College and park are approached by one of the stateliest tree-lined avenues in the world. Some of the prettiest churches and chapels in the entire Dominion are to be found in Toronto. Dr. Punshon's church, of which an engraving is given, is a very handsome building. The Normal and Model schools, the Educational Museum, Trinity College, General Hospital, and Crystal Palace are all objects of interest. The distance from Toronto to Montreal is three hundred and thirty-three miles by Grand Trunk Railway, or the whole distance can be made by steamer on Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence, if the visitor has inclination and time, and the sail is a most enjoyable one. Montreal is the commercial metropolis of British North America, situated on an island of the St. Lawrence River. The houses are built of a grayish limestone from adjacent quarries, and with its tall spires and glittering roofs and domes, and the beautiful villas that stud its lofty background, the city presents as picturesque a panorama as is to be seen on the entire continent. While here I found myself nicely and comfortably quartered as the guest of James S. Matthewson, the great tea merchant, in a home which, though luxurious, is rendered doubly pleasant by the piety of its inmates. My services here commenced at the great St. James Street Church, where I was greeted by a large audience, which included the eloquent Dr. Morley Punshon. The next morning witnessed the opening of the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary for a session of several days, at which Dr. O. H. Tiffany, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Douglass, and



ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



DR. PUNSHON'S CHURCH.

Dr. Sutherland were the principal speakers, whose addresses I interspersed with Gospel songs. It was a season of great spiritual and intellectual Christian enjoyment, at which I sang for the first time some lines written for me by Dr. Punshon, and for which I had composed a new tune. As Dr. Punshon has since gone to his rest, it may be of interest to give the words he wrote for me on that occasion:

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

Listen! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name,
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfulest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vine-dresser's nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep;
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way;
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.

Offer thy life on the altar:
In the high purpose be strong,
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth?
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

From Montreal I journeyed to St. John's, New Brunswick, the largest city in the province, situated on the St. John's River, at the point of its entrance into the Bay of Fundy. Here, owing to the good management of my friends, I was most successful. Proceeding thence to Halifax, the principal city and capital of Nova Scotia, situated on an inlet of the extreme south-eastern coast of the Atlantic Ocean, the principal naval and commercial station of the North American colonies, I gave my first service in the Brunswick Wesleyan Church, and met with equal success. I also received a hearty welcome at Pictou, Truro, Moncton, Windsor, Fredericton, Woodstock, and as far down as Charlottestown, the beautiful capital of Prince Edward's Island.

The station of the Direct Cable Company, in Nova Scotia, situated at Webber's Cove, Torbay, one hundred and twenty miles east of Halifax, consists of a cable-house for testing purposes, two large houses in which are provided office accommodation for the telegraphic business, and comfortable quarters for the staff, stabling, boat-house, etc., and, notwithstanding the minor inconveniences, inseparable from comparative isolation—the nearest town being twenty-two miles away—is a pleasant place of abode.

The system of land-lines and cables, four thousand three hundred miles in length, over which pass all messages sent "*Via* Direct" between London and New York, is entirely controlled by the Direct Company, and the *employés* are in its service. Telegrams from and for places beyond New York are collected and distributed by the Atlantic and Pacific and the Dominion Telegraph Companies, with which the Direct Company has special working arrangements.

The cables are laid in two sections, between Ballinskelligs Bay, Ireland, and Torbay, Nova Scotia, and Torbay and Rye Beach, New Hampshire; the lengths of those sections being two thousand seven hundred and ninety miles, and six hundred and fifty miles, respectively.

We must now go on to Quebec, the oldest and, after Montreal, the most important city in British North America. Quebec has been called the "Gibraltar of America," on account of the extensive fortifications of the "citadel," which occupy some forty acres, and are considered to be impregnable. Dufferin Terrace here is an unequalled promenade, the outlook is one of the finest in the world, and is of itself worth a trip to Quebec. From the city several interesting excursions may be made. The Isle of Orleans, by ferry-boat, the Falls of Montmorenci, is only eight miles distant.

Even a brief visit to the Dominion would, of course, be very incomplete if Ottawa, the seat of government, and where the Governor-General resides, were not seen.

Ottawa is one of the most picturesque and attractive cities in Canada. Its public buildings are particularly fine, while elegant private residences are numerous; but it is the enchanting scenery of the locality which charms visitors. The Parliamentary Buildings includes the

Main Blocks, Departmental Blocks, and the Dominion Library. The Senate and Commons Chamber, where legislation is effected, are located in the main building, while in the Eastern Block is the Patent Office, where there are some twelve thousand models of inventions patented, a museum of wonders in itself. Upon Parliament Hill the Supreme Court Building is located, and from the Hill a magnificent view can be obtained of the surrounding country, which is unexcelled for beauty and picturesqueness. The cost of the Government Buildings was some five million dollars. The large saw-mills of the Chaudière are a source of much interest to the sight-seer. Nearly five hundred million feet of lumber are produced annually by the mills of this locality. Several of them are now lighted by electricity, and it is quite novel to see the men at work at night under the electric light. The Chandière Falls should also be visited, as they have been placed second only to Niagara Falls in point of grandeur and beauty.

After visiting Kingston and London (the latter city being laid out after the plan of its great namesake, having also its river Thames, and many streets named after those so famous in the mother-land), we pass over into Michigan, halting at Detriot, its principal city. This great central metropolis, with a population of one hundred thousand people, is of great commercial importance, being charmingly situated on the Detroit River, the great water avenue connecting the north-western lakes of Michigan, Huron, and Superior with that of Erie; and thence, by the Welland Canal, with Ontario, the St. Lawrence, and the Atlantic seaboard.

I next visited Ann Arbor, situated on the Huron River, where my service was well attended and gave great satisfaction, being given almost within the shadow of the structures of the State University. Adrian, a young and rising city, was the next point reached. Here is the home of my old friend Major Cole, and his cheerful presence greatly helped me. Thence I proceeded to Jackson, where I sang in the Methodist Episcopal Church, being introduced to my large audience by Rev. J. S. Smart, D. D., whose Christian worth and manliness of character make him much more than an ordinary doctor of divinity.

Lansing, the capital of the State, situated at the confluence of Grand and Cedar rivers, and Saginaw City, were the scenes of my next services, both being young cities of wonderful growth. I sang two evenings in the latter, in aid of the Methodist Church, which was then largely in debt, both services proving very successful under the management of Rev. Dr. J. H. McCarthy. While this excellent minister and his wife were listening to my songs, thieves entered the parsonage, stripping it of several hundred dollars' worth of clothing and furniture. But the misfortune was not long grieved over, for these good people had laid up their priceless treasures "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

I next gave services at Grand Rapids and Grand Haven, both places of great enterprise and natural beauty; and moving forward to Kalamazoo, to me the gem city of Michigan, I found the Methodist Episcopal Conference in session. After singing in Niles, Hillsdale, Jonesville, and other smaller towns, I started with my dear family on a trip to the Lake Superior districts, in the extreme north-western portion of the State. Through all these immense mining and lumbering sections, in which are the towns of Sheboygan, Marquette, Pere, Nagauna, and Ishpeming, I gave my services to most enthusiastic audiences; meeting many Cornish people, proverbial for their love of sacred song. From these regions I crossed over into the State of Wisconsin, to the west of Lake Michigan, and bounded by the great waters of Lake Superior on the north. I gave my first service in Milwaukee, which has two hundred thousand inhabitants, fully two-thirds of whom are Germans; and which, besides being the most populous city in the state, is one of the greatest primary wheat markets and ports in the Union. This beautiful metropolis is a favorite resort for both pleasure-seekers and invalids, on account of the purity of its atmosphere; while its cream-colored brick, with which its public and business buildings and residences are mostly constructed, are of world-wide fame. These bricks are made in great quantities for exportation to all parts of the United States; being much sought after for the construction of the fronts of public edifices, business blocks, and elegant mansions. My evening of song was held in the Summerfield Methodist Episcopal Church, which was crowded with attentive listeners, and which was so thoroughly pleasing as to ever afterward bespeak me a full house in visiting the city.

Passing westward to Madison, the state's capital, one of the most beautiful cities within its borders, I found it planted on an isthmus between two charming inland lakes, for which isolated bodies of water Wisconsin is peculiarly famous. I sang here in a hall to a few people, who received my songs with unmistakable heartiness. Passing on, I gave very well-attended services at Janesville, Monroe, Racine, Kenosha, Green Bay, Menasha, Portage City, Appleton, Oshkosh, Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls, Baraboo, La Crosse, Waunakee, Waukesha,

Mineral Point, Brodhead, Plattville, Waupun, and other well-known towns. At Waupun I visited the State Penitentiary, where I gave a service of song in the presence of nearly a thousand convicts. Crossing the Mississippi, I entered the great wheat field of the west, the State of Minnesota, whose principal cities are St. Paul and Minneapolis. Here one is thoroughly impressed with western thrift and progress; and if he is accustomed only to small things, the enterprising people and fertile country at the head of the great waters of the Mississippi will be sure to expand him. St. Paul is a finely built and located city, while Minneapolis, with its great flour and lumber mills, and St. Anthony, with its unequaled water-power, teem with the hum of busy industry. Not forgetful of the Falls of Minnehaha, whose "laughing waters" have been so beautifully described in verse by Longfellow, I go thither to find them laughing still, as they playfully leap from that beautiful cascade.

Fine hotels, good audiences, appreciative listeners, were mine to enjoy in this state, from whose centers I made several expeditions, giving services at Stillwater, Austin, Rochester, Fairibault, Northfield, Mankato, and other smaller towns. Taking steamer, I visited Red Wing and Winona, two charming localities on the Mississippi's banks, in both of which I met most hearty welcome. These upper waters of the great river are full of beauty and sublimity, bordered on both banks with many miles of high bluffs and rocks, through which the stream seems for ages to have been wearing down, and receding to its present channel. For immense distances these bluffs rise in unbroken and often precipitous front on both banks of the river, with great uniformity of height, shape, and feature, though often with great stretches of lowland, marsh, and prairie between them and the stream, to which they occasionally return, to frown at and overshadow with their grim battlements, again to recede to a distance of from one to five miles.

Hurriedly passing through Iowa and Illinois, I came to Indiana. My first service in this State was at Indianapolis, the State capitol. I also visited Richmond, Vincennes, Madison, Terre Haute, Greencastle (the Athens of Western Methodism), Muncie, Columbus, Fort Wayne, Lafayette, Warsaw, Logansport, Michigan City, and South Bend, the latter place the home of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, associated in the presidency with the lamented Lincoln, and whose public career so singularly terminated with that of his illustrious associate with whose inner life and thoughts no one in this land was so well acquainted.

There is a noticeable contrast in many particulars between the Western and Eastern States. New England will ever have a special interest for the friends of religious liberty, in the freedom it gave to the Pilgrim fathers. Boston, the capitol city, bears the name of "Hub" from the original laying out of the streets in the form of a wheel, but now retaining the appellation because of its being the eastern entrepot for culture, wealth, and intelligence. It is the oldest portion, and the most familiar part of our country, and to give a description of the many interesting places and immense industries would require a volume of itself. As my space is limited I prefer to mention parts of the country less familiar, and refer the reader to the many *well* written books on New England.

I will, therefore, only give a cursory mention of some of the places in which I have repeatedly visited and given my services, and generally with gratifying results. New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Providence, Newport, New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod country, Portland, Bangor, Augusta, Lewiston, Fitzburg, Pittsfield, Lawrence, Lowell, Charlestown, Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Rutland, Burlington, Montpelier, and Brattlesboro. As the "star of empire is westward," we hasten on into Illinois, with its enterprising and wide-awake population, and which the Chicago people will tell you is the banner state of both Hemispheres.

Chapter IV.—Chicago.

THERE is no other town or city in the entire States which has been so much talked and written about as Chicago. Even San Francisco, with its Golden Gate and perplexing Chinese problem, sinks into insignificance when compared with "wonderful Chicago." In almost any way you may view it, it has not its equal on the face of the globe. It is the largest of its age, having a population of more than 700,000; it is the finest-built and truest American type of indomitable pluck and perseverance; it is the king grain depository and market of the world, and the greatest railroad center in the States, besides being the largest shipping port of cattle and swine known in any land.

All will remember the great fire of 1871 which destroyed some two hundred and nine million dollars worth of property. Even before the fire had exhausted itself, plans were made



CHICAGO IN RUINS.

for new streets and stores, and with all the vigor of modern American enterprise, the major part of the present vast city rose towering above the ruins, a monument to succeeding generations of Western progress. Amusing reports were heard of the commercial announcements of some of the ruined tradesmen, who had to begin business over again. "Nothing left out of the fire but a five dollar bill, wife, and four children; never say die," was not an uncommon appeal to the public.

I have sung in Chicago many times, both in song service and religious convention, before the largest audiences, and always with eminent success; and, while it may properly be termed the wickedest city of America, it has been the home of some of the most earnest and faithful ministers of the gospel, Christian workers and evangelists known to both the eastern and western continents. Here was the residence of D. L. Moody, and here he began his great Christian work in earnest. Here lives B. F. Jacobs, the inventor of the uniform *National Sunday-school Lessons*. Here Dr. Edward Eggleston arose in might of mental strength and eloquence, and shot out like a new star into the evangelical firmament; and here our Dr. Vincent commenced his great and successful mission in Sabbath-school work, by starting and publishing the *National Sunday-school Teacher*. Here, also, our good, true worker, S. A. Kean, commenced his great missionary Sabbath-school, which has grown up into the full stature of a noble Church of Christ. This, too, is the city which gave the world the lamented song evangelist, P. P. Bliss, whose translated soul, with that of his dear wife, in one disastrous midwinter night, ascended to glory in a chariot of fire, but whose sweet songs go circling through and singing over the earth, while their author sings the praises of the redeemed standing among the harpers "around about the throne." Here, too, is the home of George F. Root, who always seemed to me to be the parent of our American song-poets, as also of the princely John V. Farwell, whose modest ways and unassuming charities have made him well known to the Christian world.

Having so proud a record, even in its infancy, and having given so many good things

to the world, Chicago, or its suburbs, is a good place to hail from, be you in any portion of the Christianized or civilized globe.

From Chicago we visit Springfield, the capital of the State, also known as the "Flower City" from the beauty of the place and its surroundings. The new State Capitol here is one of the finest buildings of the kind in America. Two miles north of the city is Oak Ridge Cemetery, where rest the remains of President Lincoln.

The noble monument erected to his memory cost $215,000. My course now lies up the great Mississippi and on to Lake Pepin, an expansion of the river considered by many the most beautiful portion of the Mississippi. The forests reach to the river bank, and the water is so beautifully clear that fish may be seen many feet below the surface.

St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, is a beautiful city, built on both banks of the Mississippi. The principal public buildings are the State Capitol, occupying an entire block, and the United States Custom House, which also contains the post-office. In the winter an immense ice palace is erected, and a great skating carnival is held. There are some beautiful drives in and around St. Paul, a most charming one being along the boulevard past Fort Snelling to Minnehaha Falls, immortalized by Longfellow. No visitor to St. Paul should fail to visit Minneapolis, which overlooks the Falls of St. Anthony. This is the center of immense lumber and flouring interest, and has a population of 125,000.

We now go into Dakota, a territory twice as large as all the New England States. Bismarck is the capital. Fargo, Moorhead, and Miles City are all thriving towns. Through the whole of northern Dakota the road passes through the finest wheat lands in the world, and there are many farms where thousands of acres are inclosed within one fence, and wheat-growing is followed on a gigantic scale. Leaving the immense farm lands we go on to the Wonderland of the United States,



LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

No language can do justice to the wonderful grandeur and beauty of this vast pleasure domain, which comprises an area of three thousand five hundred and seventy-five square miles, hemmed in by mountain ranges that rise to a height of from ten to twelve thousand feet, and capped with perpetual snow. In the number and magnitude of its geysers and hot springs, the park surpasses all the rest of the world. Resuming our journey, we soon reach Helena, the capital of Montana Territory, noted for its rich mines of gold and silver and medicinal hot springs.

Washington Territory and the State of Oregon are now known as the "New North-west," as it is only within a few years that the great capacities and attractions of this vast region have been realized by the world. Portland, Oregon's capital, is the commercial metropolis of the Pacific North-west. It lies in the very heart of a great producing country, and for which it must serve as a receiver and distributor of exports and imports. It is virtually a seaport, to which large vessels may come direct from any part of the world and find wharf accommodation. Here Dr. Vincent and myself conducted the first Sunday-school convention held in Oregon. Several very agreeable excursions may be made from Portland, the most attractive

is that up the Columbia River to the Dalles. The scenery all the way is grand and impressive. Another pleasant trip is to Puget Sound, one of the most picturesque bodies of water in the world. A little over fifty miles from Portland, and we reach Salem, the capital of Oregon, beautifully situated on the Willamette River, and surrounded by a fertile prairie. From Halsey, accompanied with Dr. Vincent, we took stage overland for California, riding for seven hundred miles over the worst roads or trails ever traversed with vehicle, being at the complete mercy of drunken drivers; and, on one occasion, being overturned in a roaring creek at midnight, covered with mud and drenched with water, and so soaked and bedraggled as to be compelled to build a "tramp" fire to dry our clothing. Our vehicle being unfit, from the results of this accident, for further present and probable future use, we were transferred, with our soiled baggage, to a lumber cart, in which sorry plight we made the balance of our journey, stopping at rough hovels for our meals, or "grub," as they term it here; and learning, through both fear and hunger, to devour almost any thing, palatable or unpalatable, in the semblance of food which was set before us, knowing that if we attempted any criticism on our bill of fare, or made manifest any dislike at the preparation of our dishes, we should be violently ejected from the *table-d'hôte*, or be treated to a shower of profanity fully up to the powers of old Beelzebub himself. Thus we rode forward for nine days and nights on the very worst trip I was ever called upon to experience; and never were two travelers more glad to exchange the mud-wagon for a railway carriage than were we, as we arrived at Redding. This was at a time when road-making was comparatively new in this region. From Redding we go to Chico, where resides the noble General Bidwell and his most charming wife, who entertained us for several days in their fine home, in the center of a giant farm of twenty-two thousand acres. But on we go over the Upper Sacramento Valley to Marysville, and thence in a southern direction. Following the Sacramento River, we soon arrive at Sacramento, the capital of California. Here a luxuriant growth of flowers and shrubs may be seen in the open air at all seasons of the year. The State capitol is a magnificent building, situated almost in the very heart of the city, the grounds covering eighteen blocks. Tourists who desire to visit the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees, *en route* from Sacramento to San Francisco, should take the old route *via* Stockton to Milton, and thence by stage. There are ninety-three trees of large size in the grove. The tallest is three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and forty-five feet in circumference. Their age is supposed to be one thousand five hundred years.



BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

But we resume our journey, and go on to Oakland, the Brooklyn of the Pacific coast,

situated nearly opposite San Francisco, of which it is practically a suburb. Oakland is luxuriantly shaded with oak trees, is remarkably well built, and has a delightful climate. From here we take ferry-boat for three miles to San Francisco, the chief city of California and commercial metropolis of the Pacific coast.

It is hardly possible that there is any locality in the world where more radical changes take place in a short time than in California. Since a previous visit two years before, hydraulic mining had torn down the mountains, and new rivers and streams had been provided with channels for the purpose of irrigation, which had caused the desert places to spring up and blossom like a rose. In fields where wild oats grew indigenously, stood beautiful wheat, producing seventy bushels to the acre, waiting the coming of the reapers, while the wild cañons were becoming prolific vineyards and orchards of fruit, in one of which latter I was shown thirty-eight thousand cherry trees, all of which were in bearing. Towns were becoming cities, railroads taking the place of stage-routes, little Sabbath-school missions were becoming large and influential churches, and improvement in society was correspondingly advancing.

Remaining in San Francisco for a period of five months, I gave services of song in the country each week, returning to sing every Sunday morning at the meetings held by the late Dr. Cunningham in the Presbyterian tabernacle, at the Sabbath-school service at noon, at the prayer-meetings in the afternoon, and also at the preaching services on Sabbath evenings. These meetings were truly blessed of God, and were the most happy in which I have participated in the course of my life-long services in sacred song.

If I desired to make a home in any part of the world other than New York, my choice would certainly fall upon California with its even climate, delightful valleys, thrifty wheat fields, delicious fruits, beautiful flowers, wonderful vegetation, and its richness in minerals, surpassing, as it does in these and many other particulars, almost every other country in the world.

One of the excursions most frequently recommended to the stranger in San Francisco is that of San Jose, noted for its educational institutions, and in the vicinity are some of the finest vineyards in the country. From here we can take horse cars to the picturesque village of Santa Clara. Another favorite excursion from San Francisco is to Calistoga, and about five miles from Calistoga is the Petrified Forest, which is justly regarded as one of the great natural wonders of California. From Calistoga we can take the stages to the famous Geyser Springs. Here hot and cold springs lie within a few feet of each other. They differ in color, smell, and taste. Los Angeles was the next important point visited. This is the largest city in Southern California, and the center of the orange growing business of the State. Still another favorite trip is a visit to the Yosemite Valley, calling at the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees *en route*. There are two of these groves; the upper one contains three hundred and sixty-five trees, of which one hundred and fifty-four are over fifteen feet in diameter. The largest tree in the lower grove is ninety-four feet in circumference. We now enter the unsurpassed Yosemite Valley. This most wonderful valley is six miles in length, and looks like a vast flower garden. Plants, shrubs, and flowers of every color cover the ground until the eye is dazzled, and the air is heavy with the fragrance of a million blossoms. Trees of several centuries' growth raise their tall heads heavenward, yet in comparison with the vast perpendicular rocks, they look like daisies beside a tall pine. Cascades, cataracts, lakes, rivers, and some of the grandest waterfalls in the world are found here. Passing through the silver territory of Arizona, we next enter New Mexico, visiting the ancient and interesting city of Santa Fe, the oldest town in the United States. It is mostly built of adobe, and its streets present a very picturesque commingling of Americans, Mexicans, and Indians. Passing into Texas we make a brief halt at San Antonio, the chief city of the western part of the State. The market-places and street scenes here will amuse the visitor as being more foreign and queer than those of any other American city.

From San Antonio I started for Dallas, the central metropolis of Texas, and a city of considerable pentensions. Sherman is another thriving Texas city which demanded my attention. Everybody one meets here seems to be in a hurry, yet most have that complaisant look upon their faces which makes one sure that they are *successful* in something or other. A happy state, truly! My next stop was at Waco, where just at this time the comic lecturer, Josh Billings, was setting the people wild with his drolleries. In going from here to Austin, the capital of Texas, we pass through the most fertile parts of the great State. I was shown fields where wheat, corn, and cotton would grow thriftily side by side. Young farmers would do well to consider Texas before settling down on a hill farm in crowded Eastern districts.

Texas does a heavy trade in cattle; indeed, it is the chief interest. This has drawn a class of population to the State, which has given it the name of being somewhat lawless. There is not that strict regard for "the proprieties" which we find in States farther east.

The herder and trader are "a law unto themselves," as they pursue their free life on the plains.

But the cattle-trade is immense. Some men own as many as one hundred thousand head. There is an aristocracy in the trade, too, it seems. A society has been formed into which no one is allowed to enter as a member unless owning one thousand head of cattle at least. The members of this society brand their stock, and once a year they go among the flocks and claim their calves in proportion to the number they own. These animals are perfectly wild, and often quite vicious. In going among them, the herders ride on horses or mules for safety. These cattle roam over the wide, grassy plains, and are no more valuable to their owners as milch cows than a wild beast. Consequently, milk is almost as scarce in Texas as in Ceylon. The large drovers, or cattle-dealers, have a stuffed ox with broad horns mounted on the tops of their houses; so that when one sees this sign in passing through a Texas town, the conclusion may at once be arrived at that a cattle-dealer lives there.

In going from Austin to Houston, I was induced to stop over at the thriving little town of Brenham, and give an hour of song in the afternoon. About thirty miles from this place my old Alabama friend, Dr. Pitts, came on board the train with some fifty of his young lady students from "Chapel Hill." This was quite flattering, I thought, and, as pious Frederick Faber would have said, "was the source of very profitable confusion to me." It did my soul good to see my friend's cheery face again, and to look into the dancing eyes of so many blooming girls. They were modest, intelligent, and well-behaved. The good doctor had given them a holiday, for the purpose of bringing them to hear me sing. Brenham is only a smart young town of three thousand, but had just erected a neat opera house. It was here that my service was held, at the solicitation of the Presbyterians of the community, who worshiped there temporarily.

At Houston my meeting, despite its sacred nature, had some very comical features. It was held in Market Hall, which was kindly given by the people. I found a good old fruit-vender under the hall, who assisted me in carrying up my organ. So much done! Then the next thing which filled me with dismay was the lack of a stool. What should I do for a stool? Nothing in that bare room sent me back any word of comfort. The matter began to look serious. All at once my odd new friend trotted from my side without a word, and disappeared by some mysterious door at the farther end of the hall. Soon I heard his uncertain steps descending the stairs. What now? My last friend had forsaken me! Had I said any thing, done any thing, to hurt the good soul's feelings? But just in the midst of these harrowing thoughts, the same step, with its little halt, is heard again on the stairs, and the old man comes triumphantly toward me with a great *half-bushel measure* in his arms! Do not smile, gentle reader, but rejoice with me. That simple measure, if you would review its public career, *may* not have been, it is true, as innocent as it looks; but rest assured it did honest work as a seat for the Pilgrim that night at Market Hall.

From Houston, *via* the Texas Central Railroad, I started for Galveston, about sixty miles distant. Galveston is a fine, growing city of about forty-five thousand inhabitants. It shares the fame peculiar to many of our larger Western cities—that of being very wicked. The class of emigration which has been drawn to these border towns explains at once how they have received this fame. The hope of large gains, with small outlay of labor, at first attracted many idle and adventurous persons to the West. Those who had the courage to break off from all old associations in the Eastern States, and try their fortunes in a new land, were certainly possessed of much spirit: and this same spirit finds outlet in a hundred different ways, when the country is new and all the restrictions of a home society are removed. No doubt they well deserve the name of "fast cities;" but there is an immense amount of mental activity and power wasted here, just because the missionary has not come along to turn it into better channels. A superabundant energy, either of brain or body, must expend itself upon something, and the object upon which it is spent proves it vicious or holy. So Christians should bear into these Western cities such objects of public interest as will be pure and elevating, if they would not have them still "fast cities."

Galveston is noted for its miles and miles of beautiful beach. A drive of eight miles along this surf-way was to me one of the grandest features of my Southern travels. The carriage-drive winds along over the clean sand close by the water's edge. The salt spray sifts gently down into your face: but the salt breezes fan it quickly away, and refresh you with their invigorating breath. The city is rather low, which is a great disadvantage. A very disastrous flood happened here a few years ago, doing much damage. The streets of Galveston are bordered with the most beautiful oleanders. In May these are all in full bloom, presenting a fairy-like picture.

The attendance upon my services here was much lessened by the celebration known through the South as the "Mardi Gras." On this occasion of festivity the whole city seems to abandon itself to merriment, and to actually run mad in masquerade and public procession. I also visited the great cotton markets and presses here, where they squeeze a bale of cotton, five feet long by four feet deep and wide, down to four feet long and one foot deep, in less time than a minute. To a stranger this is very interesting.

Going on board one of Morgan's line of splendid steamers, I left Galveston for New Orleans. A delightful passage of twenty hours brought me to my place of destination.

Chapter V.—New Orleans.

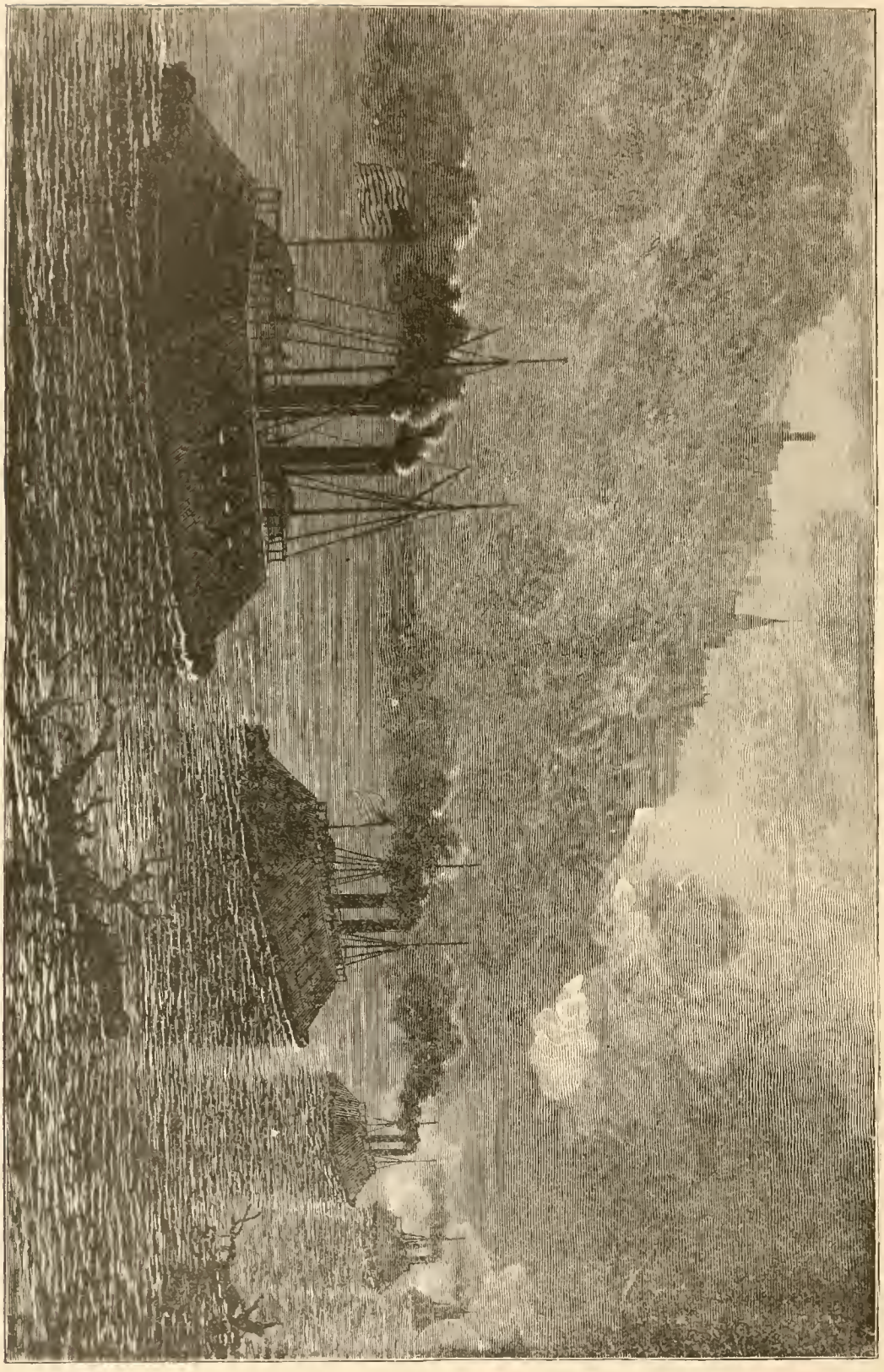
NEW ORLEANS, the great Southern shipping port and metropolis, contains a population of about two hundred and thirty thousand, and is one of the most quaint and ancient-looking cities in our country. Every-where are evidences of its French and Spanish origin. The people themselves are not free from this foreign air, and, indeed, the old blood still courses in the veins of many. To go around the city slowly, in an open car or carriage, up and down its avenues of fragrant magnolias, is almost worth a trip South. Nearly every house is a study. There is a combination of the antique and and modern styles of architecture, often in the same building, which would verily set our good friend John Ruskin daft were he over here to see. The oddities jut out at every angle, and leer comically at you from the black, tumbling walls. You almost fancy they have some appreciation of the funniness of the old town; for, leaning so confidentially toward you as you pass, you laugh outright at their rows of mysterious-looking, little French eyes—windows. Yes, the old city is yet alive, and mocks the new for a time; then sleeps again to dream.

But I have wandered far away from my subject. In New Orleans I gave several services of song, and, in every case, to full houses. At the Union Colored Church I had arranged to give every one who purchased a full ticket a copy of my book. In this way several hundred were dispersed among the colored people.

A Northerner, or one unused to our characteristic "darkey," can form but a poor estimate of the scene of that evening. The negro soul seems nine-tenths emotion, and nothing is so potent to arouse it as religious song. They actually bore me along on their own measures; for feet, heads, and often books, were going at once, helping me keep time. Tears flowed, hands were clapped, and various pious ejaculations could be continually heard in the crowd. It was extremely laughable at times; but I could not but wish that all my *white* congregations would so readily catch and appreciate the religious tone of these services. The colored folks understand at once, and come to the service *expecting* to be made good.

From New Orleans to Baton Rouge, "the coast," as it is called, is lined with plantations. Every spot seems to be transformed into beautiful gardens, containing specimens of all those choice flowers and fruits, which flourish only in tropical climes. The town, as seen from the water, rising regularly and beautifully from the banks with its singularly shaped French and Spanish houses, looks like a finely-painted landscape. From Baton Rouge we take the river steamer Natchez for Vicksburg, passing the beautiful little town of Natchez *en route*. I found the city of Vicksburg to be one of great natural beauty. It stands upon an eminence overlooking the grand "Father of Waters," and smiles in a wild luxuriance of tropical trees and flowers. Its commerce is very considerable, though it is quite modest in its pretensions, with New Orleans and Mobile close at hand. Here, wherever you turn, you are met by war memories. Old times flash up before the mind, and you seem to hear the tramp of soldiers just beside you. Buried scenes revive. You are again in Vicksburg with Grant or Pemberton, and it is 1863.

Since those days of my pilgrimage through this Southern land, a scourge almost worse than war has fallen upon its cities, and well-nigh depopulated them. The yellow fever reign of 1878 will long be remembered as the most fatal and wide-spread known for many years. New Orleans, Memphis, Vicksburg, and many cities and villages of smaller size were utterly desolated for many months. The fever claimed its victims by the thousand, and made great charnel-houses of populous cities in a few days. The spirit of business was entirely quenched, and every one either sought refuge in some other place, or remained to minister to the sick and help to bury the dead. Such a calamity had rarely been known in our country. Nothing seemed to arrest its ravages from early summer until late in November. The North was eager



SCENE OF THE PAST. GUN-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

and bountiful in its expressions of sympathy and brotherhood, and sent its hundreds of helpful hands, and thousands of willing dollars, to aid the numberless sufferers. Old grudges were not so much thought of for the time; for, after all, our disputes are matters which usually arise in our *heads*, and leave our *hearts* true and united, as the Master begged His followers to be. "That they all may be one," you remember He said. And that summer's dire affliction in the South brought much more of the spirit of real union to light than we ever dreamed could exist since the war.

Moving on, I was soon at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. My service was held in the Hall of Representatives, Capitol building. It was most adroitly managed by the State Secretary, James Lynch, Esq., a man ever fearless of public opinion when great principles were at stake. He was an eloquent minister of the gospel, as well as a politician. I was told that this was the first time that a *mixed* audience had ever assembled under the same roof in the town. Here were all classes, waiting to listen to my singing. His Excellency, the Governor of Mississippi, was one of my hearers. I felt very much in the spirit of song that evening, and so enjoyed it. An excellent notice of the service appeared in the daily papers the following morning. From here I ticketed for Meridian, in the eastern part of Mississippi. I had heard and read much of the people of this little town, and was glad my pilgrimage happened to lead me through it. My service was held in the court-house, which, a few months before, was the scene of bloodshed and murder. Previous to my coming, the sheriff, and my good friend Mr. Brown, rearranged the hall so as to banish any unpleasant suggestions which might arise in the people's minds. I sang an hour and a half; and what a privilege it was! How the exultant notes of gospel joy must have contrasted in air with the mad shouts of an infuriated mob! But we will not dwell on it here.

My next appointment was at Macon. Here I was most heartily received, and sang at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Hicks, the pastor of the church, is a man of ability, and believes in "Christian progression," even in this life. The success of my service was greatly owing to his earnest efforts in exciting an interest in it. It seemed to do good.

I next made tracks for Mobile, a fine commercial city of 40,000 inhabitants, situated on Mobile Bay, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico. Immense shipments of cotton are made from this place. Tobacco, rice, sugar, and sweet potatoes are also largely exported. From its communication with so many water-courses, Mobile has grown to be second only to New Orleans in its commercial importance as a Southern seaport city. The weather seemed intensely warm to me, which is probably because I was unused to such extreme heat as they have down there; for others did not appear to suffer much.

I next visited Montgomery, Alabama, a truly beautiful city. It was once proposed, during the late civil war, to make Montgomery the capital of the Confederate States; but, upon further consultation, the idea was abandoned. The city shows taste and refinement in its buildings, decorations, and streets. The State-house is so situated as to make a most imposing appearance. As Alabama is one of the great cotton-producing States, we give a characteristic scene in the cotton-fields.

From Alabama I went to Florida, the land of flowers! What memories of old John Ponce de Leon linger here! I wondered why the grave looked so dark to him, and why he wished so much to prolong a life which had already become a burden! Ah! could he have indeed accepted the water of life, whose healing stream issues from Calvary, he would have sought no further for the fountain of perennial youth! But his heart was disappointed in its quest, and he went home only to tell of his failure, and of a land floating in perfumes, which he named Florida. Alas! poor Leon! Mark Twain also hails from Florida, describing as he does, far better than I can, experiences which both he and I have had when, in our pilgrimages, we have been "innocents abroad."

Every mile of my travel now was through a delightfully green country, flooded with sunshine and the grateful odors of flowering trees. The pine, cedar, and live-oak forests send into the open car-windows most pungent and refreshing draughts as we whirl along on our way to Tallahassee, the capital of the State. It is a shady little city of about two thousand inhabitants. I arrived just in time to appear before my waiting audience, which was a good one. I was compelled to use the organ provided me, which had been elevated to the top of the pulpit, on a level with the sides of the galleries. Between me and the audience was a great, burly negro, with a lever, pumping away with all his might to give wind for the organ. It was a very comical sight, and my sense of the ridiculous nearly overmastered me several times. How could one be expected to do one's best, perched up in that style as if some strange specimen to be examined? and that white-eyed, tugging, sweating creature just before one! It would be unreasonable, certainly.

My next engagement in the State called me to Jacksonville, a beautiful city situated on the St. John's River. Here oranges hang temptingly above one's head on the trees in January and February; flowers perfume the air, and birds circle about in the sunshine. This State is our Italy.



PICKING COTTON IN THE SOUTH.

I had the great pleasure of singing to a large number of invalids, who had come here in search of health. Oh, how many weary ones there are in this world who spend the larger part of their lives in "looking for a climate!" and yet where does the Great Healer dwell? Faith, more faith, is what our poor humanity needs. The Good Physician can cure us in our homes—can he not?—if we will but believe for healing. At Jacksonville we embark for the West India Islands, making a thorough pilgrimage through Jamaica.

In our circuit and detours of Jamaica, we have traveled nine hundred and twenty-five miles without an insult or accident. The things that most impressed us were the unbounded hospitality of the Jamaicans, the intelligence of the natives, the pleasant appearance and largeness of the places of worship, the catholicity of spirit cherished by many Christian people, the excellence of the roads, the varieties of climate, and the surpassing natural beauty of the Island. Our first engagement called us to Kingston, and after a most cordial and delightful reception in this city we started with our horses and carriage for a three month's tour of the Island. The old Spanish capital next claimed our attention through the medium of the Wesleyans, who gave us a hearty greeting. At Vere we were for the first time shown over the great sugar estates and factories, which I could not help contrasting with my boyhood experience of making sugar from the sap of maple trees on a small scale. The famous "Bog



STREET SCENE IN KINGSTON.

Walk" treated us with its grandeur as we went on to sing at Linstead and Old Harbor. Leaving the flat lands of the Alley we journeyed to Porus and Mandeville. At the former place, by the kindness of the Rev. Thomas B. Black, we greatly enjoyed a two days' stop at their mission home overlooking a varied landscape, while at Mandeville we were the guests of Rev. Mr. Panton and his estimable family. At Wesley Mount we were made at home by the Rev. Mr. Bleby, who seems to be following the footsteps of his heroic father. Next came Mizpah and Fairfield, the Moravian headquarter, where we almost seemed to catch glimpses of Beulah Land. These good people seem to take to the hills, where they can let their light shine all over the surrounding country. Here we could see one of the most charming landscapes in the world. At our feet stretched broad savannahs of morass and cane, while beyond lay another range of hills with the blue background of the sea, revealing every outline of their summits and varied colored foliage, interspersed with coffee bush, and native flowers, and these all tinted by the shades of the fast setting sun, served to make as lovely a panorama of nature's beauty as can be imagined. By the kind introduction of his

lordship—good Bishop Nuttall—and the hearty support of ministers of nearly every denomination, the churches and chapels have been open to us wherever we went; and such courtesies as we have experienced during our sojourn we can not forget, and the cordiality seems to have come from all classes. Our engagements having called us to almost every part of Jamaica, has caused us to put it down as one of the most pleasant places we have visited. Santa Cruz, Lacovia, Black River, Bethlehem, and Mountain Side gave us fine audiences and marked attention. The Black River malaria, of which we were warned, did not trouble us in the least.

After spending a delightful Sabbath at the hospitable home of W. H. Allport, Esq., at Kepps, we visited Carmel, meeting another genial spirit, Rev. Jonathan Reinke. At Sav-la-Mar we were recipients of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Prior's hospitality. We were a little amused to see one hundred children swarming in and around the mission home with their mothers (not fathers) asking Mr. Prior to baptize them before leaving for his new field of labor. From Lucea, with its fine harbor and surrounding cane-fields, we journeyed over thirty miles to Chichester, and after singing to a good audience at Mount Ward we reached Montego Bay, where, for six days, we greatly enjoyed ourselves. The Rev. Adam Thompson and his interesting daughters, by their kind hospitality, making us loth to leave. At Falmouth and Brown's Town we held four "Evenings" under the auspices of the Baptists. At the latter place our first service was in the Rev. George Henderson's church, and as Mr. Henderson was educated at Hamilton University in my own State, we could hardly help feeling at home in his church and family. Our second service was in the Tabernacle, which was splendidly decorated with flags, flowers, mottoes, even a bearing banana tree, and filled with as appreciative and attentive an audience as we have sung to in Jamaica.



"BOG WALK."

Dry Harbor (though wet that night) and Beechamville came next on our program, the latter place being the home of the oldest Wesleyan missionary on the Island, Rev. H. B. Foster, who treated us with a kindness long to be remembered. Moneague, St. Anns Bay, and Port Maria were our next stops. *En route* we left our carriage in order to get a view of the thousand cascades of the clear waters of the Roaring River.

The road from here to Ocho Rios we think the most charming coast road we have ever traveled over. Port Ontonio impressed us as a thriving little seaport, with its enterprise and thrifty inhabitants. Here the Wesleyans seem alive under the care of a Welchman. At Golden Grove we enjoyed seeing the cultivated plains of sugar-cane, tarrying for the night

and for the first time at a planter's house, afterwards visiting Bath and Morant Bay. But before bringing these remarks to a close I can not help mentioning our appreciation of the kind patronage of his excellency Sir Anthony and Lady Musgrove, his lordship the Bishop of Jamaica and Royal Commissioners, and several Custodes, who gave their influence towards the success of our services. To sum up, we enjoyed our trip beyond all expectations. But we must bid farewell to Jamaica and its good people, and return to the United States, giving my next service in the great south-eastern cotton market, Savannah, the capital of Georgia, after which I went to Atlanta, where my old friend, Rev. George Standing, had charge of the church in which my service was conducted; and we had a most enjoyable evening. I was never in better voice and spirits, and my audience seemed well entertained. It was composed mostly of colored people, with several teachers and members of the "Clark School Institute."

Leaving here quite early in the morning, I reached Opelika, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, "away down in Alabama." While walking from the depot to the hotel, I was met by a half-drunken fellow, who professed to be acquainted with me. It is probable that he had attended some of my meetings somewhere, but I did not recall his features. His good nature was consummate. He insisted upon walking with me, and introducing me to almost every one we met. It was ludicrous in the extreme. Perhaps he was one of my converts. I should look for no better result if I did not depend upon God to do the converting in my work. After being presented to over a dozen persons by my jolly companion, we reached the hotel, and I managed to shake off the intruder.

My singing had been well advertised, and an excursion party from Albany had come on, to be present at the service. Here I spent my first Sabbath in Alabama. In the afternoon I went to a large church—more like a barn with the windows out—to hear a young colored preacher give his first sermon. I could hear nothing but his text, and that only about once in fifteen minutes. He spoke all the other parts in such a high, unnatural key that I could make nothing of it. He frothed at the mouth and watered at the eyes with his efforts. When completely exhausted he let his voice sink down to an ordinary tone, and repeated what he gave as his text: "I tell 'e what it is, ye must fear God." He had a congregation of at least one thousand people. During the exercises two colored "mothers in Israel" were walking up and down through the audience, shouting, jumping, and clapping their hands. This evidenced religious joy, I suppose; but it was the most ludicrous thing imaginable. The din was incessant. My ears were fairly ringing with the strain upon the tympanum.

Selma, near the center of the State, was the next point I visited. I found it a beautiful Southern city. Through the excellent management of Mr. Hobbs I had a good audience and a pleasant time. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States, sat in the assembly before me. What thoughts stirred in my mind as I gazed upon his careworn face I shall not undertake to relate; but how thankful I was that I from the North and he from the South had no more need of embarrassment in meeting, but could rejoice in sweet fellowship over a simple gospel song!

My next journey was to Augusta, the third city of Georgia in population, and one of the most beautiful in the South; and from here to the chief commercial city of South Carolina, Charleston. It was here that the first gun was fired during our civil war. In the month of January, 1861, the steamer *Star of the West* attempted to enter Charleston harbor with supplies for the garrison stationed at Fort Sumter. In doing so, however, the vessel was fired upon and driven back by batteries which the South Carolinians had erected on the adjacent shores. Thus began one of the most lamentable wars on record. And now it was here, after all those terrible years of bloodshed and national disintegration, that I was called in a time of peace to sing to an audience of *freedmen!* There before me, with their ebony faces all aglow with enthusiasm, was the grand result of that fearful struggle. Let us be thankful that it is over, and that we still have a united people in North and South! My congregation was made up of colored people of all shades of complexion. There were many whose fairness made one doubt the taint of their blood; while others displayed the unmistakable features of the full-born African. They were very extravagant in their demonstrations of appreciation, and seemed a refined class of their race. Since my visit to Charleston the city has almost been completely destroyed by a fearful earthquake.

From this point I went to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. This little State has long been noted as the first rice-growing State in the Union. The coast is skirted with fertile islands, which produce the Sea Island cotton. Among the pleasant things of my visit to Columbia, was the new acquaintance and Christian sympathy of J. W. Wightman, D. D.,

whose hospitable "manse" sheltered me for a few days. I spent a most delightful Sabbath with him, heard the gospel from his eloquent lips, and in the evening gave a song-sermon service to a large and intelligent congregation. I labored to some disadvantage, however, for lack of singing-books, twenty being all I had with me; yet, notwithstanding, the ready sympathy of the people enabled me to forget the embarrassment, and to have a very pleasant evening. At the close of the exercises a collection was taken up to help pay for the church, which was new. The former building had been burned by the Union soldiers during the late war under peculiar circumstances. It will be remembered that the first ordinance of secession during the War of the Rebellion was adopted in the Baptist church of that city. When the Federal soldiers passed through Columbia they mistook the Methodist Episcopal building for the Baptist, and in their patriotic zeal burned it to the ground. It was a sad mistake which the church of the same name North should endeavor to rectify. The organization is poor, notwithstanding it has made noble self-denial, and has built again. A beautiful bouquet of Southern flowers, handed me just at leaving, reminded me for weary miles of the delightful Christian parsonage I had left. I sent them home—the beautiful messengers they ever are—as a January present to my dear wife in the North.

But my arrangements made it necessary to push on until another long day's ride by train brought me to Goldsboro, and a journey the next day to Wilmington, North Carolina, the State from which we obtain much of our tar, pitch, and turpentine. Though on the sea-coast it has no commerce of its own on account of the shallow, unnavigable nature of its inlets, and the presence of numerous low islands and sand-bars along the shore. Its people, however, are practical and persevering, and have developed various other resources in their State—mining, agriculture, lumbering, and commerce through other ports.

At Norfolk I met a crowd of most attentive listeners. Many of the Southern brethren were present and extended to me the kindly hand of Christian greeting at the close. "Stay another night," they said, "or come again and we will give you a larger room than this, and fill it with people for you."

From Norfolk to Raleigh was my next journey; but imagine my astonishment upon reaching the place to find that it was decided not to open the church for me. No previous notice had been given; and there I was with my organ (which had been purposely ordered on from Boston, forty dollars of traveling expenses, two hundred miles out of my way, and no engagement! I managed to restrain my "righteous indignation," settle my bills, and then shake off the dust of their city against them.

My next engagement was at Richmond, Virginia. The "Old Dominion" has the honor of being the birthplace of seven of our Presidents. It is low and level toward the east, but gradually rises as the land grades westward into the Blue Ridge Mountains. The history of Virginia is one full of interest, as she took such active part in the early colonial struggles.

No State in the Union has such universal reputation for whole-hearted hospitality as this one. Before the war "an old Virginia planter's home" was the Northern guest's paradise.

Richmond is a very old city, comprising a population of some 70,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on the James River. During our late civil war this city was rendered ever memorable by the horrors and cruelty practiced upon Union prisoners at Libby prison, which is located here.

The fearful sufferings there endured by our patriotic braves have sickened the world's memory of Richmond; and one passes through her busy marts seeming to hear the cries of distress from those black walls, even when far away from them. Heaven only can atone to them for those tragic days at Libby Prison. While in Libby I thought of Chaplain McCabe, who, being a prisoner here during the war, managed to dig himself out, and bear to the outside world a true account of what was taking place inside these walls. Oh, how grandly he had sung the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" within its barriers to cheer up the despairing boys, and then let his brain and fingers contrive as grandly to find means for their escape or relief! No wonder now that people crowd houses to hear his story, sad as it is; for it has an heroic side which is always attractive to patriotic hearts. But Libby is no more! The stranger may pass in and out of the dark building, which has been converted to a business use, and never gather more than the faintest hint within its precincts of that terrible time.

Here I gave my first song sermon to a Southern audience, and my own soul told me that it was a profitable service. It was well received. Before leaving the city I gave three more "evenings of song" to rather small but appreciative houses. My next engagement was but twenty miles away, at Petersburg, a city numbering about twenty thousand in population. The chief commercial interest seems to be tobacco. I visited the large factories, where the weed is manufactured into the various trade articles, and heard one thousand five hundred



BROAD STREET METHODIST CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.

colored men sing together as they twisted the narcotic weed. Here I smelled, and smelled, and smelled, and smelled, until I felt like *eschewing* the abominable thing forever. The very air seemed contaminated with it. In this State is the grand "natural bridge," one of the world's great wonders, an incident in connection with which has been so graphically described by Elihu Burritt, in his sketch "One Niche the Highest."

I sang in the Baptist church to a large audience. In this church the pulpit is baptized with the candidates. The pastor has but to touch a spring and the entire pulpit immediately immerses itself beneath the baptistry. This gives all in the congregation an opportunity of witnessing the baptismal scenes to better advantage.

My next appointment was at Lynchburg, situated on the James River. This is a noted railroad center, and vast fields of coal and iron ore are found in the vicinity. From here I hurried on to Chattanooga, a city near the famous Lookout Mountain. The place is historic. Most of it has been built since the war of 1861. The National Soldiers Cemeteries are here, where over ten thousand are buried. Chattanooga impresses one as a very fast town. I was glad to sing in sight of Lookout Mountain. Knoxville was next my objective point. Near here is the model farm of Colonel Dickinson, which comprises over five hundred acres in the highest state of cultivation; and after this Greenville, the former home and now the burial-place of our ex-President Andrew Johnson. The place has little interest to the traveler but for this. The greater part of Eastern Tennessee is mountainous, and a fine grazing country.

Nashville is very picturesquely situated on an eminence, which gives it a most imposing appearance. Indeed, the city rambles over the hills, and gives one a very delightful feeling of grace and freedom. Two institutions of learning, "Fisk University" and "Central College," add fame to the place, and bring in a class of cultured people, which nothing else would do so readily.

The "Fisk University," it will be remembered, was built by the noted "Jubilee Singers," for the education of the colored class who aspired to a higher intellectual training and admission to the professions. These "Jubilee Singers," a small company of gifted colored persons, determined upon a musical tour to raise funds. They possessed remarkably fine, rich voices—as do almost all of their race. Their plan was to give religious concerts, using only the old plantation songs of their days of slavery. The attempt proving very successful in the United States, they were encouraged to go abroad, and here we have the result of their praiseworthy efforts.

Here we find the true aristocracy of the State, both colored and white. "Central College" is also for this class, and attracts a good attendance. It is presided over by the faithful Dr. John Braden. It is worth a visit to Nashville to witness the "educated airs" which many of these people of color put on. They can not *help* feeling the improved difference in their position, and this knowledge *has* and *does* elevate them.

Memphis called me next. This is a city of sixty-five thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Mississippi River, about one hundred miles below the point where the Ohio makes its junction with the former. Memphis is, consequently, the greatest commercial city in Tennessee. The State produces wheat, cotton, corn, and tobacco, which, with hogs, mules, and cattle—largely raised in some counties—find a ready market at Memphis. This city also was sadly depopulated by the yellow fever scourge of 1878.

When I reached Memphis it was nearly time for my singing. If any of my readers have been over the M. K. & L. R. R., or the *best* of those South-western lines, some idea can be formed of how I felt after that bouncing trip. But I was thankful to escape with unbroken limbs, and hurried away to my appointment, doing as well as the circumstances would permit. My next stop was at Brownsville, somewhat of a rural town, with the old style forms and sentiments of the South.

My next State was Arkansas, and I went directly to the capital city, Little Rock. This is a fine, healthy city, and is rapidly growing. Situated on the Arkansas River, which communicates with the great Mississippi, somewhat farther down, it forms a popular shipping point for the agricultural and the other productions of the interior. It adorns a State which has, thus far, not many attractions; for much of the Arkansas country is dreary in the extreme to the traveler, and not very promising to the politician. Cattle-raising, it is true, is a profitable business in many parts; but the whole State has yet to be developed in its resources. Railroad trains vex you with their slowness and rough riding. You protest that you could make as good time in walking, and have more comfort. Travelers are constitutional grumblers, of course; but there *is* much truth in what is said here. Time is going to do great things for Arkansas, and we must be patient.

From here we went to Hot Springs, one of the most frequented health resorts in America.

The springs are sixty-six in number, and vary in temperature from 93° to 160° Fahrenheit. Issuing from the slope of the mountain, they discharge about five hundred thousand gallons per day into the creek. The waters are taken both internally and externally, and have effected some marvelous cures of skin diseases.

Cairo, Illinois, built at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, was my next stopping place, and from here we journey to Louisville, stopping *en route* at Paducah and New Albany, the only important cities on the way.

CHAPTER VI.—LOUISVILLE

LOUISVILLE is the chief city of Kentucky. Its site is one of peculiar excellence. This great mart has a population of one hundred and thirty-five thousand, and is considered one of the most prosperous of Southern cities. It is situated on the Ohio River, and forms a great center of trade for the surrounding country. Kentucky is a State of mild and healthful climate, most of it being mountainous. Strangers find an unfailing attraction in the magnificent Mammoth Cave, near Green River, which has been worthily classed among the "seven wonders of the world."

At one time the cave property embraced two hundred acres, and was valued at forty dollars. At present it embraces two thousand acres, and is valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Rotunda, Star Chamber, Giant's Coffin, Methodist Church, Gothic Chapel, Bridal Altar, should all be visited; but as these things must be seen to be understood, I will not attempt to describe the wonders we saw during our wanderings underground.

Lexington was the next to hear from me. It is, perhaps, the most aristocratic city in Kentucky. Here our noble Henry Clay declared that he would "rather be right than be President"—and he had his choice. In Lexington sacred song received a hearty welcome. I sang under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church; then went forward to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. Several smaller places in Kentucky called me to fill engagements—Paris, Cynthiana, and Maysville, one of the oldest towns in the State—in all of which I held my services, and found the people full of hospitality and kindly feeling.

Still moving on, in due time I reached the fine old city of Covington. It does not seem like a Southern city, though accounted such. Situated on the southern bank of the Ohio River, just opposite Cincinnati, and with a population of thirty-two thousand people, it forms one of the most important of trade centers. It is now connected with the great city just over the river by two most substantial and attractive bridges. These bridges make the two cities one. Singing in Covington was by no means a new thing to me. I had sung here many times before, and always with good encouragement. This last service was not an exception to the rule.

From Covington I journeyed to Charleston, West Virginia, celebrated as the scene of John Brown's execution. While in this vicinity the remarkable subterranean caverns of Luray should be visited. They offer a spectacle which, in vastness, variety, and beauty, are unsurpassed. We next visited the capital of West Virginia—Wheeling—a flourishing city of over thirty-five thousand inhabitants. I have always been greeted here with large audiences. From here I enter Ohio, a State rich in agricultural resources, and far ahead of many older States in manufactures and commerce. Columbus is the capital, with a population estimated at over seventy-five thousand. Twenty-four miles from here and we reach the neat little city of Delaware. The Ohio Wesleyan University and the Ohio Wesleyan Female College are located here. It was at Marion, in this State, that I found my dear wife, whose devoted companionship and love have been the chief comfort and solace of my life. No wonder, therefore, that I associate with Ohio my happiest memories of the past. Cincinnati, the Queen City of the State, next to New York, claimed the greatest share of my attention.

From Ohio we pass into Indiana, stopping at Richmond, the headquarters of the Western Quakers. Indianapolis, the State capital, in which there is a strong Methodist element, has ever received me heartily. The new State-house here is a magnificent building. We now take train for Terre Haute, beautifully situated on the banks of the Wabash River, and thence to Lafayette, situated at the head of navigation on the Wabash River, and from here to Fort Wayne, one of the chief cities of Indiana, with a population of about thirty thousand.

The next important point is Toledo, situated on the Maumee River. Its commerce is very large and its manufactures are numerous and important. Leaving Toledo we next ticket for Cleveland, stopping on the way at Oberlin, the seat of Oberlin College, from which no one is excluded on account of sex or color. Cleveland is the second city in size and impor-

tance in Ohio. It is laid out with great taste, the streets being remarkably wide and well paved. The abundance of shade-trees has given it the title of "Forest City."

Going on to Pittsburgh, which we proudly designate the great metropolis of iron, the busy sounds to be a key-note of our transatlantic industry and enterprise. Yet after all this busy city is, as it were, a black forest of high smoking and flaming chimneys, reared upon and amid the grand old Alleghany Mountains, and whose wharves are washed by both the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers just as they merge their waters in the broad Ohio. Here was the home and field of labor of my friend, the late Dr. Alexander Clark; and since his decease I have felt that it can never be the same Pittsburgh to me. When there I may not hear his kindly voice, and look again upon his dear familiar face, although the city has itself most tenderly expressed its bereavement at his loss.

My course from this point was on to Newcastle, to sing at the kind invitation of Ira D. Sankey, who has of late years been doing his own singing, and with blessed results, and who, in a recent letter to me, says: "I shall ever look upon you as one of the biggest factors in my life; for it was you who opened up to me the wondrous power there is in singing the blessed gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." At this time Mr. Sankey was engaged in the revenue department, and was the efficient superintendent of the Newcastle Methodist Sunday-school. Subsequently he became associated with me in singing and in a business capacity for a few years, and in this position came in contact with Mr. Moody, the dual services of whom, in sermon and in song, the Christian world to-day delights to honor.

In the next stage of my journey I struck Oil City, the center and headquarters of the oil region. It is not particularly attractive to either the eye or the nose, but it will afford the best opportunity of witnessing the various operations of obtaining, refining, guaging, and shipping petroleum.

The vast quantities of petroleum or kerosene oil, which were at first discovered and obtained by driving and drilling artesian wells into the earth, from which this wonderful fluid deposit flowed out for many months, and was afterward pumped by steam power, have become in a great measure exhausted, and the world is now supplied with three-fourths of all the oil consumed from the mountain basin in which the city of Bradford, in this same State, is situated, which fields are immediately reached by narrow-gauge railroads, running up the steep grades of the hills, and crossing the great chasms between them, on skeleton bridges of timber and spiles. Four years ago this agricultural hamlet, nestling among these old hills, was almost isolated from the outer world by the huge battlements of nature, and barely contained one thousand inhabitants. But as if by magic wand it has sprung up into the proportions of a large city of thirteen thousand inhabitants by the discovery of its rich oil deposits; and in an area of thirty miles in length by from two and one-half to seven miles in width, six thousand wells have been sunk, at an average cost of three thousand dollars each, whose skeleton derricks, upreared against the sky, dot all the hills and valleys like so many sentinels—even the streets, yards, and gardens of the city proper having these not strictly ornamental structures planted therein, as thickly as shade-trees in many less fortunate but more aristocratic localities.

The product or yield of these wells is conducted to vast wooden tanks, and from thence forced by steam power through several main lines of large iron pipe (which extend one hundred miles or more under ground), over hills, mountains, and plains, and through valleys, gorges, and rivers, to Olean, Williamsport, Salamanca, and other railroad centers, where the oil is conducted into huge oil-tanks built upon platform cars, and thence taken to the refineries in different sections of the country. These oil wells flow spontaneously for about two years, and are pumped for two more, by which time the supply is generally exhausted. The paying wells average a yield of two hundred and forty barrels every twenty-four hours, while the aggregate supply of petroleum from this great subterranean vat, or reservoir, at Bradford, is forty-five thousand barrels each day. Here are gathered speculative and money-seeking characters from not only all portions of my own, but from many foreign countries.

This entire region has received a fresh boom by the finding of natural gas, which is likely to outrival the oil industry. Natural gas is being found in many parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio, notably in the vicinity of Pittsburgh and Findlay, Ohio. The gas is used for both heating and illuminating purposes, and I think it would be safe to predict that in the next few years all the principal cities in Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, and New York will be heated by natural gas. Many of the wells have a pressure of six hundred pounds.

We next went to Washington, Pa., to have a look at the crematory, erected about a mile and a half from the town, and where a few bodies have been cremated; and I could not avoid contrasting this with a somewhat similar practice performed by the heathen on the

banks of the Ganges. We next visit Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. The city is handsomely built, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery. From the dome of the State-house (which is situated on an eminence) a delightful view can be obtained. From here we visit Hagerstown. This was the scene of several severe conflicts during the civil war. Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, is deserving of a visit if the tourist has time.

Chapter VII.—Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., was my next rendezvous, America's Capital City, the center of the great Republican Government. It contains a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand, and is much admired for its elegant buildings, tasteful decorations, and wide, clean streets. My first singing here occurred some years before, in the Hall of Representatives, in the presence of the President, Abraham Lincoln, and his Cabinet.

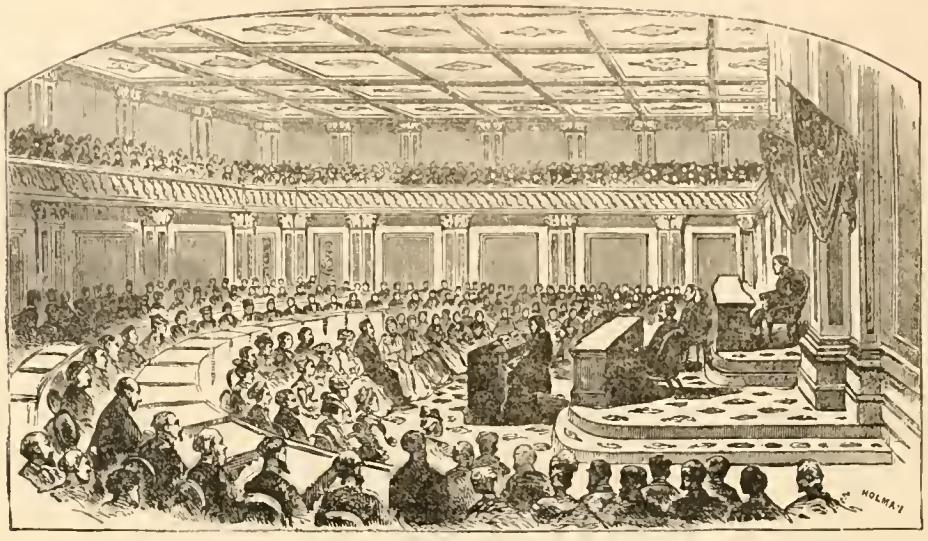
The simplicity of the melodies, combined with their lofty sentiment, touched these great minds, wearied with the tangled affairs of State, and for a time seemed to bring comfort and rest. Mr. Lincoln was particularly pleased with "Your Mission," and sent up a written request (which I now have in my possession, and regard as a rare relic) to have it



UNITED STATES CAPITAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

repeated. Among those present on that occasion may be mentioned Wm. H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury; Stanton, Secretary of War; Wells, Schuyler Colfax, Washburne, Blaine, Dawes, Boutwell, W. S. Hancock, General James A. Garfield, and representatives of the highest social culture of the country adorned and graced the occasion. I have given many services in the capital since then, and have always

had good audiences. I visited Washington in the winter of 1878, *en route* for Texas, on which occasion I paid my respects to President Hayes and his estimable lady at the White House.



HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON.

The most prominent object in the city is the Capitol building. The beholder is impressed with its noble proportions, its magnificent collonades, and its great dome. The United States Treasury, War and Navy Departments, Patent Office, new Pension Building, Smithsonian Institution, and Washington Monument should all be visited.

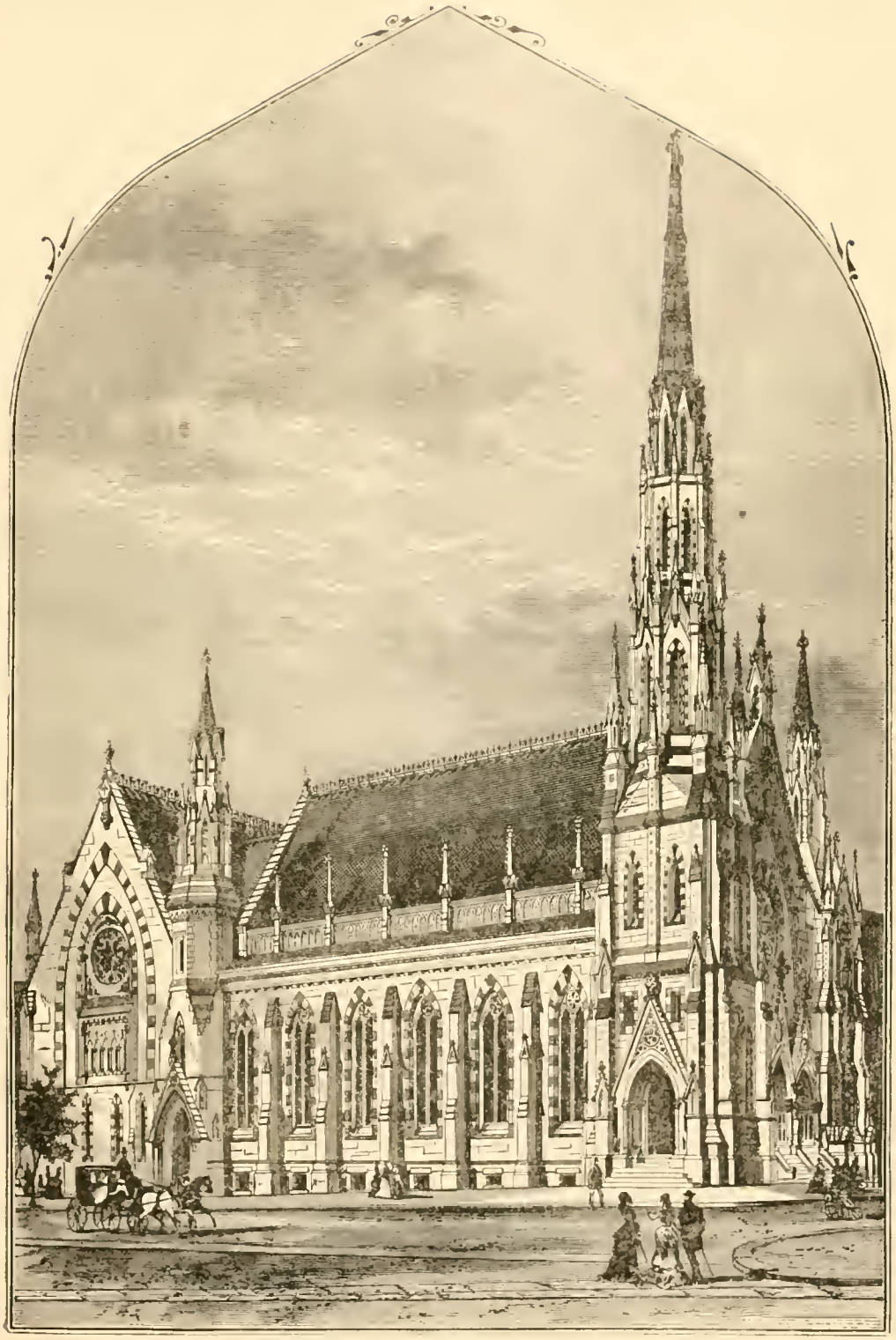
Singing on in my course I soon found myself at Baltimore, the "Monumental City," and largest city of Maryland. This State lies directly west of Delaware, and is pierced by the Chesapeake Bay. The area is about nine thousand three hundred square miles. The western part of the State is hilly, or mountainous, but as it slopes eastward it becomes level.

The Bay forms a most excellent avenue of commerce, and furnishes the State with other important resources. Baltimore is famed as a beautiful city all over the world. It contains a population of about four hundred thousand souls. My first appearance here was at the anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. My style of music was altogether new to Baltimoreans, and they seemed quite entranced with it. Some in the audience even fell to shouting over it. There is no city in America more Methodistic than Baltimore; nor scarcely another equal to it in hospitality to strangers. I went from church to church here, and sang to gathered crowds; and over seven thousand children collected to listen to my songs, at the Market Hall. I stood on a stand and sang until I was tired and hoarse. Afterward I gave a service in one of the Baptist churches. The program of the evening was just about half finished when the Rev. Griffith Owen came to me, and asked if I would allow an interruption for a few moments. Of course I willingly consented, and seated myself to rest awhile. There was a slight rustle in the congregation, and in a moment a couple stood before the altar to be married. Why they had chosen this time for the beautiful ceremony, I do not know; but it seemed most appropriate to celebrate so glad a sacrament in the midst of joy and song. At the close of the ceremony I sang a nuptial hymn, and they went on their way rejoicing. It formed a very pleasant episode in our meeting, as one may imagine.

From here I was invited to give about twenty-five services of song through the State under the auspices of the State Sunday-school Association.

Dover is the capital of Delaware, and Wilmington its chief city. Here I held a service of song, as I did in all the larger cities and towns of the State, every-where finding the people hospitable and appreciative.

From here I turned to the "Quaker city" of Philadelphia, a city of staid, quiet, God-fearing and law-abiding people, whose natural characteristics display themselves in the regularity and width of the streets, the cleanliness, wealth, and refinement evident every-where. It has a proud history, having been the birth-place of American Independence.



MT. VERNON METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

My audience here was four thousand strong. I was introduced to the assembly by George H. Stuart, who, in presenting me, said: "Although my friends tell me I have no taste in music, yet I have eyes that could weep with President Lincoln, when Mr. Phillips sang his touching songs in Washington." While here I met Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, who has since scattered his notes on the "Rest of Faith" over our own land, Great Britain, and even up into the palace of the German king. It was after a "service of song," held at the Ebenezer Church, that Mr. Smith called me aside and gave me some words of strong encouragement which have been a great blessing to me ever since. Shortly after this Mr. Smith wrote me a very urgent request to visit his father's house, and there sing some of my songs. He said: "My father is a good man; but although all his children are Christians, he has never made a profession. Now, Brother Phillips, I have faith to believe that if you will go there, and sing some of your hymns, he will give his heart to Christ." Such was the entreaty; so I fixed upon a date, and went. Most of the family were present, and nearly all in the somber garb of Quakers. Pearsall Smith had forethought to invite that saintly man, Rev. Alfred Cookman, to be present; he and myself were the only ones there besides the family.

At Pearsall Smith's request I sang, the old man, with his white locks, listening attentively. After I had finished one piece he said to me: "Will you please sing that over again?" So I sang the hymn, "What hast Thou done for me?" again to please him—

"I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know!
I spent long years for thee, for thee,
Hast thou spent *one* for me?"

The father of seventy years was weeping as I closed. "Let us pray," said Alfred Cookman. They all knelt, and he *did* pray for the old man's salvation; and that prayer was heard above! Then and there the old man had born within him a hope of eternal life. He gave himself up to Christ, who had given His life for him, as the hymn said, and we all rejoiced together. Speaking aside to Pearsall Smith in the course of the evening, I said: "How strange this is!" "Why so?" he returned; "I expected it, just as I wrote you, for I felt that God would honor the means." This was one of the happiest evenings of my life, for it was one of song and salvation.



OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

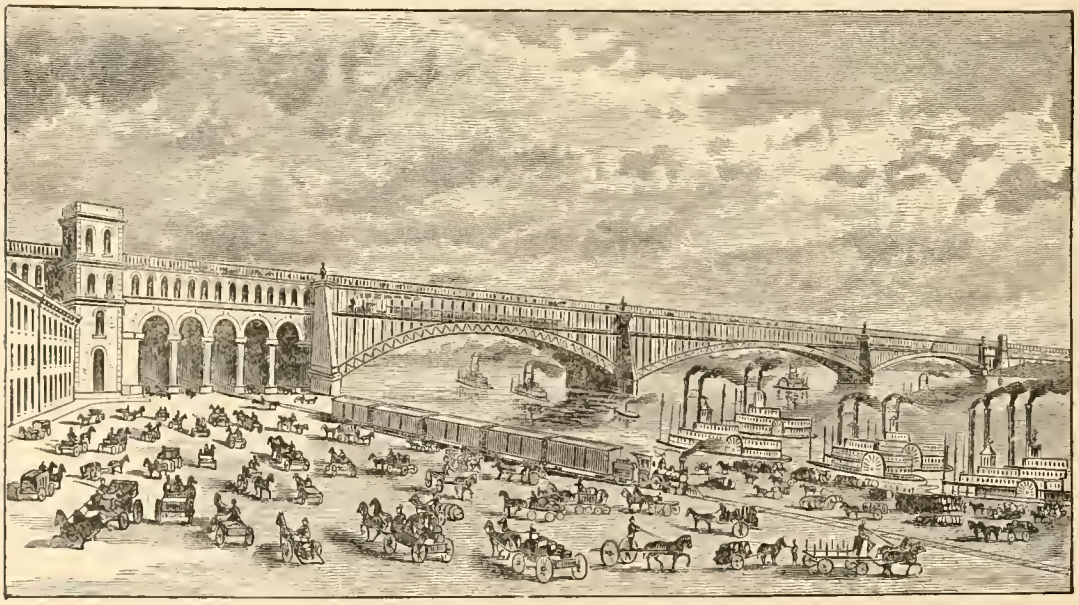
From Philadelphia I made for Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, to sing at a reunion conference of Methodist ministers. This convention is associated in my recollection with very happy memories. I met with a most appreciative reception at the hands of both the conference and the press; but, better than this, my work was owned by Him whose divine approval far outvalues every earthly triumph. No less than three persons wrote to me after that con

ference, dating their conversion to it, and ascribing their change of heart to the gospel of my songs. New Jersey is an old place for America; Fins, Swedes, and English being among its earlier settlers. From this mixed ancestry has developed that quaint character—a "Jersey-man"—who is famous every-where for his oddity. In the last century the State constitution of New Jersey provided for universal suffrage; white and black, male and female, sharing equally the privilege. This, however, has been considerably modified since.

At Ocean Grove, this State, I conducted a song jubilee for a week. From this delightful place I proceeded to the coal-fields in the Juniata valley, receiving a hearty reception from the citizens of Altoona, which seems to be a mountain railroad center; at Mauch Chunk, the Switzerland of America, where the railway cars are carried over the mountain by the force of gravity; at Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Williamsport, and Pittston, in which latter place a mountain of coal has been burning for the last three years, and almost threatening to undermine the city itself. All these localities are the centers of immense coal interests, and beneath the soil on which they are built, and with which they are surrounded, lie great beds of anthracite coal, sufficient to furnish fuel for the whole world for centuries to come. Every-where in this section of the State my services were largely attended and well received.

From thence I went on to Chambersburg, and then to Gettysburg, where the great and decisive battle of the Rebellion was successfully fought under General Meade. After a lengthy visit to the great battle-field, where so many of my countrymen yielded up their lives, I returned to the city and gave my evening's service of song; but during its exercises I could almost imagine I heard the sounds of the carnage which so lately filled the air where now I was singing the hymns of peace and love.

Shortly after my visit to this great battle-ground, we started upon our tour around the world, and as the important points intervening between here and St. Louis have been already described, I must ask the attention of my readers to the metropolis of Missouri.



ST. LOUIS BRIDGE OVER THE MISSOURI.

Missouri can boast one of the largest, and, perhaps, for its size, one of the wealthiest cities in America, having a population of over 500,000 souls, and of vast commercial importance to the South-west and the world. St. Louis is finely situated on the west bank of the great Mississippi River; and had its citizens possessed the driving spirit of enterprise which characterizes those of Chicago, it could not have failed to become preëminently above all others the great commercial center of export and import for our Western world. Here the Mississippi is spanned by the longest and finest bridge in the United States, connecting the Illinois and Missouri shores, over which passes an almost constant stream of railway, passenger, and freight cars, as well as vehicles and foot passengers, while the city proper is so tunneled that

passengers and freight pass under it in transit to and from the far West without change or transfer.

From St. Louis we pass on to Jefferson City, the capital of the State of Missouri, and thence to Kansas City, which appears to be grandly struggling to become the gate city to the great South-west, whose high bluffs are gradually being leveled by the enterprising people of this fast-growing city. Thence I went on to Sedalia and St. Joseph, which latter is, perhaps, the wealthiest city in this portion of the State, and which is quite jealous of its rival, Kansas City.



GARDEN OF THE GODS

My next stop was at Quincy, one of the liveliest cities in Illinois. We also visited Peoria, another thriving Illinois town. Rock Island is another flourishing city. Here is the Central United States Arsenal and Armory. Just opposite is the city of Davenport, the second city of Iowa; At the head of navigation, on the Des Moines River, is situated the city of Des Moines, the capital of Iowa. The next stop I made was at Council Bluffs. Here the great Missouri River bridge connects with Omaha, the largest city of Nebraska. It occupies a

beautiful plateau, rising gradually into bluffs, and has a population of over sixty thousand. Lincoln is the capital of Nebraska; and if I wanted to make any of our interior Western States my home, I would go to Lincoln.

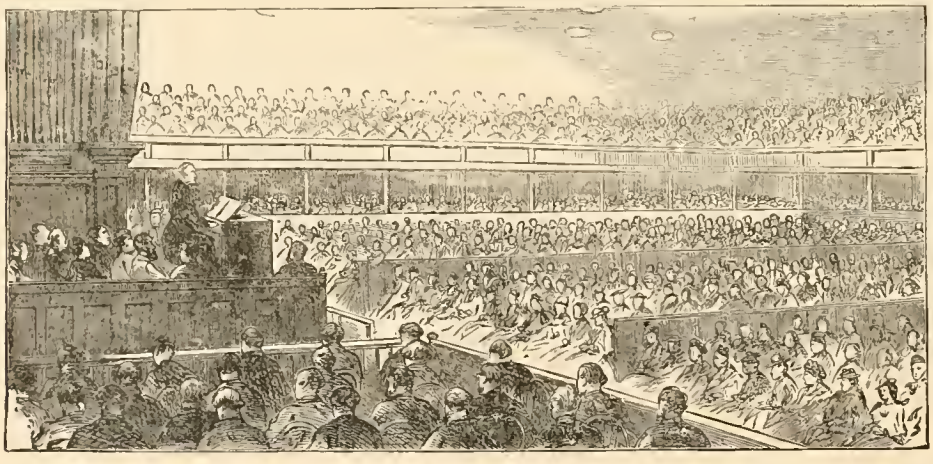
Chapter VIII.—Colorado and the Pacific Coast.

ONCE more in motion, I directed my steps toward Colorado and the Pacific Coast; and, in doing so, had the great pleasure of traveling in the delightful reclining cars on the Union Pacific Railway with a number of Christian friends, which included my family, Dr. and Mrs. Vincent, and Mr. Moody. Entering the State of Colorado, I visited Georgetown, Cheyenne, Greeley, and Denver. A short distance from here and we come to the Manitou Springs. The famous Pike's Peak, fourteen thousand three hundred feet high, commanding a view of many thousand square miles of mountain and plain, and into the Garden of the Gods, a tract of land about five hundred acres in extent, bordered by ravines which shut it in entirely from the plains. The rocks are upheaved into fantastic shapes, some of them rising in a perpendicular position to a height of three hundred feet.



MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

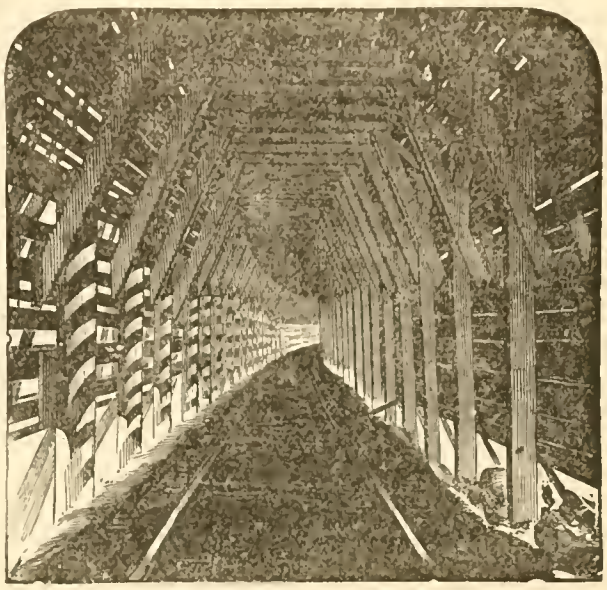
Passing rapidly on to the territory of Utah, with its popualtion of over two hundred thousand, and Ogden, the half-way city on the overland route to the Golden Gate. Here Brother Moody, feeling a strong desire to preach to the Mormons of Salt Lake City, preceded us



MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

thither to make arrangements, and secure the use of the old Mormon Tabernacle, the new one being refused for all Gentile purposes. Dr. Vincent and myself joined him on Saturday

evening; but, although the building had been secured, there seemed no possible way of advertising the occasion; but the Lord made all things easy in the following manner: On Sunday morning we three friends visited the Mormon schools, where we found one of my music-books in use; and, my presence being announced, I was asked to sing, which I promised to do after Mr. Moody had spoken. Going from thence we attended service in the new Tabernacle, where, after a two-hours' address by Orson Pratt, the Mormon apostle, one of the elders said: "Brother Pratt, you've preached long enough;" and the superintendent of the school we had just left added: "We've got Philip Phillips here, from New York, and many of us would like to hear him sing." Upon this I was invited forward; but there being no instrument I merely told the people that if they wanted to hear me they must attend the service that was to be held afterwards in the old Tabernacle. This was the only announcement that was possible; but as there were ten thousand people present, it was more than enough. Upon hearing the name of the old Tabernacle, several people called out: "Why not the new? the old one is too small;" and it was immediately arranged that the service should be held in the very place that had been previously refused for it, and an audience of eight thousand was secured in the only possible way. Such was an early result of Mr. Moody's faith, which afterwards accomplished so much both in England and America.



SNOW-SHED, UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Again we seated ourselves in a comfortable parlor car, and went speeding over the broad plains, through the flickering light and darkness of the snow-sheds, erected to guard the line against destruction by snow-slides. These sheds are like tunnels, and interrupt the view of some of the most romantic scenery on the line. Through tunnels and gulches, and along the brow of ravines and precipices our iron pathway takes us until we reach San Francisco.

Chapter IX.—Through the Golden Gate.

IT was on the eighth of March that we once more bade our California friends adieu; and, being nicely located on board the staunch steamer Cyphrenes, set sail for the largest island in the world—Australia; the *we* in the case being myself, my wife, and my two sons. From childhood a charm has been associated with the name of Australia. The word is from the Latin *australis*, signifying "southern." A strangeness and far-offness has always lingered in the meaning of the word; and no books on the subject, nor any of the occasional newspaper accounts—although I have latterly perused not a few—have ever fully dispelled the sense of isolation and weirdness represented by the musical syllables—Australia.

The anchor weighed, the ropes cast from the moorings and hauled in, the gangway drawn which separates us from friends and native land, slowly we glide away from the wharf—past Alketras Island and Seal Rock, down through the Golden Gate; while the waving handkerchiefs of our dear friends, growing fainter and fainter to our sight, now become as tiny white specks upon the horizon of our vision, and finally disappearing altogether, make us alive to the reality of crossing the great Pacific.

Our steamer was a good, strong ship, built on the River Clyde for the Eastern tea trade, owned in Liverpool, and well manned by English sailors. Its captain, Mr. Wood, was an excellent mariner. Among the officers we may mention specially the chief engineer, who,

being a teetotaler, was a world of comfort to us during the entire passage on account of his freedom from a vice to which so many who follow the high seas are addicted. The ship's surgeon, however, was directly the opposite of this gentleman, being profane in language, prolific in abuse, brutal in habit; and had not the captain placed him under guard on several occasions during the voyage, serious troubles might have resulted in consequence of his overbearing disposition. As to his medical skill, evidently some special providence gave little or no opportunity of putting it to the test.

Imagine yourself and family confined within the narrow limits of a ship, on a thirty-eight-days' passage on the pathless ocean, bound for a far land of which you know but little, accompanied by twenty-six passengers from almost as many different nations, whose principal pastime is gambling and drinking, and you will appreciate my condition.



THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA.

There was a complete sense of isolation from mankind to me in this voyage, as with my dear little family I occupied my time in reading, conversation, playing at quoits, and other simple pastimes, which served to relieve the monotony of sea life.

Our steamer, although of staunch build, was not noted for speed, its average being about two hundred miles in twenty-four hours. On pleasant days we spent much time upon the deck. Here we watched the hundreds of sea gulls that circled round and round the ship on graceful wing in quest of food that might be thrown to them, while they wildly screamed in their attempts to preserve their maritime rights, one against the other, in gaining possession of the same. But the sailors told us we were soon to lose sight of our aerial companions, as these birds would cease to follow us when our prow began to part the waters of mid-ocean.

The habits of the flying fish also afforded us much amusement, as they suddenly started up from the waves in shoals, and alighted again about two hundred yards away. It is said that the larger fish chase them, and that the good Creator has bestowed upon them this wonderful power to escape from the pursuit of their implacable enemies. I would that humanity were possessed of such a gracious gift wherewith to baffle and fly away from the clutches of temptation! These singular fish are from four to eight inches in length, and glisten like pieces

of burnished silver as they dart through the air about ten feet above the water. It often happens that they fall upon the decks of vessels, and are accounted most delicious food.

With beautiful moonlight nights and wooing breezes we began to feel the warmer breath of the tropics fanning our cheeks. The sea gull had been left behind; and that large brown bird, the albatross, measuring several feet from tip to tip of wing, had taken its place as ocean mendicant. On our first Sabbath on the Pacific, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the captain read the service on deck, but it seemed cold and heartless. How the Christian heart loves to whisper into the Infinite ear its almost infinite necessities, communing with the great Father in the warmth of child-like affection, unchilled by the fanaticism of stereotyped prayer; and how thankful were we on board this good ship that the "Ever-present" is also the "ever ready" to hear and bless his children!



HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

After a smooth passage of ten days, at two o'clock in the morning, we were safely moored in the peaceful harbor of Honolulu. Late in the afternoon we had passed Maui to our extreme left, but were too far distant to behold her luxuriant tropical growth of fruit, flower, and foliage. Soon after we were passing through the Molokai Channel, but it was so late that we could only see the volcanic cliffs of Oahu, of which Honolulu is the capital, faintly outlined by the moonlight. Rounding Diamond Head at about midnight, rockets were sent up to signal pilots that they might come on board and take our ship safely through the hidden reefs and coral beds, so plentiful in the beautiful bay of the metropolis of this famous island group.

Landing at the unseasonable hour of three o'clock in the morning, we proceeded to the only hotel on the island, and which is under the management of the government. Here we found every room occupied; but the clerk kindly vacated and prepared his own room for our accommodation that we might take a short rest; and for about two hours our little family quartette lay crosswise on one bed and soundly slept. When we awakened in the early morning, and looked out upon our surroundings, it seemed as though we had been suddenly transported into an earthly paradise of fresh fruits, beautiful flowers, and rare exotics. At six o'clock we were agreeably surprised by a visit from the good Dr. Damon, the seamen's friend, one of the oldest missionaries upon the island, and known the world over by the mariners as the spiritual father of the children of the seas. His gentle tap at the door and a response from his lips brought me quickly to my feet, and I found him all aglow with hos

pitality, and anxious for a service of song before I should reëmbark. Ascertaining that our ship would remain in port for twenty hours, a service was accordingly arranged and advertised for six o'clock that afternoon, to be held at the Congregational Church, of which Rev. Dr. Friers was pastor.

Now for a full day of sight-seeing in and about Honolulu, which then seemed to us the most enchanting spot that our eyes had ever rested upon. But, first of all, we desired to see Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Webb, the dear old missionaries of more than thirty years' residence on these islands—the latter a sister of Dr. Thomas Hastings, of New York. Dr. Damon placed himself and his carriage at our disposal, and a kind stranger lent a fine riding-horse for James to follow us from behind; but he followed us as most boys do, by going on before, and secured to himself an amount of exercise in the saddle which nearly incapacitated him from keeping his feet when he dismounted. Never did we spend a more enjoyable day than here on this pioneer American missionary ground.

Honolulu is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, 4,000 of whom are, for the most part, Americans, and the balance natives. The latter are a noble-looking, large, and well-proportioned people, of about the same complexion as the North American Indian, cleanly in habit, and well dressed. Very little of the African type is visible in their features. The women are of large build and good-looking, and wear long dresses, hanging loose from neck to feet.



HAWAIIAN WOMEN.

It has often been stated that the natives were once cannibals, but the more intelligent people here deny the charge, and assert that it is incapable of proof. It is true, however, that fifty years ago this people were uncivilized, and living in heathenish darkness; and we can not but be grateful that God ever put it into the hearts of some of New England's sons and daughters to try to do them good, and that He has blessed their efforts so signally.

During the forty years that the Hawaiian language has been written and printed, school-houses and churches have sprung up as plentifully, according to the population, as in the United States; and I have been informed that as large a proportion of the people can read and write as in either England or America. It is estimated that there are about sixty thousand inhabitants on all the islands of the group; but it is authoritatively stated that, for the last twenty years, the native population has steadily decreased.

The principal product of these islands is sugar, and it is believed that in no part of the world can so large a crop be raised to the acre as here. Up to the time of my visit, the planters had labored under the great disadvantage of not having a market for this crop near home, the expense of transportation to distant parts leaving the grower but little profit, if any at all. In the year 1875 the king, Kalakaua, made an extensive visit to the United States, and by his genial and winning manner and diplomatic skill so managed his suit as to induce our government to pass the Hawaiian sugars through our customs free—or nearly so—from duty. Now the islands are more prosperous than ever before; and this great triumph of the king, in the interests of his subjects, has made him exceedingly popular.

As we were driving past the king's palace, we observed a collection of natives in front of the main entrance, who, upon alighting from our carriage and going near, we learned were singing the king's welcome home again, he having returned only a day or two previous from his visit to America. Several hundred of them had also come bearing little tokens of regard to their king, such as eggs, potatoes, cabbage, money, and any thing by which they might express their loyalty to their sovereign, and their joy and gladness at his return. We were much interested in witnessing this devotion of the people to their ruler, and in gazing upon his great piles of vegetable gifts, as well as listening to the Hawaiian festivities, partaking so thoroughly of the aboriginal custom of celebrating this event.

The king, having observed us near his palace, came to the front door and invited us to enter, which courtesy we gladly accepted. I had a very enjoyable chat with his majesty, in the course of which he expressed himself as having been very much pleased with every thing which came to his notice during his recent visit to America. He speaks the English language fluently, is a good conversationalist, and is seemingly as thoroughly polite and intelligent as any of our members of Congress.

From the palace we went to the House of Parliament, a fine structure, whose walls were tastefully adorned with pictures, having for their subject the history of the island. We also visited one of the native churches, having seating capacity for at least twenty-five hundred people, where the gospel is preached in the Hawaiian language. Without doubt no field of labor has shown a greater success in answer to missionary effort than this, and all in the short space of forty years.

The tropical fruits are of the finest quality and in great abundance; the oranges and bananas are luscious and beautiful. The chief food of the natives is poie, a vegetable somewhat resembling our potato, which is prepared for eating in the form of a batter, and sold in the public streets. The hospitality of the people is unbounded, and one of their most striking characteristics. It is not unusual for them to vacate their own apartments for the accommodation and entertainment of strangers.

Some of the residences are equal in beauty and elegance to many found in Europe or America, and are embellished with fine grounds, adorned with flowers and shrubbery. Of these we particularly noticed the palatial homes of several wealthy Chinese merchants. We dined with Mr. H. M. Whitney, the editor and publisher of the daily newspaper, a large bookseller, and one of the most influential citizens of the island, from whom we gathered much information concerning the islands and their population. Perhaps Mr. John Waterhouse has the finest residence in Honolulu, to which we were invited after my service of song, and partook of one of the most luxurious repasts ever spread for the refreshment of the body. During the hour which we spent at his stable in the enjoyment of the good English cooking and rare delicacies of confection and fruit, he set his music boxes in play and his birds to singing, while he discoursed of religious works and enterprises with his soul full of evangelistic ardor.

Evening came on apace, and had I not been so weary in body, I really should have felt myself in an earthly paradise, the people were so cordial, loving, and kind, while these fair islands looked as beautiful and peaceful as the gardens of the Lord. Then came to me an almost overmastering desire to rest for a time among the Sandwich Islanders, and sing the new song of our Savior-King to the curious inhabitants who had been transformed from paganism by the power of the gospel, and of sharing the joys of salvation with the missionaries and Christianized multitude.

At my only service of song at Honolulu was a large audience of English-speaking people, to whom I sang as well as I could for an hour, with the soft tropical breeze fanning my cheeks, and the distant roar of the waves of the old ocean falling upon my ears. The assemblage listened to my songs with deep attention, one of the natives expressing himself concerning them as being "so restful." Never have I spent a more intensely interesting and enjoyable day than the one just closed upon this island, so memorable in connection with the murder of Captain Cook, the great sea explorer, but now filled with intelligence and gospel liberty, and perhaps the most quiet, peaceful spot on earth.

Our ship berths brought us the sweetest repose after this eventful day; and next morning when we arose the lovely Oahu was out of sight. At the breakfast-table we missed four of our former fellow-passengers, but in their place had gained another—a fine-looking young man about twenty-six years of age, well dressed and of prepossessing appearance. So quiet and reticent in manner was this gentleman that for several days we thought that he might be a young clergyman seeking health, recreation, or knowledge by foreign travel. A few days after my wife said to me, "Why does our friend look so wild and singular, evidently seeking to avoid every one upon the deck?" This strangeness soon became so noticeable that we made inquiries of the captain as to its cause, and learned to our great sorrow that he had been indulging in intoxicating drink, and was suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, that fearful disease which is so sure to attack all who become a prey to the pernicious habit so fatal to the highest interests of humanity, both in this world and that which is to come. We further learned that this unfortunate young man was the only child of a wealthy Catholic widow, who had fitted him out for a voyage from San Francisco to Australia in order to separate him from the evil companions with which he associated in the former city; that on account of his inebrieties he had been put ashore at Honolulu from the vessel in which he originally embarked, and that he had taken our boat to complete his trip. Alas! if that mother could

have seen him then, battling with wild hallucinations and struggling to escape the clutches of imaginary demons, all hope would have died in her heart. The evil conduct of the ship's surgeon urging him to drink when orders had been given to withhold it from him, and thoughts of that poor mother who loved him, drew us toward this unfortunate man in kindly sympathy, for he had finally become so delirious that it was necessary to place a watch over him.

One Sabbath evening as we were singing hymns in the cabin, he suddenly jumped up from his chair, and exclaiming, "I am not going down with this ship!" ran swiftly up the companion way and leaped overboard. The women shrieked and swooned with fear, the great engines were brought to a standstill, the boat was lowered, and three sailors went out in the darkness of the night in search of him. In about thirty minutes, filled with anxious suspense to those in waiting, he was discovered and brought on board in an insensible condition, and the greater part of the night was spent in resuscitating him and saving his life.

When he came to his senses he said: "Well, I've been with the devil three months, and I did not like it, and so came back." The dangerous sea-bath had a good effect upon him, however; and he became more and more frightened at his narrow escape from drowning as his mind grew clearer, and entreated us to watch over him, which we did until we reached Auckland, New Zealand. Since that time we have neither seen nor heard from him. How true it is that there is no bondage so galling and so degrading as that of intemperance, whose ways take hold on death!



AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

The evenings on deck were lovely, and atoned, in part, for the heat and the severe blowing of the trade winds during the day. The sea was very quiet as we sailed along with nothing to attract our attention but the appearance of a large white bird called the Boatswain. The day after crossing the equator we observed a little brown land-bird hovering about the ship, which had evidently followed some vessel out to sea and become lost; like those human beings who have been lured from duty and home by some object, which to their blinded imaginations promised profit and pleasure, but has proved the veriest will-o'-the-wisp, and left them homeless and shelterless on the ocean of life.

We have felt often in our history that we had lost a day especially wherein we had failed to do some work for Jesus and our fellow-man. But now we have really experienced the loss of twenty-four hours out of the calendar of time. Yesterday was Friday, March 5th, when we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian; and to-day is not Saturday but Sunday, March 7th. We are half way round the world, and the chronometer at Greenwich marks eight o'clock at night, the very hour in which our clock marks the hour of eight in the morning. Practically we have lost but just half a day; but should we continue on to Greenwich, making the same discrepancy of time, we should lose the other half; and the scientific world has decided that one full day is totally blotted out on the one hundred and eightieth meridian.

We are now sailing beneath new skies, having exchanged the North Star and the Big Dipper for what is to us a most beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross. It is composed of five fixed stars in the shape of a cross, four of which shine with wonderful brilliancy in the southern heavens, and by this the mariners steer their course. The nights are most enchanting, the waters gleam with phosphorescent light in the wake of our ship, and the moonlight touches the dark waves as with pencils of light and glory.

After seventeen days' voyaging we came in sight of New Zealand at three o'clock in the afternoon, and anchored at Auckland, an English-looking city of about twenty five thousand inhabitants. We were met at the wharf by Rev. Mr. Baker and two other prominent citizens; were shown the principal streets and buildings, and after we had spent a pleasant evening in song, prayer, and conversation, we again took ship at eleven o'clock the same evening. Just before the anchor was weighed a party of friends came on board bearing a large basket of peaches, figs, fresh butter, and other delicacies for our comfort and refreshment, gave me an earnest invitation to come and give them fifty evenings of song-service on my return homeward, and bade us good-bye.

Sailing over the calm, hot waste of waters, where the sun quivers in direct beams upon the placid expanse, and where the air is sluggish in the oppressive noons, we slowly approached the shores of the mysterious island-continent. Day by day the temperature changed until the mornings became delightful, the torrid heats receded behind us, and we had solved the mystery known as the "Sunny South." We had penetrated through the very pulsing heart of that problem. The southerly skies now indicated a cooler and pleasanter climate. The spirits of the weary voyagers took courage. Here and there along the level horizon appeared strange islands, rimmed with coral reefs and set in tufted palms. The color of the sea assumed a deeper hue, the heavens arched in clearer and ampler grandeur as we advanced, and at length our good steam-ship was anchored within sight of the long-expected haven.

Chapter X.—Australia, the Land of Gold.

IMMEDIATELY upon landing we were most kindly met by Rev. J. C. Symons, ex-Mayor Crouch, and S. G. King, representatives of the committee under whose auspices I had undertaken this journey to the great far-off. Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, and which is the most southern of the Australian colonies, was discovered in 1802, by Lieutenant John Murray. Its geographical position gives it a much better title to the appellation of "South Australia," than its sister colony, which bears that title, hardly any portion of the latter being as far south as the most northerly portion of Victoria.

Melbourne has a population of about three hundred thousand, and was named after Lord Melbourne, who was Premier of Great Britain when the city was founded some forty years ago. It is a monument of what wealth and enterprise can do in so short a space of time, abounding in costly public works and magnificent edifices, which rival those of the older capitals of Europe. Its principal thoroughfares are a mile in length by ninety-nine feet in width, and run at right angles, being intersected by smaller streets, which also bear the names of the larger with the prefix of "little."

Elizabeth Street is laid out at the base of the two principal hills or eminences on which the city is built, and divides it into "East" and "West." This street is very low, and sometimes in rainy weather becomes the bed of an angry torrent, and quite impassable to foot passengers.

The city proper is situated on the banks of the Yarra-Yarra, or "ever-flowing" river, eight miles from the sea by water, and two and one-half by land. It is connected by railroad with Sandridge, its seaport, which is at the head of Hobson's Bay, and where massive piers extend far out into the water, alongside of which vessels of almost any tonnage can lie with safety. The Yan-Yean Reservoir supplies the inhabitants with abundant water of an excellent quality. The Free Library contains over one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and the Athenæum twelve thousand three hundred and fifty-six. The most noteworthy structures are the Houses of Parliament, Government buildings, the Post-office, Town Hall, the Exchange, the University, the Young Men's Christian Association building, Wesleyan Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Independent Church, and Baptist Chapel. It has a branch of the Royal Mint, a Royal Theater, and Opera-house, well-appointed public markets, good hospitals and institutions for the care of the aged, infirm and unfortunate, many fine hotels,

four daily newspapers, two religious weeklies—the *Spectator* and *Southern Cross*—and quite a number of secular weeklies and monthly magazines.

Australia is the largest island in the world. In dimensions and resources it is almost a continent, its extent being from east to west two thousand five hundred and forty, and from north to south one thousand six hundred miles, compassing an area of two million nine hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles. This vast domain lay unknown in the bosom of the ocean, untouched by the foot of civilization, for more than two hundred years after Columbus landed upon an island of the New World; but like America it was a prize awarded to the perseverance of a Spanish navigator, for Louis Vaez Torrez, commanding an expedition

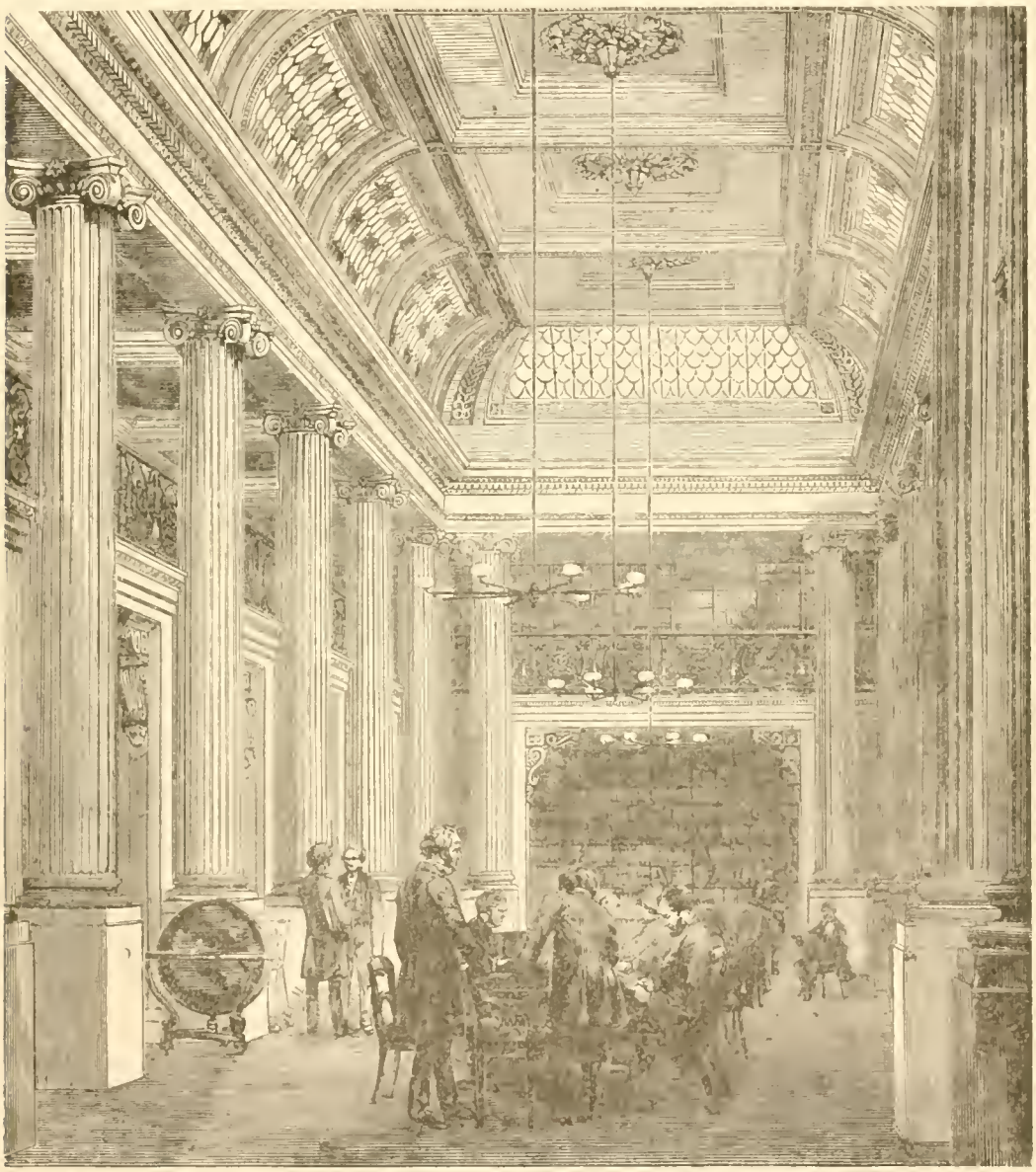


BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

from Peru, was the original discoverer of Australia. He landed upon its coast in 1605, although the Dutch descried its northern borders from the ship *Duyfen* early the next year.

Australia is indeed a remarkable land. There are but few ocean indentures or bays; and for a thousand miles of its southern coast there is not one permanent river. The streams are swollen and muddy in the rainy season, and run dry the rest of the year, the winds raising clouds of dust from their sandy beds. The trees are scattered in the forests like the trees of an orchard or park, and such as bear leaves are evergreen. The foliage is leathery and less beautiful than that of our own country. There are but few tangled or compact forests, such as abound in North and South America, while springs of sparkling cold water are of rare occurrence. The plants are abundant, varied, and often magnificent in their array of blossoms.

British convicts were sent to this remote frontier to serve their years of penalty for crime in utter isolation and hardship. These outlaws were indeed rough pioneers to develop the possibilities of a new country; but Christian missionaries and teachers speedily followed the forced immigration, and were soon alongside of the criminals; and the gospel made conquests over the stubborn hearts of the convicts, as well as over the wandering and benighted souls



INTERIOR OF PUBLIC LIBRARY, MELBOURNE

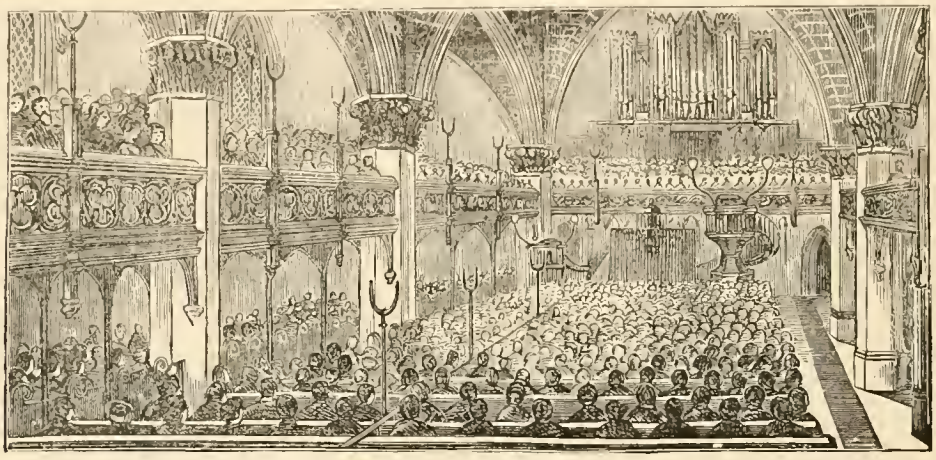
of the natives. After groups of felons came colonies of honest settlers from Great Britain and from Holland. The cities of Sydney and Melbourne were planted; and now their splendid streets stretch for miles along the once desolate wastes of a pagan wilderness, and the stranger meets as many evidences of enlightenment here as in the older communities on the Thames, the Tweed, or the Zuyder Zee. But the population of the towns is mostly British. The habits of the people are strikingly similar to those of England. Australia might be called

another New England with the characteristic Yankee left out. There is no disposition to rebel against the Crown, or to change any of the peculiarities which every-where in the British dominions stand for loyalty to the Queen.

But I set foot upon this land as an evangelist of sacred song, and not as a tourist, statistician, speculator, or adventurer. While I enjoyed the scenery, studied the history and geography, and read the current events with real interest, still my mission was to sing.

It was an anxious time for me, the commencement of my Australian campaign. The press had announced me in generous words; and even the mayor of Melbourne had given me a formal welcome in the great Town Hall. The committee of noble Christian men, under whose auspices I came from the United States, were all full of excitement, wondering whether the novel experiment would prove a success, or whether they might be involved in considerable pecuniary loss. It was but human nature to express anxiety under such circumstances. It was an hour of unusual concern to myself and family, as well as to the friends who had assumed the responsibility of introducing song-sermons into Australia.

With an earnest prayer, and my heart beating rather irregular time, I ascended the platform of the Wesleyan Church at my first meeting, fronting as attractive an audience as ever



WESLEYAN CHURCH, MELBOURNE.

assembled anywhere. I felt something like a Botany Bay convict, gauging my own resources by the evident demands of the hour. And yet I knew that divine grace makes liberty for heart and tongue and pen whenever and wherever faith takes hold upon the promises.

I was pleasantly introduced to the two thousand listeners by the Rev. John Harcourt, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, amid demonstrations of kindly greeting, which gave courage to deliver my message here as I had often tried to do in distant lands.

Two of the morning papers—the *Age* and the *Post*—spoke very favorably of the meeting, and one pronounced emphatically against it as an unwarrantable innovation.

My first ride in the country was a trip to Ballarat, one hundred miles by rail from Melbourne, although the distance in an air-line is but sixty-five miles. The route bears southwestward for half the distance, skirting the Bay of Port Philip, to Geelong on Corio Bay.

It will be remembered that in 1857 near this place was found the great nugget of gold valued at fifty thousand dollars. A model of this rich treasure is on exhibition at the British Museum. No wonder such an attraction brought thousands of people from the cities to the Bush, as the Melbourne people call the country.

The yield of gold is gradually decreasing, and the population of Ballarat is probably less at present than ten years ago, but it is still a busy, beautiful city of near sixty-five thousand souls. The once comely hills surrounding the place bear marks of the gold-diggers, being grooved, broken, and yellow. The impetuous dash for money always mars the peaceful aspects of nature.

The railroads of Australia are conducted after the English plan, and built in an equally

substantial manner. There are no doubtful embankments, no flimsy trestles, nor any perilous curves. Science has had a voice, and genuine economy a hand in every mile of the system.

At the station I was kindly met and escorted to the home of George Smith, Esq., across the Park Lake, a charming spot indeed. On my way to the hospitable mansion of this new-found friend, I was pointed out the beauties of the city, such as the Town Hall, Opera-house, Park Lake, and Botanical Gardens. The Australian gardens excel all others I have seen in luxuriant foliage, brilliant flowers, and varied forms. I will not except our New York Central Park, or the parks of London or Paris. This great island of the southern seas has a climate peculiarly prolific of vegetable perfections. Nowhere else have I ever beheld such exquisite



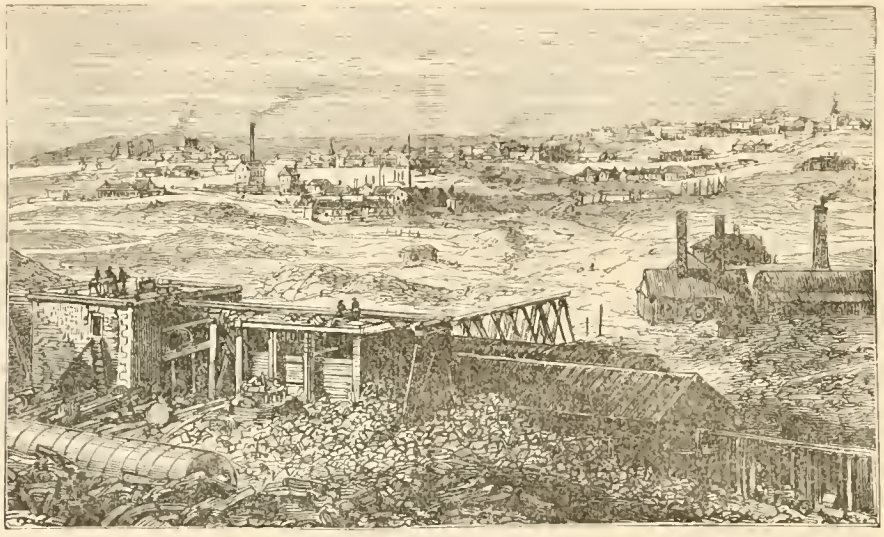
GEELONG, AUSTRALIA.

displays of the beautiful in form and hue and texture. I doubt whether the gardens of Solomon excelled these of the newest of the new worlds. The foliage of Tyre and Damascus in its prime could not have been more enchanting. Here were leaves in infinite variety—ovate, serrate, spiral, palmate, lobed, and cleft. Here were the finest interlacings of fiber and vein, living leaves, jeweled with diadems of dew, and armed with shining spears before the sun. Here were velvet and mossy leaves, gossamer and oval leaves, pendants and blades and spines, colored in emerald, in crimson, in purple, in white. Here were ferns in infinite variety, tendrils clinging to posts, curtain-leafed vines arching overhead, ground ivy, strange grasses—all seeming to live on air and dew and light. There was something almost spiritual in the magnificent array. The only thing lacking in the gardens was the odor; this being deficient in some degree even in the most beautiful flowers.

The principal street in the city is very wide, with a long, narrow park in the middle,

and large, stately trees growing on each side with a pebbled high-way made double by the intervening and ornamental park.

My next week was spent in the country; and I gave my first service in Geelong, a town of some thirty thousand inhabitants, which is beautifully situated on Corio Bay, forty-five miles distant from Melbourne by rail. It is noted for its fine public and private buildings, excellent harbor, public baths, and woolen mills; and the surrounding country is laid out in farms, vineyards, and orchards. Here the first woolen mill in Victoria was built, and received the government award of one thousand five hundred pounds. It was for some time considered the second city in Victoria, but has been dispossessed of this preëminence by Ballarat. It is built on an inclined plane or smooth side hill, and presents a most picturesque appearance either from the bay or from the hills above. The botanical gardens and parks of this town are beautiful beyond description. The former are cultivated by a most experienced man and noble Christian, Mr. J. Radensburg, who presented Mrs. Phillips on our departure from the place, with a bouquet of rich exotic flowers, and a package containing many varieties of choice seeds. The botanical gardens of this island are undoubtedly the most luxuriant in the world, the climate being peculiarly adapted to their culture, while in most of them are to be found fine collections of animals.



MINING DISTRICTS OF AUSTRALIA.

My next visit was to Castlemaine and the old gold-fields. This town has about eighteen thousand inhabitants, and is the locality where gold was first discovered in Australia, and was for a long time its most important mining field. Its streets are well laid out, it is quite notable in public buildings, its water-works are fine and very costly, and it has a spacious market building. The entire surface of the locality has been dug over and over again in search of the precious metal. The ground in the vicinity is a mixture of red earth and gravel. Vine-growing and wine-making are carried on to a considerable extent. Rev. Mr. Daniels, my polite host, pointed out to me many fine vineyards, but informed me that the district relied principally on its mining and agricultural resources for its prosperity. My services were held in the theater. The audience was very attentive to the service, and at its close many of them desired me to come again, and give them more information of America and my travels about the world.

The people of Australia are more demonstrative than the English or the Americans. They are scarcely willing to desist from outward manifestations of approbation even when requested.

My next service was at Sandhurst, where I was entertained in a princely manner by Captain Williams, a brother-in-law of the famous gold miner, John Watson. This genial host took me through and over the great quartz-mills, where the massive machinery ground the rock into a dust as fine as flour, from which other machinery extracted every particle of the much-prized metal.

A stroll through the city markets with Captain Fletcher, who pointed out many objects of interest, amused me for awhile; but my observations did not aid me in the work of singing with the spirit. Noisy crowds and dram and gambling shops were on every hand, the rich and dazzling specimens shone in many windows, while every thing seemed to be wrapped in a blaze of gold and glitter. I was grateful when Sunday came,

"Sweet day, of all the week the best."

From this point I reached the banks of the River Murray, the largest and longest of the few navigable rivers of Australia, the rarity of which is the greatest obstacle in the opening



THE RIVER MURRAY, AUSTRALIA.

up of the country. This river is one thousand one hundred and twenty miles in length, but is only navigable for small boats and barges. It is a low, muddy, sluggish stream, the approaches being infested with venomous serpents, and upon its banks in the interior live, in the rudest state, the aboriginal Australians. They are a swarthy race, quite distinct from the Malay and African types, with coarse, bushy hair, short, attenuated figures, and, in their natural state, low, degraded, weak, and miserable. They are certainly one of the meanest races on the face of the earth, a perfect description of whom would baffle even Darwin himself. Some of the tribes are cannibals. Even these, however, have been rescued by the power of the gospel, and here and there have begun the better life. But only by patient processes of education, by methods which shall attract and win and ultimately hold these heathen masses, can there be any hope of success.

My next service was held just over the River Murray in Albury; and after a ride of one hundred and fifty miles I was kindly met at the station by Dr. H. B. Hutchinson. After quite a routine of examination in getting my organ through the customs, I was driven to my host's neat home, over which presided one of his prepossessing and intelligent daughters.

The next morning I returned to Victoria, to visit what is termed the Ovens District, and after a ride of ten miles reached Beechworth, a town of four thousand population. Here I was guest of the Rev. and Mrs. Flockheart.

I next visited a village which bears the name of Eldorado, and is inhabited by about one thousand people. It is located on the banks of Reed's Creek, and is the center of a large mining district, being the only place in Victoria where tin ore is found. In my ride thither I stopped several times to converse with the miners, many of whom were Chinese, and to look at the precious stones which were exhibited by them. I found Eldorado a very quiet, lonely place, which seemed to me almost out of the world. Here I stopped over a Sabbath, and, though desiring to be with my family, I kept occupied. After my service I slept soundly on my little couch, over which hung a picture of the Rev. William Taylor. Thoughts that after all I was treading in the footsteps of so good a man acted as a soothing balm to my spirit.

I also visited the agricultural town of Bunningyong, near the great gold-fields of Ballarat, with a population of three thousand. Here I was most cordially entertained by Mr. R. Allan, a Scotchman by birth. A few facts of his history are not unworthy of record here: Making his fortune in the earlier years of the island's settlement, he returned home to Scotland, with the intention of spending the remainder of his days in his native land. After spending some time in his old home, the spirit of Christian zeal began to light up his soul so brightly and fervidly that he again took ship for Australia, where he has ever since devoted his whole talent, time, and energy to Christian work. He has erected a model Sunday-school Institute, and, under his novel and successful methods of instruction, with a heart desperately in earnest, his labors have been and now are very fruitful. Nearly all of his flock have become Christians, and a few among the number have been called to preach the glad tidings. He is known throughout the length and breadth of the colonies as the most devoted and successful



NATIVE AUSTRALIANS.

of Sunday-school teachers, and an earnest man of faith and good works. One of his school exercises is the writing of six questions upon a large slate in a plain, bold hand, and turning the same toward the school. Each scholar is also provided with a slate, upon which all write answers to these interrogations. Then the slates are gathered up, and each scholar's answers are drawn off into a book or report, for future reference. It will be seen at once that this exercise gives an interchange and expression of thought most interesting and instructive.

From this point I returned to my dear ones at Melbourne, where I gave a song-sermon—the theme, "Sweetest Note of Praise," in the Rev. P. R. C. Usher's church.

On Tuesday, June 22, I took the steamer *Otway* for Warnambool. On board this steamer I was pained to witness the terrible effects of strong drink on the part of a number of passengers. One finely-dressed man became so thoroughly crazed under its influence as to compel his little son only eleven years of age to drink. One of the saddest sights I ever witnessed was the inebriated father forcing this drink upon the dear boy.

The town of Warnambool, well built and cleanly, is a seaport, located on Lady Bay, and has a population of four thousand. Here I had a fine audience, who seemed to enjoy the service, and I was entertained by the Rev. Mr. Kings at the Wesleyan Home. From this

place I was driven twelve miles in the rain and through the black mud to the little village of Karoit, where I remained for the night, having previously sung to a small but demonstrative audience.

After a ride of five hours, rendered very unpleasant by the mud and rain, I came to the little town of McArthur, where I was invited to a splendid dinner prepared for me by Mr. Joseph Law, who, knowing I was to pass that way, gave me this most pleasant surprise.



HEREFORDSHIRE CATTLE—AUSTRALIA.

He said that he felt like an old acquaintance of mine, having known me a long time by my songs, many of which I found upon his piano. Going forward to Belfast I gave my next service to a large audience, but who I felt had but little sympathy for my peculiar *rôle* of song.

A ride of fifty-two miles, in a sort of mud-barge stage, brought me to Hamilton, the metropolis of the western interior, and eminently an agricultural and grazing land.

I shall never forget that ride. Coming as we did upon a flock of kangaroos, I was beset with the temptation to try and catch one of these nimble jumpers, and I ordered the stage



FLOCK OF KANGAROOS.

to halt, that I might try the experiment. Not until after the excitement was over did I realize the ridiculousness of the adventure. The whole flock were facing me when I entered upon the chase; but the older members of the family soon put a hopeless distance between me and them by their immense leaps, which were imitated by their younger relations to such an extent as to completely baffle my hunter capabilities. One unsuspecting young kangaroo, however, lingered behind, and seemed to be unmindful of my presence and intentions. Stealthily creeping upon him in the rear, I was about to clasp him in my arms as a captive, when, taking in my person and evident purpose, with long, swift bounds, he passed into the distance like a fleeting cloud. Hunting the kangaroo is a sport engaged in by both men and women. They pursue them on horses at break-neck speed, riding over ditches and fences with impunity.

Chapter XI.—Sydney.

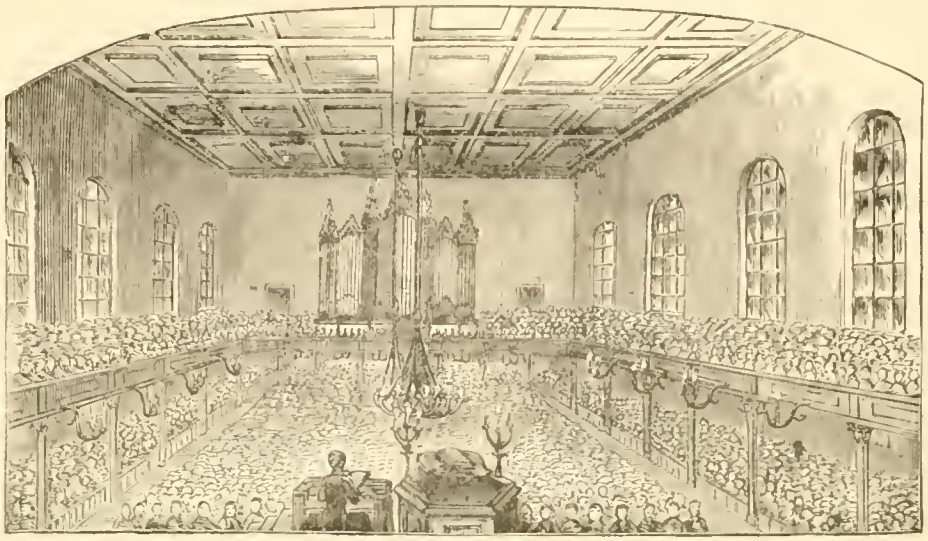
MY next détour from Melbourne was by steamer City of Adelaide for Sydney, the parent city of Australia and capital of the colony of New South Wales. We reached the beautiful harbor of Botany Bay (so-called from the numbers of new specimens of plants which were discovered there) at eleven o'clock, on the evening of the third day, and effected safe landing at Sydney. My first evening of song was given in the large Wesleyan Church, York Street, Rev. George Woolnough, M. A., pastor, as also chairman of the district and of my meeting. His remarks in introducing me were very apropos, making me feel at home and among friends, and I was enabled



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

to sing in excellent spirit and voice. As it was the Fourth of July, I took the liberty of presuming somewhat on English delicacy by mentioning the fact. Three cheers were then proposed and given with hearty good will, and, with Hon. S. D. Hastings at my side, we closed the exercises, joined by the audience, with singing "God Save the Queen." The Sydney

Morning Herald, the oldest and leading paper in Australia, spoke of my service in detail, and in the most congratulatory terms. For several evenings following I sang in different portions of the city before large and enthusiastic audiences.



YORK STREET CHURCH, SYDNEY.

The staple industry of New South Wales seems to be sheep-raising. In some of the "sheep stations" from one to six million sheep may be found. The sheep are remarkable for quality, their wool being long and silky.

In this far-off land we seem to experience a reverse of nature's laws, the hottest month being January, and the coldest July. In January hay is cut and wheat harvesting commences.



SHEEP STATION, AUSTRALIA.

On the morning of July 14th I set out for Bathurst, distant from Sydney one hundred and twenty miles, and twenty-five thousand feet above sea level. I had for my companion on this trip Rev. Dr. Kelynack—learned, eloquent, and devout, and considered by all who know him to be the Punshon of Australia. The journey was made on the most famous zigzag railroad in the world,—over rocky wastes, steep cañons, deep gorges, perpendicular crags, and wild hills. This route is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering science that has ever

been accomplished. With the great blue mountains in the distance, and the wonderful landscape of earth and sky, it was the most delightful journey by rail that I experienced in the colonies.

At length we reached the base of the hills, with which the lovely little town of Bathurst is surrounded, and saw it standing out in charming perspective upon a gently-sloping mountain plain. From the station I was driven to the delightful home of Hon. Mr. Webb, a member of the Provincial Parliament and mayor of the town. The grounds surrounding his residence are tastefully laid out with plots of shrubbery and flowering plants, fountains, and miniature lakes, in which latter beautiful black and white swans and other aquatic birds disported. The kindness, thoughtfulness, and courtesy of this family, so thoroughly and effectively engaged in their several capacities in the forwarding of the Master's work, will never grow dim in my memory. Here I sang two evenings to large assemblies, and with good success, and took the return train to Sydney over the same picturesque route.



SYDNEY HARBOR, AUSTRALIA.

The next day an excursion was planned and carried out to show me Sydney harbor, which is regarded as the most picturesque in the world. Its deep, clear waters are studded with many charming little islands, which are covered with elegant villas, flower and fruit gardens. A trim little steamer had been chartered, and with the leading men of the Wesleyan Church and their wives on board, as also the mayor of the city, we moved off from the wharf, provided with a bountiful and delicious supply of refreshments. We touched at several of the most beautiful of the islands, and at the Quarantine, at which latter a ship containing several hundred emigrants was just coming in from sea. Passing so near we threw on board oranges, cakes, and other dainties from our store; and had it not been for the influence of an official in our behalf, we might have been quarantined with the newcomers, having scraped so close an acquaintance as to attract the attention of the governmental guardians of the health of the port.

At length, amid good-byes and "God bless you" from the lips of many friends, and gifts of flowers and fruits from their hands, I departed for my steamer, preparatory to five hundred

and sixty miles sail of sixty-three hours for Melbourne, greeted by a cloud of waving handkerchiefs, as I left the shore. Seven miles out what was my surprise and delight to see some friend come out upon the shore of a small island we were passing, and wave the stars and stripes in his good-bye, to remind me of my dear native land as the shore of this new land faded from my sight!



POST-OFFICE, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

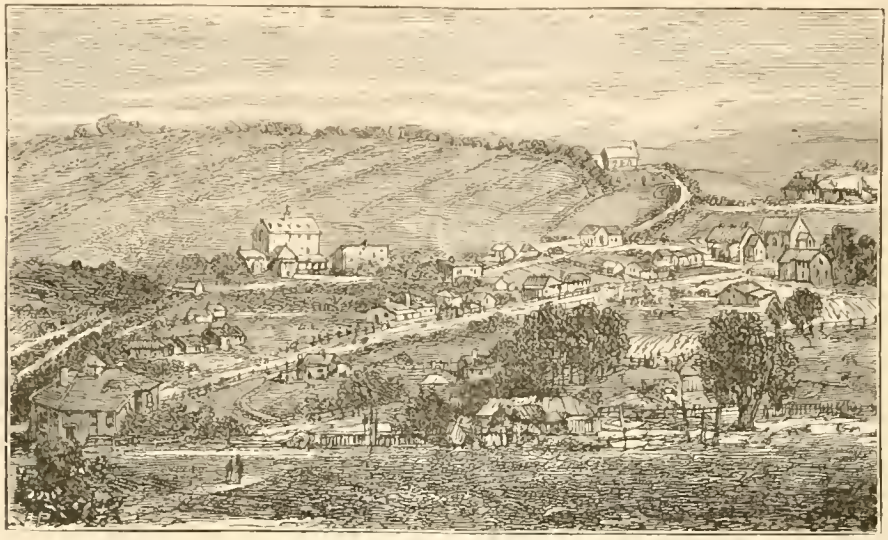
With smiling skies and favorable winds I was soon permitted to rejoin my family in Melbourne. On Monday, August 9, we took leave of our Melbourne home at Royal Terrace, and taking passage in the steamer *Alhambra* for Adelaide, in South Australia, moved off from the wharf at two o'clock, sailed up the river through St. Philip's Bay, and by nightfall were rocking "in the cradle of the deep." The five hundred miles were accomplished after a rough passage of three days, and we were glad enough to reach harbor at Port Adelaide.



BOTANICAL GARDENS, ADELAIDE.

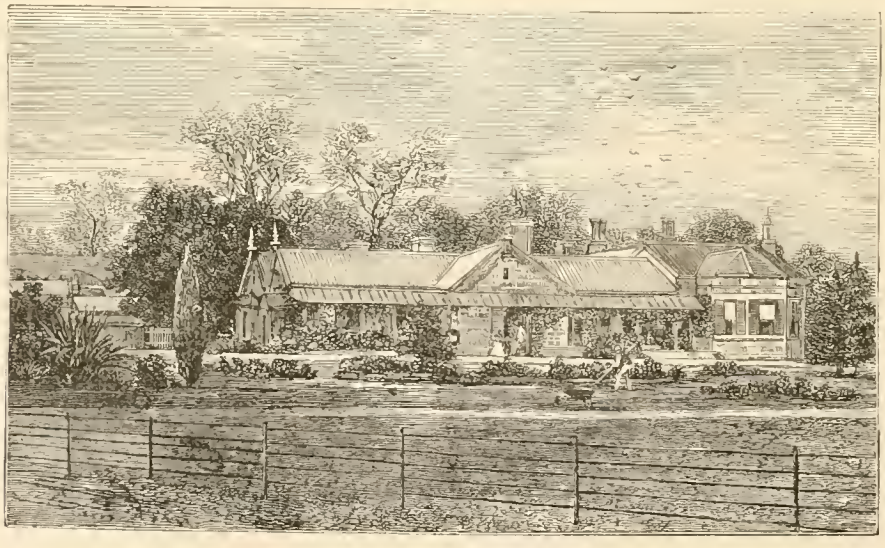
The city of Adelaide, the capital and seat of government of the colony, is built nearly in the form of a square, with its streets running at right angles, and is located on a large plain of the Mount Lofty range, which walls it on the eastern and southern sides. The entire

city is bordered by four grand terraces, sloping to the north, south, east, and west, which form a broad belt, or reservation of land, which entirely encompasses this beautiful metropolis. It is as it were a brilliant, wide ribbon of living greensward, surrounded with the finest of promenades, paths, and carriage-ways. This entire area is the property and under care of



CLARENDON VINEYARD, NEAR ADELAIDE.

the government, as are the beautiful paddocks and gardens lining each bank of the River Torrens, which runs between North and South Adelaide, and is crossed by two massive iron and two wooden bridges. No palatial edifices or great works of art could give the inviting effect of this intermarriage of civilization and nature, rendering the city's suburbs equally as charming and desirable as its centers, and giving its population health-laden breezes, quiet retreats from the noise and bustle of business, and recreation of soul and body.



COLLINGROVE, NEAR ADELAIDE.

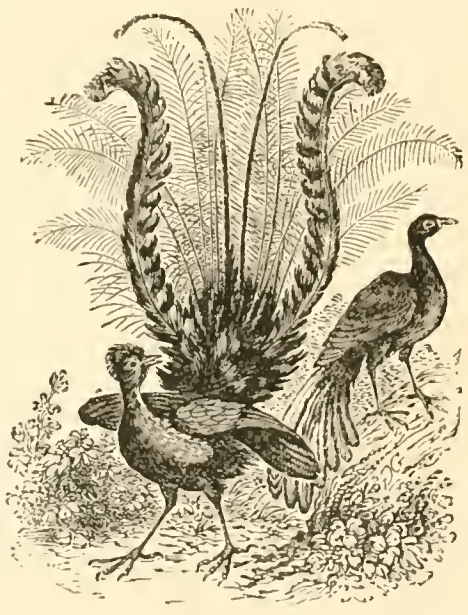
The Botanical Gardens of Adelaide, arranged by their accomplished director, Dr. Richard Schomburgk, are admitted to be the finest in the Australian Colonies. When His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh was in Adelaide, he visited the gardens again and again, and always with increasing delight.

Thousands of acres of vines have been planted in South Australia, and the manufacture of wine is now an established industry, though at first much prejudice was created against these wines because ill-made, immature, and unsound samples were sent home.

Collingrove affords a fair specimen of a suburban residence in South Australia. Many of the suburban gardens are rich and beautiful, and vineyards and orangeries abound. When the fruit-trees are in bloom, or covered with the ripening fruit, they present a scene of rare beauty.

Among the native birds of Australia may be mentioned the emu. It somewhat resembles the ostrich. When assailed it strikes obliquely backward with its foot with such force as to break a man's leg. The lyre bird is the most beautiful found in the Southern Hemisphere. The tail, which consists of sixteen feathers, is often ten feet long, and arranged in the shape of an ancient lyre.

From Adelaide, with my son James, since deceased, I took stage for Kadina, one hundred miles distant—a fine little city of four thousand inhabitants, and noted for its rich mines of copper. My son and myself both enjoyed the style of staging, with two wheel-horses and three leaders, exchanging the horses for fresh ones every ten miles. Much of the country on the route was bushy and monotonous, although we often passed through large wheat-fields, some of which were one thousand acres in extent; and it is claimed that the best wheat in the world is grown in this locality. The gathering at my services was large, and seemed to be very satisfactory to the hardy, good people of this mining town.



LYRE BIRDS OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Another trip of one hundred and twelve miles brought us to Gawler, a pastoral and agricultural town, and the oldest established port in connection with the trade of the River Murray and its tributaries. Here we were entertained by Mr. Clements, and sang to an audience of one thousand people. Thence we passed to Kapunda, noted for its copper mines and quarries of marble. Here I was entertained by Hon. James Price and his excellent family.

A drive of forty miles, and I reached the neat little town of Clare, located among the hills and blue-gum trees, having a population of about three thousand, and famous for its cattle stations and stock-raising. As I was alighting from my carriage at the place appointed for me to sing, an Australian magpie suddenly struck up a distinct whistle to the exact tune of "Yankee Doodle's Come to Town," as if in welcome of my arrival. I afterward learned that an American resident had taught the singularly imitative little bird this popular air. I greatly enjoyed my next song-service at the famous Burra copper mines; as also my entertainment at the residence of Mr. E. Lipsett.

On Wednesday forenoon, September 15th, we embarked at Melbourne for Tasmania in the steamer *Derwent*, and after sailing twenty-four hours reached the mouth of the river Tama at daybreak, and sailed up its waters seventy miles to its head at Launceston. The only incident of the voyage was the meeting of a small boat containing Captain Marshall and the almost starved crew of the shipwrecked sailing vessel *City of Cambridge*. These unfortunate men had nothing to eat but a scanty mess of salt pork, which they were cooking on a flat stone in the center of their little craft. We took them on board.

Tasmania was discovered in 1642 by a Dutch navigator, Abel James Tasman, who was commissioned by Anthony Van Dieman, Governor-General of Batavia, to explore the continent now called Australia, but then termed "the great unknown South Land," and who named it after his patron. Although known by several navigators, who had encounters with the hostile natives, it was not discovered to be separate from Australia until 1798, when Mr. Geo. Bass, a surgeon in the British Royal Navy, discovered the existence of a dividing channel. The first settlement was made at Hobart Town, and was followed by that at York Town and Launceston, and in 1813 its ports were opened to English commerce. The profits made on the first importations of English goods were enormous; and many men who have since counted

their incomes by tens of thousands, and feasted royally at their own tables, made their first money by shouldering a peddler's pack.

Tasmania is divided into eighteen counties, four of which are wholly unoccupied. The great Wellington range of mountains traverses the length of the island, and has been aptly termed the "backbone" of the colony. The loftiest eminence does not reach six thousand feet elevation. All portions of the country not occupied by primary ranges are generally hilly, the surface swelling into long and lofty ridges called "tiers," and viewed from an eminence give to the landscape a very unequal and undulatory aspect. Where granite, quartz, and micaceous rock is found the soil is uniformly poor, while in the trap-rock districts, which cover many thousands of square miles, nearly all the best lands are found. Upon these lands most of the population of the country is settled, and here alone agriculture flourishes and the live stock of the colony is supported. Passing from these, either east or west, settlements are few and far between, and the existence of man is hardly to be traced. The lands on which the forests stood—with musk, sassafras, silver wattle, laurel, palm, and massive gum-trees, together with ferns and gorgeously beautiful flowering shrubs—are richest from the accumulated soil of ages of decaying vegetation.

The city of Launceston has a population of about twelve thousand, and is at the head of the Tama River, and in the peninsula formed by the junction of the two rivers, the North and South Esk. Its appearance as seen on entering it riverward, with its profusely wooded background, its hills studded with pretty villas and majestic mountains in the distance, is exceedingly picturesque. A pleasant feature is, that almost every residence, even in the heart of the town, has its well-stocked garden of fruits and flowers. In the spring white blossoms are so profuse as to give the impression that every thing is snow-clad, and they mingle their perfume with hawthorn and sweetbrier, which crop out over the fences in the highways and byways, while the sweet songs of migratory birds give a charming home aspect to the place. Launceston is supplied with abundance of water from St. Patrick River, flowing through an artificial tunnel to reservoirs on an eminence two miles above the city, being conveyed into the city by pipes. It has elegant public buildings and churches, a fine park, and its spacious botanical gardens are prettily laid out, adorned with fountains and conservatories, and filled with choice shrubbery and flowers.

From Launceston we took the royal stage coach for Hobart Town, leaving at six o'clock in the morning, and arriving just after sunset. We were driven with great rapidity, and with frequent and fresh relays of horses, over a magnificent macadamized road-bed of one hundred and twenty miles in length, constructed by convicts in the earlier penal history of the colony, a few of whom are now living, and still bear evidence in their walk and movements of the galling ball and chain. This grand island avenue was literally bordered with the beautiful yellow blossoms of the wattle-tree, whose branches seemed alive with gay-plumaged paroquets and other tropical tuneless and tuneful birds, while now and then an innocent pair of fawns would look out at us from the shrubbery with their almost human eyes.

The population of Hobart Town is about twenty thousand. Approached by sea it presents some of the finest coast scenery extant, with huge basaltic pillared cliffs in the foreground. The metropolis is built upon hilly and undulating land, back of which rises the often-clouded and snow-capped pinnacle of Mount Wellington in majestic grandeur. It is situated on the shores of a beautiful inlet called Sullivan's Cove, close to the mouth of the celebrated Derwent River, which derives its source from the Tasmanian lakes. The main streets of the city are of good width and finely macadamized, its public and business structures elegant and imposing, and its private residences seem to be built with an especial view to the good old English idea of comfort. The Houses of Parliament occupy a commanding position facing the harbor. The many fine churches, charitable institutions, and school buildings, together with the Tasmanian library, botanical gardens, and other motherland features, give the place quite the air of one of the older European cities.

On Monday I gave my first evening of song at Wesley Church to a large, appreciative, and demonstrative audience, who oftentimes became so enthusiastic as to stop me with their applause between the verses of my songs, and to whom I had been handsomely introduced by my chairman, Hon. Mr. Moore, a member of the provincial Parliament.

The following day, in company with Mr. Marsh's family, we were driven to that most romantic locality, the Fern-tree Valleys, clothed in deep verdure of brier, shrub, and vegetation, and overarched by the sun-excluding, feathery fronds of great fern-trees, bending in palm-like grandeur, with every curve and leaflet instinct with lines of beauty and tints of color. Leaving our carriages at "Fern-tree Inn," we traversed a path of about one mile in length through Fern-tree Gully, where these mammoth ferns, some of them one hundred feet

high, and two feet through at the base, with their umbrella-shaped tops, vied with the eucalyptus or blue gum-tree in preventing the sun from piercing the density of the shade. A bright, rapid streamlet came gurgling under the fringing ferns, dropping from the rocky margin, or leaping out into light, flinging its silvery waters in a glittering cascade over walls of perpendicular black rocks, clad in livid green of moss, lichen, and cryptogamous plants. Reaching the "Bower," a tent-like little nook, with a glorious canopy of fern-branches, and provided with comfortable seats for the relief of tired pilgrims to this beautiful shrine of nature, we were joined by my son James and Master Marsh, who had availed themselves of the early morning hours, and visited the summit of Mount Wellington, and were thus far on their way back bearing a snow-ball trophy in hand.

Having entered the day spent in this ferny ravine among the "white ones in our calendar," we wended our way homeward. Among the grand views which we caught in descending was that of Derwent River, flashing in the sunlight like a long sheet of burnished silver, stretching far inland, while its broad bosom and highland battlements reminded me of our own dear Hudson.

But we must return to the Victoria metropolis once more, and after giving several services in aid of temperance, orphan, and other charitable institutions, and my farewell service of song in the great Lonsdale church, where I held my first service in the colonies, March 30, having since my arrival conducted one hundred and one song-services, and given forty song-sermons, by the grace of God having been able to fill every engagement. This great edifice was again filled with people; and at the close of the exercises I was presented by Hon. Mr. Crouch, in behalf of the committee who invited me to Australia, a beautiful illuminated address, which read as follows:

"MR. PHILIP PHILLIPS—*Dear Sir:* At the close of your services in Australia we, the committee, in connection with whom they have been given, desire to express our entire satisfaction with the manner in which they have been conducted.

"The evenings of sacred song in various parts of Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania have contributed to the pleasure and profit of many thousands, and will, we believe, have the effect of exciting an increased attention to singing as a handmaid to social, family, and public worship.

"The song-sermons which you have given gratuitously on Sunday evenings have, under God, been the means of leading many to the Savior, and of awakening deeper religious feeling in the hearts of great numbers.

"Your name as a composer and singer had of course become familiar to us, and we are glad to have the opportunity of personal acquaintance and intercourse.

"We anticipate permanent and beneficial results from the solo singing as a part of public worship, of which you have afforded us illustrations, and believe that it will open up a form of presenting divine truth to the hearts and consciences, of which the church has not hitherto fully availed itself.

"Our personal intercourse with you has been of a very happy and profitable kind; and we desire to bear testimony to the manner in which you have subordinated other considerations to the chief object of doing good by singing the gospel.

"We wish you, Mrs. Phillips and your sons, every blessing from our kind heavenly Father; we shall cherish many pleasant memories of your visit and labors among us; we shall follow with interest your continued efforts of Christian song; we shall pray that you and your family may be favored with a pleasant and safe voyage, by the will of God, to India and your native land; and trusting that you may be spared long to serve God and His church in the path which He has chosen for you, we are, dear sir, for the committee:

"JOHN HARCOURT, President of Conference.
JOHN COPE, ex-President of Conference.
JOHN C. LYMAN, Secretary of Conference.

"S. G. KING, J. P.,
J. P. CROUCH, J. P.,
JOHN G. MILLIARD,
JOHN BEE,
JAMES S. WAUGH,
JAMES D. DODGSON,
JOSEPH DARE,
JOHN WAYSFORD,
ADAM NICOLS,
WM. C. QUICK,
J. T. HARCOURT, J. P."

We spent our last evening in Melbourne, taking leave of the committee and private friends, and on the morning of October 7th were accompanied by a number of them to the

steamer *Nubia*, at Williamstown wharf. After a season of prayer on board the steamer, in which God's blessing was besought for our prosperous voyage to India, and upon our services there—a precious hour full of tenderest emotions—our farewells all spoken, the steamer moved oceanward; and from the deck we could see Dr. Dare, Brothers Simmons, Crouch, Marsh, and others, waving their handkerchiefs until the shore faded from our view.

The *Nubia* was one of the largest and staunchest of the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental line, but was not a fast boat. For the first few days the waters were smooth and calm, then suddenly it set in so stormy and rough that the captain was unable to leave the mails and passengers for South Australia at the usual port, and after lying to all night outside the harbor, only succeeded in discharging them at a land-locked harbor at Kangaroo Island early the next afternoon.

As we neared the waters of King George's Sound the extremely "nasty" weather, as the sailors termed it, culminated, one dark night, in a fearful storm. As it approached in its great strength, the whistling of the wind through the rigging of the staunch old vessel,



STORM AT SEA.

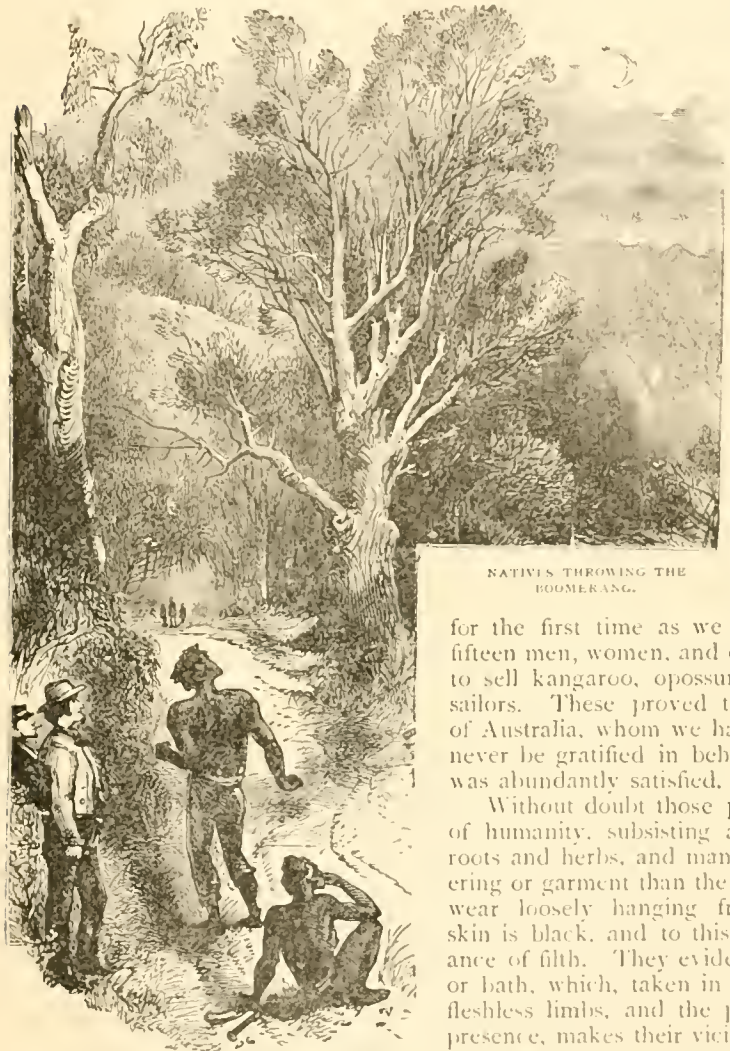
blended with the hoarse, melancholy moaning of the sea, struck upon the ear with terrible significance. Then the great winds shook our good ship, which was nothing but a feather in their giant grasp, tossing it mountains high or plunging it fathoms deep as if in wild wrath, engulfing it in the embrace of a crashing sea-wave, which filled the decks with Niagara rivers, penetrated the hatchways to the cabin, and drenched us to the skin, as if to show us how feeble and helpless we were as opposed to its mighty strength. I never passed a night on the ocean so full of terrible anxiety, and was never so thankful for the morning light, when Jesus said to these surging waters as to those of Galilee, "Peace, be still!" How forcibly this perilous night brought to mind the terror of the little sailor boy on such a night as this, whose feelings the poet has expressed in these lines:

"O pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.

"'Go down,' the sailor cries, 'go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence
Wherever thou may'st be.'"

On the afternoon of October 16th we glided out of this treacherous sea among the little islands of King George's Sound, to Princess Royal Harbor, and came to a stand-still along-

side the town of Albany. No sooner had our anchor dropped than that good Wesleyan missionary, Rev. T. C. Lawrence, boarded the vessel in search of myself and family, he having learned that I was about leaving Melbourne, thought I might be prevailed upon to give a service of song to the people of his town while the steamer was taking coal, which it could not accomplish before midnight. Accordingly, with my little family and my peripatetic organ we were rowed to shore in the little boat in which my brother came out. The church-bells were at once sounded to give the people notice of the service at eight o'clock that evening, and we were conducted to the parsonage, where we were so rested and refreshed after our rude jostling on the water that this missionary home has ever been a bright spot in our memory. It seemed then, and has always seemed since, that such a cup of tea as Mrs. Lawrence prepared for us never was matched in tealand itself, much less wherever in the wide world this wonderful leaf has been imported.



NATIVES THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

After we had rested, our host took us out to see the sights in Albany, which is a pretty little hamlet, and a principal coaling station for the mail steamships. Here for the first time as we were landing we saw about fifteen men, women, and children who had come down to sell kangaroo, opossum, and wombat skins to the sailors. These proved to be the genuine aborigines of Australia, whom we had feared our curiosity would never be gratified in beholding, but which in the end was abundantly satisfied.

Without doubt those people are of the lowest type of humanity, subsisting as they principally do upon roots and herbs, and many of them without other covering or garment than the skins of animals, which they wear loosely hanging from their shoulders. Their skin is black, and to this feature is added an appearance of filth. They evidently never indulge in a wash or bath, which, taken in connection with their almost fleshless limbs, and the peculiar odor attending their presence, makes their vicinage any thing but agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon. Having often read of the famous "boomerang" and its dexterous management as a weapon of offense and defense, in the handling of which these native Australians are superior to all others, our good missionary friend induced some of them to go out into a large open field and throw this instrument for our amusement, and we confess to never having been so thoroughly interested in a feat of dexterity.

The boomerang resembles a huge ox rib in size and shape, being curved on an angle of one hundred to one hundred and forty degrees, and beveled sharp at each edge and end. It is made of iron-wood, which is hard enough to cut but not to batter or break. It is usually from twenty to thirty inches in length, and an inch and a half wide, and about one-half inch through the thickest part, and is thrown from the hand with a quick rotary motion; describing very remarkable curves, it returns and drops at the owner's feet. In our presence they hurled it a distance of ten rods into the air, where, after spinning round and round, it returned to the thrower, and was picked up by the children and handed to him. Several

times they threw it so that it described a circle around a tree, coming back with force enough to kill a man if it had hit him. So correct is the aim of the natives with this curious instrument that it is in constant use for killing game and as a weapon of warfare. These natives also throw the spear with great accuracy of aim, which they fully proved to us by hitting three times in succession four shilling pieces, which we set up on the top of a split stick at a distance of five rods, relieving our pockets of an even dollar.

Notwithstanding railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs have brought the lands and nations so near to each other, very queer ideas still linger in the minds of some of the people of every land concerning their far-off brethren. In my own country I have found many people who imagined that Australia was mostly populated by blacks, when the fact is we met with them as seldom as we see the Indian east of the Mississippi River; and others have talked of this great island as though nearly all its population were convicts who had been annually sent there from Great Britain, but who are now in fact about as scarce as the aboriginals themselves. On the other hand, I found a number of intelligent people in Australia who believe that the mass of the population of America are Indians, and were surprised that I was not versed in the vernacular of the wild Indians of the West. Imagine the feelings of a gentleman friend from Chicago, who was about to land at Bombay, on being asked by an Australian lady "if Chicago had any stores or shops, or if the goods were all sold in bazars kept by native Indians?"

After the service of song, Mr. Lawrence took us off to the steamer in his little boat. Here he walked the deck with us in pleasant and profitable conversation until the signal gun was fired to announce the vessel's departure, when at midnight he bade us good-bye, giving me a beautiful cane in token of remembrance.

After a passage of fourteen days, with a goodly company of passengers, and with but little to disturb the monotony, we came in sight of the palm-girded shores of the island of Ceylon just before nightfall, and were obliged to stop outside the harbor.

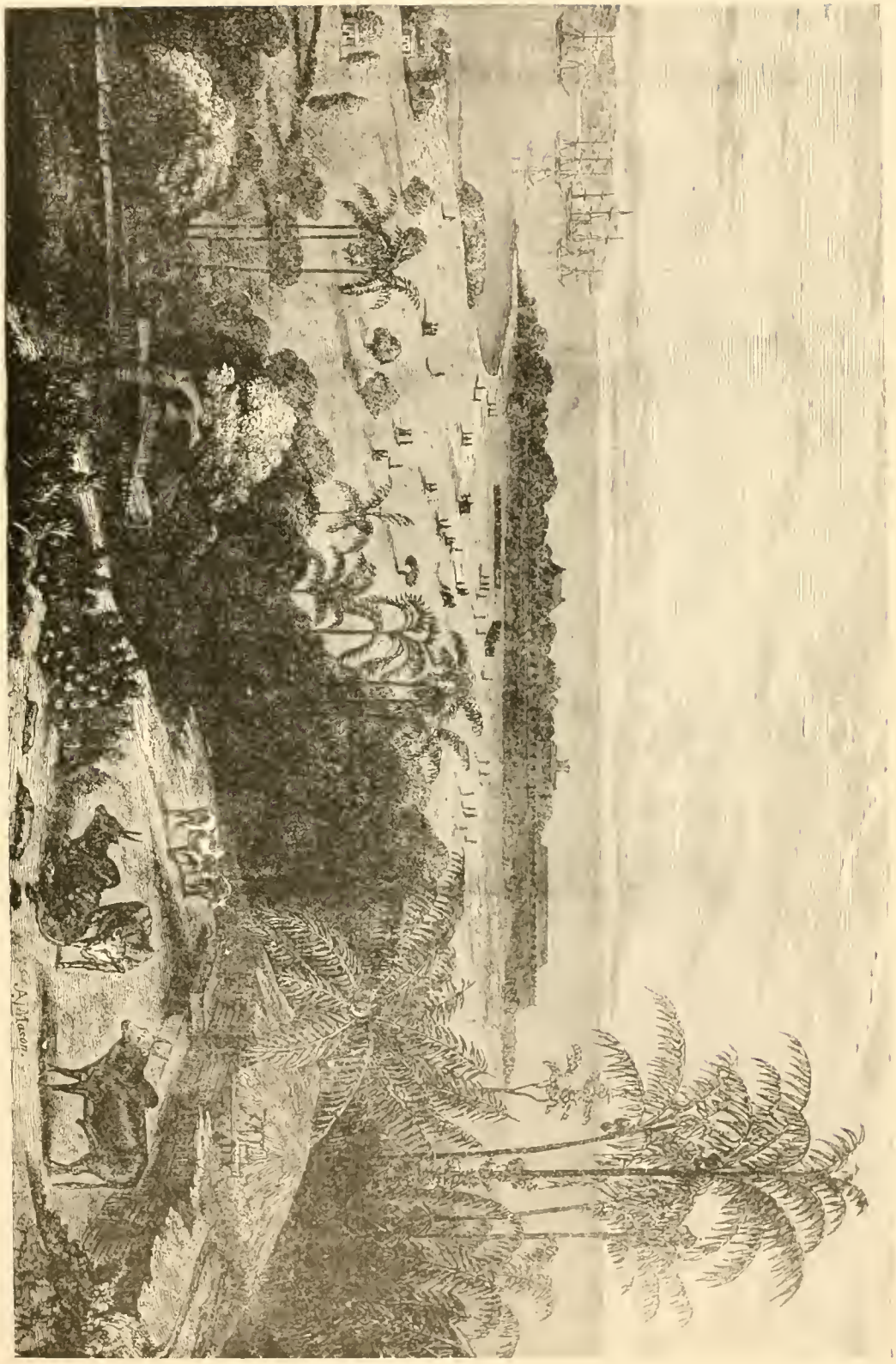
The vessel, being unable to anchor, drifted back with the current, and when morning dawned we found ourselves out of sight of the coveted haven. How wonderfully similar to our progress many times is the Christian life, in which the anchors of our faith loosen while gazing upon the very turrets of the heavenly city, leaving us in darkness and doubt, to struggle back to the haven of our hopes, from which we have so unconsciously drifted in our fancied security!

CHAPTER XII.—THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

AT noon, however, we were safely anchored in the exquisite bay off Point de Galle, which is encircled by wooded hills of lovely tropical growth, chief among them the beautiful palm-trees that, inclining toward the sea, bend their crowns above the water. I shall never forget my first impressions as I gazed upon the scenes which were here spread before me. Every thing was so intensely fascinating and interesting, and so thoroughly unlike what I had pictured in my imagination, that I was hardly able to believe my own eyes. Almost the moment the *Nubia* came to anchor it was surrounded by native boats, and boarded by scores of dark and yellow-visaged natives, looking like so many pieces of bronzed statuary, who came swarming over the bulwarks, eager to sell their carved curiosities of ebony, ivory, and tortoise-shell, and many of them so persistent in entreating passengers to go ashore in their little crafts as to oblige the ship's officers to drive them away with a whip.

We were kindly met on board by a native minister, Rev. William Willemburg, who, after seeing our luggage safe, guided us in his queer little boat through crowds of the Tamil and Cingalese safely to shore, where he had a carriage, or "bandy," in waiting. In this vehicle he took us along the banks of a rill bordered with palm-trees, and through streets and groves fairly alive with bustling, clattering, wriggling natives—a locality crowded with confusion and the wrestling noises of a strange humanity—to the "Wesleyan Home" on "Richmond Hill." Here lives Rev. George Baugh, the superintendent of missions, in a quiet and charming residence, situated in the center of an elevated compound of several acres. From this point we could look down upon sloping, green-canopied grove-tops of the magnificent cocoanut palm, catching now and then bright glimpses of the waters of the bay, while through the tropic air we could almost hear the poetical strains of Heber, which ever breathe so softly o'er Ceylon's isle.

The beautiful twilight soon arrived, but sooner passed away, for darkness comes here



OFF POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.



COUNTRY SCENE IN CEYLON.

immediately after the sun sets, as though a thick mantle were suddenly cast over the face of the earth. Through the darkness strange murmurings and noises saluted our ears from all sides, while lights were seen flashing and disappearing in every direction below and around us. The wild chattering of the mischievous monkeys in the jungles and groves was amusing to the unpracticed ear; and thoughts of the venomous reptiles crawling upon the roof, and likely to enter our room from the open crevices beneath the eaves, and the rustling footsteps of the brown lizards promenading the matted floor were any thing but soothing to our nerves, somewhat startled as they had been by the good missionary's story of a deadly cobra snake which had crawled into an adjoining room but a few months before, and which relation he ended with the timely suggestion: "It is always well to look under your pillows to dislodge poisonous reptiles before lying down." Adding to these mental anti-anæsthetics came the weird noise of the poor heathen's "tomtom," vainly trying to wake up his inanimate idols—a sound sad and pitiful to the sense of those who worship that true and living God "whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps."



CINGALESE.

We retired to our beds and slept soundly and sweetly, however, until the morning dawned, when, as I lifted my coat from the wall and was about putting it on my wife discovered what she thought an enormous spider on the sleeve, but calling our hostess's attention to it was told that it was a venomous scorpion.

The second day after my arrival I gave my first service in the Wesleyan Church at Point de Galle, before an audience of three hundred people, but most of whom spoke the English language, and gave every evidence of appreciation of the exercises. The day following I took stage for Matura, some twenty-eight miles distant, situated on the extreme southern coast of the island. The most of its population is native. The drive along the coast through groves of palm-trees, meeting at every turn the nicely-shaved and beautifully-combed Cingalese, with Japanese

umbrellas spread above them, the priests with long yellow gowns, smoothly-shaved heads, and always carrying a palm-leaf fan, together with the hundreds of native population in all styles of native dress and undress, was novel and strange.

At Matura I was made most welcome by Rev. Mr. Nicholson and his estimable lady, whose kind hospitality and society I had greatly enjoyed four years before while in Paris. Preparations which had been made by these good missionaries for my comfort and pleasure seemed to greet me on every hand, and every preliminary had been arranged by them for my evening of song. After a refreshing nap at midday I was awakened for a delightful dinner with several of Mr. Nicholson's workers, who had come in from their respective fields of missionary labor to hear me sing hymns of "Jesus and his love." The little church was decorated with beautiful flowers, the perfume of the little blossom called the "temple flower" filling the room with a fragrance which outvied the "spicy breezes" themselves. Here were gathered a goodly number of attentive listeners, upon whose ears my songs seemed to fall like old acquaintances, as many of them had been translated into the Tamil and Cingalese language; and they listened with the deepest attention and interest.



IDOLS.

We also visited the heathen city of the gods and "Dondra," said to be the oldest Buddhish temple in Ceylon.

Some of the inscriptions upon the tablets and pillars are readily deciphered. Here idols are seen at every turn. The Temple is on the summit of a steep eminence, and incloses a colossal statue of Buddha in a reclining posture. It is built of brick and gorgeously painted. In front of the statue is a table containing floral offerings, prominent among which was the temple flower, a beautiful white and wonderfully fragrant blossom, somewhat resembling our cape jasmine. We paid a visit to a wealthy native, whose residence is on a point of land extending into the sea, and who has given the Rev. Mr. Nicholson ground on which to build his new school. Here we had a fine view of the sea, with its huge breakers rolling up against the rocks, and splashing their briny foam at our feet. Cocoanut, banana, bread fruit, and palm trees were on every hand, the latter inclining their tufted heads toward the water, as if in grateful obeisance to that prolific element of their life and growth.

After a very pleasant forenoon we were invited to lunch with the Presbyterian minister, and went home with our friends to dinner at six o'clock, returning next morning to our

pleasant quarters at "Richmond Hill." After a noonday nap and "tiffin," we seated ourselves on the wide, pleasant veranda, which encircled the whole house, and whose overhanging roof formed a comforting shade. While we were looking at some coffee bushes, one of the native servants climbed a cocoanut-tree for our amusement. He fastened the rope made of cocoanut fiber around his waist and the trunk of the tree, and after looking that it was secure, he planted his feet firmly against the body of the tree, carrying the rope strap upwards with his hands at every step, ascending it as easy as a squirrel and as nimbly as a frog, throwing the greatly-prized fruit at our feet. The floors of the English houses are covered with a carpet or matting woven from the cocoa-bark; the native vehicles are covered with its leaves, and the houses of the natives thatched with them; cocoa-oil is burned in their lamps; curry is combined with the flesh of the nut, making a most palatable dish; and its milk is considered a great luxury.



CLIMBING PALM-TREES IN CEYLON.

We saw the Areea palm growing in every native garden, being planted near the walls or water-courses, with its thin, polished stem and crown of green leaves, often running to the height of forty feet. Just beneath its leaves are the nuts, which the natives prepare, with a lime made from calcined shells and the leaf of the betal pepper for the purpose of chewing. If possible, it is more offensive than American tobacco, as the combined articles color the saliva so deep a red that the lips and teeth look as though they were bathed in blood.

After a pleasant day in this angel land, but not land of angels, we gave our second song-service in Point de Galle to a large audience, and I greatly enjoyed the sweet Christian spirit which pervaded all present. Here I was deeply impressed with the truth that the language of Christ and his religion is the same the wide world over; and the name of Jesus has every-where the same sweet sound and significance.

The next morning, as the regular stage had overlooked our order, we were assisted by Brothers Baugh and Willemburg in hiring a special one to take us to Columbo. We started

about eleven o'clock with a driver and a boy to blow the stage-horn as we advanced to give the natives warning to get out of the way and avoid being run over.

About seven miles out I was pleasantly surprised by a good native brother — an attendant at my service the evening before—who brought to the coach presents of choice tropical fruits of several kinds, cakes and sweetmeats, and with many expressions of pleasure and good-will, wished us "God-speed." I am sorry I have forgotten his name, but I shall never forget his kindly countenance as he handed me these tokens of his friendship and love in this far-off land. Our entire drive—a distance of seventy-four miles—lay along the sea through avenues of palm-trees, native houses and villages being scattered thickly all the way. We met and passed such crowds of humanity all the time that it seemed to us like a great fair or parade day. We changed horses several times, and stopped once at a government house, called "house of rest," for lunch or "tiffin." It was very odd to see these black people standing in the waters of the brooks and little inlets, pouring water upon their heads from little earthen cups, called "chatties," their bodies being previously anointed with cocoanut-oil.



CART, CEYLON.

During this journey we saw several scaffolds erected by the roadside upon which the famous Devil Dancers were performing. Hundreds of the poor deluded natives will bring their sick for miles through the burning sun in order that these miserable creatures may dance around them, believing that by so doing their diseases will leave them. It is a pitiable sight, enough to fire the heart of any Christian man or woman.

We arrived at Columbo at eight o'clock in the evening thoroughly fatigued, and with keenly whetted appetites. We were at once made at home at the residence of Rev. John Scott, the superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission, where, with delicious soup, curry and rice, tender roast beef, etc., our cravings were speedily satisfied. This home is pleasantly situated near the water, its compound extending to the sea-beach. The grateful breezes from the water and the lullaby of the surf, as it beat upon the pebbly shore, soon brought us the sweetest and most refreshing slumber.

We arose greatly invigorated on the following morning, and the day proved to us a memorable Sabbath. Early in the day we attended a Sabbath-school session, or Bible-class,

conducted by Miss Scott, a lady of rare mental gifts, and cheerful and loving in her work. The chapel was in the same compound as the home, and here we heard our American Sunday-school songs sung by the children of Ceylon. The season was most precious and refreshing, and we all worshiped with the same books and the same songs the same Savior.

In the evening we listened to an excellent sermon by Rev. I. Landon, previous to which, just as the twilight was falling, I gave my song-sermon, "About Jesus our Savior." My little slips had been well distributed, and many who came were unable to gain admission on account of the chapel having been filled a few minutes after the door was opened. So new was the character of the exercises, and so eager and attentive were the people present,—the children being especially attentive and participative,—that all seemed loth to leave the edifice, while I gained new confidence that through the voice of song the gospel truths would eventually reach the hearts of the heathen of every land and clime.



DEVIL DANCE, CEYLON.

We spent some time on Monday in looking at the sights in and about Columbo, which has a population of one hundred thousand, is the capital of Ceylon, and is its principal seaport. One portion of the town is open, while the other is fortified. The interior has some appearance of an English town. Its harbor, which is small, is defended by several forts.

In the afternoon, taking my eldest son, we loaded my organ on a wagon in order to visit Mortura and give my first evening of song in that city. On the road we encountered a religious procession, composed of several hundred natives, making loud and most discordant sounds on all sorts of rude instruments, which evidently seemed to them to emit the grandest music. I could not help thinking that this was a strange prelude to my singing; but it fired

my heart to sing with new ardor the sweet old story of God's love. Passing by a number of cinnamon groves, our curiosity led us to stop at one of them, where we peeled off the green bark from one of the shrubs, and took it away as a curiosity. The soil where this shrub grows most luxuriantly, has a white appearance, reminding one of the famous alkaline beds which we see in crossing our own continent.



PEELING CINNAMON BARK, CEYLON.

On Thursday, November 11th, we took train for Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, accomplishing the ride of seventy miles in four hours and a half. The scenery on this trip was most enchanting, combining the grandeur of the Alpine view with the splendor of tropical vegetation. It was a perfect panorama, hill, valley, plain, gorge, ravine, and cascade, of foliage, fruit, and flower, with great "paddi," or rice-fields and coffee-bush plantations on every hand, in which were to be seen the natives at their accustomed toil. The resident missionary, the Rev. Mr. Tebb, was waiting at the station, and escorted us to his home.

On Friday morning our kind host took us to the public gardens, which overlook the

river on three sides, and, though not remarkable for their display of flowers or artificial beauty, were grand in their wealth of stately tropical trees, planted on an area of one hundred and fifty acres. We entered the grounds through an avenue of India rubber, or caoutchouc, trees whose formidable array of red roots above ground looked like brick piled up in many fanciful and grotesque shapes. On every hand were the Taliput, the Palmyra, the Katool, and the slender Arica palm-trees, and the famous Travelers' tree of Madagascar, which, in many instances, grew fifty feet in height. We were also much interested with the display of flowering, creeping vines, and the "jungle-rope," whose strong vegetable sinews spread from trunk to trunk, and clasp them together in serpent-like coils.



RUBBER-TREE, CEYLON.

Our hostess kindly took us in a "bandy" some three miles distance, to the large coffee estates of her brother. After winding round and round the hills, and stopping to gaze from terrace to terrace in our ascent, here and there catching charming glimpses of the little lake, park, and town at our feet, and the peak of old Mount Adams in the distance, we approached the pleasantest little spot imaginable, located on a tree-embowered terrace, with delightful rising grounds in the rear, and gemmed with flowering shrubs and plants. In this charming spot stood the residence of our host, its roof and sides completely covered with three varieties of creeping roses in full bloom, from which the estate had evidently received its pretty name.

Here we took tiffin with I. L. Dewer, Esq., a courteous and wealthy gentleman, who both owns and manages his extensive estates, and the richest and rarest food and fruit of the tropics were set before us. We were then shown the coffee in its different stages of growth and preparation for the market, and looked with interest upon the dark-green foliage of this evergreen tree or shrub. Its gray-barked trunk is generally from two to four feet high, and its long branches are covered with beautiful leaves and white blossoms in thick clusters—nature's process of budding, flowering, and ripening going on upon the same branches and at all seasons of the year. Returning to the veranda of the house, we passed a pleasant hour, which was only disturbed by an occasional thumping upon the roof, which excited my curiosity to the extent of venturing an inquiry as to its cause, when I was very quietly and unconcernedly informed that it was a snake. Verily, "there is no rose without a thorn," even in such a delightful spot as this.

The following morning, by special invitation, we breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Spaar, and a novel meal it was to us on account of the addition of "hoppers" to the customary breakfast—a delicious cake, made of cocoanut and rice, and served with sugar or syrup. On this occasion one variety was made of pounded rice and grated cocoanut and a little arrak; another of the cocoanut shredded; another with an egg broken and dropped in the center of the cake, and each baked in a chatty—a small earthen cup.

We reached our old quarters at "Richmond Hill" in the evening, glad to avail ourselves of an early hour for rest and sleep.

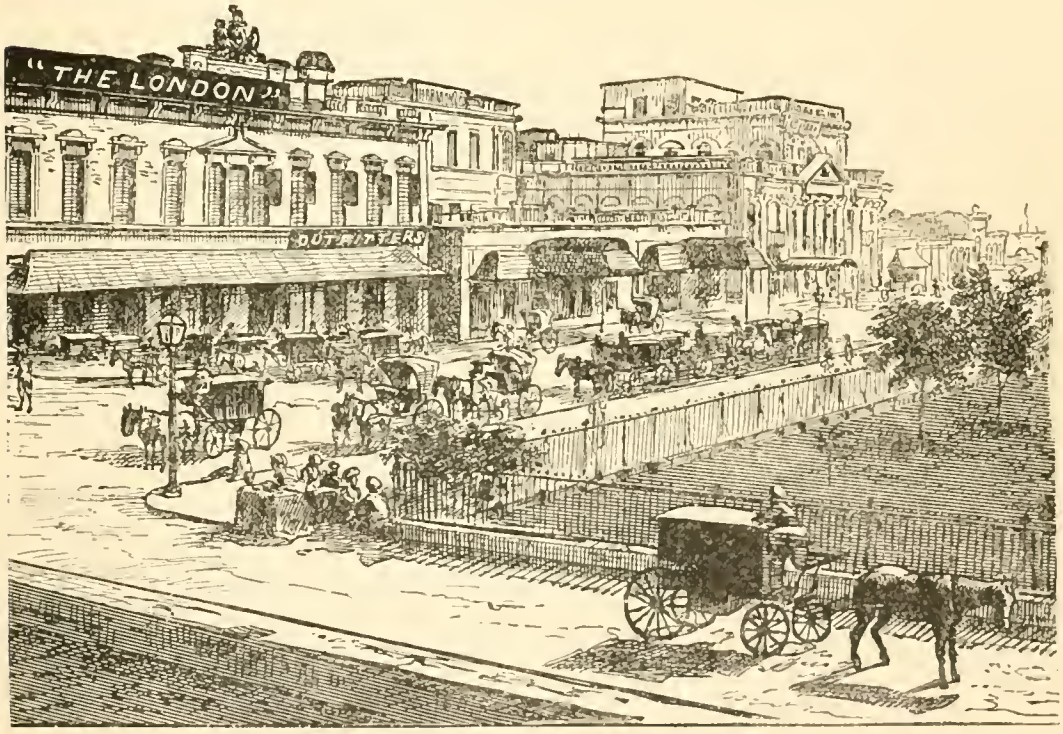
The next day we dined with a number of Wesleyan native ministers, and in the evening I gave my farewell song-sermon to a large gathering of people, who manifested intense interest from the opening to the close. Then taking our luggage we repaired to a hotel near the steamboat landing for an early start for India the following morning.

Along came the grand old ship *Mirzapore*, the great steamer of the Peninsula and Oriental line, under the command of Commodore Parish, a thorough and skillful seaman, and an

earnest Christian, who held prayers in the saloons as regularly as the striking of the morning bells. Never did we more enjoy a ride than on the ocean steamship *Mirzapore*, with its noble captain, pleasant passengers, refreshing punkas, spacious saloons, airy and pleasant cabins, and inviting tables. Greatly adding to the pleasures of the voyage was our meeting with Hon. I. M. Francis, United States Minister to Greece, as well as the veteran editor of the Troy *Daily Times*, and his wife, of my own native State (New York), together with two other American ladies, who were traveling with them *en route* from China.

Chapter XIII.—India—Calcutta.

THREE days' sail after leaving Ceylon brought us alongside Madras, where our ship dropped anchor, and remained eight hours. On approaching the city we were alarmed at seeing our dear country's flag at half-mast over the office of the resident consul there, and soon learned from the papers brought on board of the death Vice-President Henry Wilson. Hardly had our steamer's engines ceased when swarms of the Tamil men came shouting over the high surfs, in their frail bark canoes, and clambered on board our vessel, eager and anxious to dispose of their wares, consisting of



OLD COURT-HOUSE STREET, DALHOUSIE SQUARE, CALCUTTA.

embroideries, sandal-wood fans, carved images of animals, and various articles, for all of which we soon learned that the purchaser sets the correct price upon them, and not the vender. A number of native jugglers came on board, and performed wonderful feats of jugglery, which almost led us to repudiate the laws of nature and those which govern the human body, and which would, I am sure, put to shame all the feeble attempts at the supernatural practiced by the so-called spiritual mediums of my own country. Not only would they eat knives, take out their eyes, grow plants, swallow snakes, but they would drink water mingled with three different colors of paint, and spit the decoction from their mouths into three separate piles of colored dry sand.

Madras was a very cheeriess looking city from the deck of our steamer, and it seems strange that it should have been built down so closely to the shores of the sea without a harbor

of any kind. Reserving my visit to Madras until a later period, we did not disembark; and the good ship having taken on board a supply of ice and fruits, we sailed away up the Bay of Bengal, with slight head-winds, at the rate of nine knots an hour; and on the following day we find recorded in our journal "the most pleasant day we ever spent on the ocean wave." Awnings were spread over the entire deck, and, hanging half way down the ship's sides, protected us from the fearful rays and glare of the burning sun; and the cool, grateful ripples of air, produced by the noiseless waving of the punkas, with an atmosphere of velvet softness, and a calm, still sea, in whose waters were prismed all the colors of light, there is no adjective in our store of language to adequately describe the beauty, comfort, and tranquility of these hours.

Another lovely day, and a blessed one, followed, for it was the holy Sabbath. In the morning the entire ship's crew, except those required on duty at the time, came on deck in full nautical dress, and stood in file for review, each one raising his right hand, and bowing to the captain as he marched down in front of them. The native sailors were dressed in loose white gowns, each carrying a bright pocket-handkerchief in his hand. Divine service was held both morning and evening. We found it a real pleasure to use the piano on board this ship; for, unlike most instruments at sea, it was a good one, and in tune; a rare circumstance, as any one can testify who has tried one of them.



DIAMOND HARBOR, OR MOUTH OF THE GANGES.

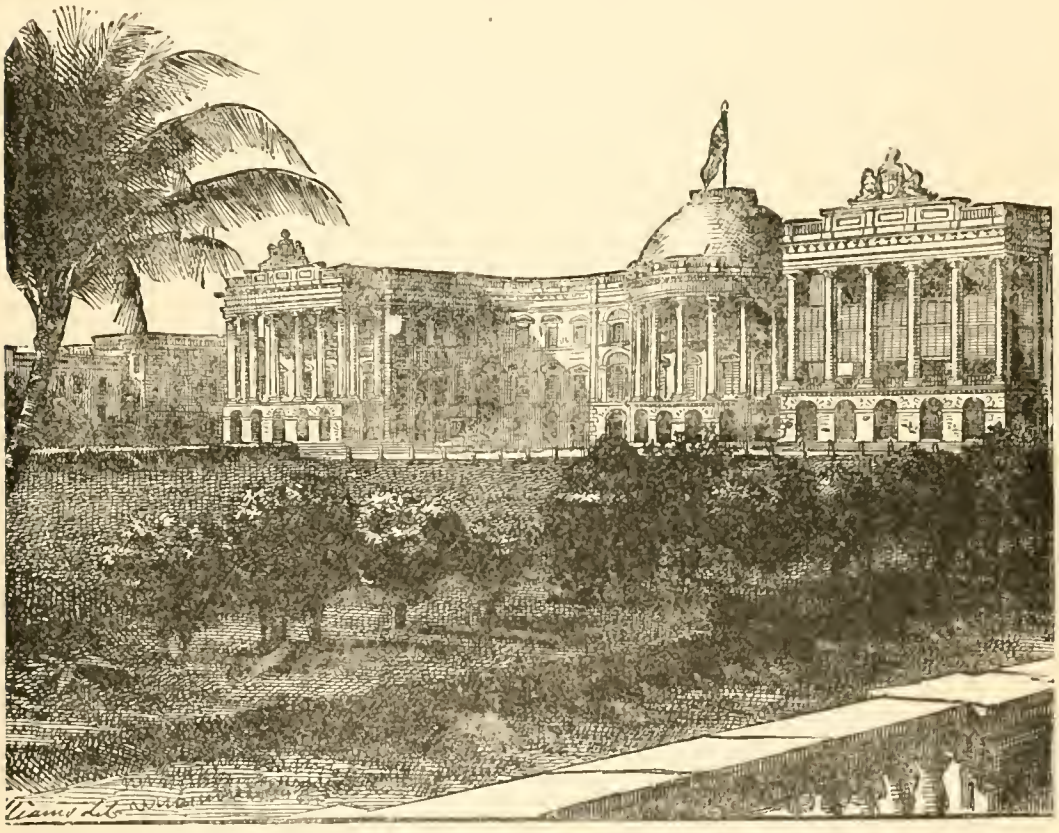
Early on the morning of November 29th we were in sight of the light-houses and island at the mouth of the Hoogly, or Ganges, of which so much has been written by missionaries and tourists. But owing to the absence of flood-tide we were obliged to anchor between the capes which guard the river's entrance into the Bay of Bengal until eight o'clock the next morning, when we had a charming sail up the stream, the scenery upon the banks, though not particularly tropical, being very pretty.

As we neared Calcutta, the city of palaces, floating thither upon the Ganges, held in such sacred veneration by pagans for centuries, and in whose waters so many lives have been sacrificed to superstition in idolatrous worship, we found the river to resemble in depth and width our Hudson as it appears above West Point. Landing in boats at the wharf amid a babel of chattering, unknown tongues, and a din of noise entirely new and novel to our ears, we were met by Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D. D., bearing to us from the ladies of the "Union Missionary American Home" the very kind invitation to make *their* home *ours* while in Calcutta.

Dr. Thoburn kindly escorted us thither, where the first to greet us was Miss Josie Kimball, whom we had often seen at home in New York, and who is now engaged as a missionary

teacher, doing efficient work for the Master. Here we were soon domiciled in spacious and comfortable apartments, furnished after both the American and Oriental style. This home, under the supervision of "The Woman's Union Mission Society of America for Heathen Lands," was established thirteen years previous to our visit by Miss Brittan, its present president or manager, who has associated with her twelve American ladies as teachers. They have already instructed seventy native women, who have become assistant teachers, thus bringing into operation a practical plan for the restoration of woman here in India to her lawful sphere. My good wife was often invited by Miss Brittan and her associates to accompany them to the "zenanas" or homes of the wealthy Baboos, as well as the dwellings of those of inferior caste, and had thereby a rare opportunity of gaining some knowledge of the details of this zenana mission work.

First, these teachers gain access to the families of households by teaching embroidery, fancy needle-work, and elementary lessons. These families are often quite large from the fact



GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, CALCUTTA.

that the betrothed of the sons live with the intended step-mother from childhood up to and after marriage; and in many cases fifty persons, consisting of the Baboo and wife, the married sons and their wives and children, their unmarried sons and their betrothed wives, the widows and children of deceased sons are to be found living under one roof; the female portion of this household is secluded from the outside world by bars and veils. In the course of needle instruction, the teacher, having previously mastered the language, seeks to impress upon the women that industry is preferable to idleness, that knowledge is a gift as necessary to them as to their husbands, sons, and brothers, and that such acquirements will make them happier and better, as well as thoroughly useful in whatever sphere of life they may be placed. Mrs. Phillips was kindly received in these homes in company with the teachers, and freely conversed with the occupants, and heard their simple instruction by interpretation. The women seemed pleased to show her their toilets and jewels, but in no case was she allowed to handle them,

as the touch of a Christian is considered to so pollute these articles as to necessitate a thorough cleansing, if not their destruction.

The sad fate of the widows of these people called out her deep sympathy. They are consigned to an almost solitary life, in the most wretched apartments of the father-in-law's home, and are not allowed to wear jewels, so evidently one of the greatest privileges of the women of Hindostan. The mothers consider themselves very unfortunate in the birth of a daughter, who, however strong their affection, is taken from them and affianced when but a few years old; and, on the other hand, they are greatly rejoiced in giving birth to a son, for he can remain with them during life.

While the missionaries of India are well housed, and have no difficulty in obtaining food, and have it prepared for them without any trouble of their own, their efforts to overcome caste, and to find means of approach to the hearts of the people, wherein to sow the precious seed of the gospel, are full of anxious care and great trial and perplexity.

At an early hour each morning we were awakened by our soft-footed waiter, who tapped gently on the lattice-door of our room, bringing to us our "chotohazra," or early breakfast, consisting of tea, toast, oranges, and bananas, which we were supposed to eat sitting in our beds, after which we arose and took our baths, and after completing our toilets were ready to receive the early morning call which is so common in India. We breakfasted at eleven o'clock, dined at five, and had tea at seven, served in the drawing-room or verandas, and supper at ten.

The next morning Mr. William Meyers called to take us to visit the market-house—a long and commodious structure, one-half of which was occupied by native venders, and the other half by European. My wife and little son rode home therefrom in a palanquin, carried on the shoulders of four natives. The same day we visited some English stores for articles which we needed; also, purchasing "sun topeys," a sort of cork hat for protecting the head from the fierce rays of the sun, to which it is never safe to expose that portion of the body.

In company with Dr. Thoburn, Miss Brittan, and a party of twelve, we sailed down the Hoogly six miles, in a boat chartered for the purpose, to the garden which is called Eden, named after an accomplished sister of a former governor-general, and not after paradise. It is a great resort for promenade by European and native citizens alike. On entering the garden we saw a live cobra de capello, whose bite is deadly poison. Dr. Thoburn pinned it to the ground with the point of his umbrella until we all had an opportunity of seeing its distended hood, and then he dispatched it, not being able to call on certain Hindoo servants to kill this reptile, as they think the spirits of their deceased relatives dwell in animals, reptiles, and insects, and they might in this act be slaying their fathers or grandfathers. The five servants who accompanied us spread our luncheon beneath a banyan-tree, which covered over an acre of ground, presenting, with its huge parent trunk and myriad tree-column-supported branches, one of the most curious sights we ever gazed upon. That evening in company with Dr. Thoburn I took dinner with Sir Richard Muir, a government officer in British India.

Our first Sabbath in this city we attended morning service at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dhuremtollah Street, and listened to a deeply interesting and spiritual sermon by Rev. Dr. J. M. Thoburn, who is the superintendent of American missions in Calcutta, and who is eminently successful in carrying out the work which was inaugurated by the world's evangelist, Rev. William Taylor, now bishop of Africa.

In the evening I gave my first song-sermon in this church, which was attended by an immense audience, and at which four persons rose for prayers. I felt quite anxious to know how many of my hearers were professed Christians, and having requested such to rise, great was my astonishment to see the entire assembly stand up. Not till then did I learn that their idea of a Christian was any one who wears European clothing or garments.

My friends thinking my singing the songs of Jesus in this old city of heathen temples and idolatry seemed to warrant a special effort, it was concluded to commence holding two meetings a day, one in the morning at seven o'clock, and the other in the evening. These were all held in the Methodist Episcopal Chapel, which seats six hundred people. It has no ceilings, but an overhanging roof, beneath the eaves of which ventilation is given the structure on all sides, and being without glass windows, but with latticed blinds, it is as free to the birds of the air as to the people. For awhile but few of the natives attended these services, at which Dr. Thoburn preached and I sang, while the English people seemed to manifest that indifference peculiar to large centers, in which it is so difficult to reach the masses with the preached word. Yet greatly aided by Christian workers, we persevered until the interest began to increase, and many expressed a desire for the prayers of God's people. These meetings in Calcutta did not compare with those held in the cities of our own land, but taking the sur-

roundings and influences into consideration, they seemed to result even more successfully than many held in our more civilized and highly favored land.

After one of the morning services a native came to me and asked for a Bible, which I gave him, with an earnest prayer that it might open up to him the way of salvation. On taking it into his hands he manifested the greatest delight, and moved off looking at it as gratified as a lad with his first top.



NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA.

One morning after service, with a party of "workers" from the "home," we visited the Kali Ghaut, where poor deluded souls were bowing down to inanimate images of wood and stone. We were under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Muckagee, a converted Brahmin. Once this excellent preacher of the gospel, a man of great faith and piety, muttered the same prayers and bowed down at the same shrines to which we now saw his countrymen so devoted; and it was most pitiful to witness his sadness as we together looked upon them in these acts of idolatrous worship, for the abandonment of which and acceptance of the Saviour he had been forsaken by his parents and kindred. Here we saw the natives bathing in the waters of the supposed sacred Ganges, and dipping in or sprinkling with its waters the young kids and other offerings they were about to lay at the feet of their different idols. Here animals were being slain, flowers borne, beads counted, and self-infliction made upon the body. Here, too, we came upon a wretched fakir, sitting motionless over a slow fire, all covered with ashes from the burning embers beneath him, receiving their smoke in his eyes until the tears had worn channels down his wan and sunken cheeks. We talked with the poor misguided creature, and learned that for some sixteen years he had repaired to this place for his daily torture. In this miserable locality, where crowds were kneeling before their shrines, and offering up sacrifices and gifts to their idols, we were importuned by wretched beggars, many of them fearfully deformed, and uttering the most pitiful cries



NATIVES BATHING IN THE GANGES.

for help. The following description of some of the principal idols worshiped in India was given me by Brother Muckagee:

"The idol *Juggernauth*, by whose huge car worshipers consider it a great merit to be run over and crushed to death, and which has been suppressed by British laws, is represented by the dark-faced figure of Juggernauth on the right, with his green-faced brother on the left, and yellow-faced sister between them, with ornamental bands or collars of crimson, yellow, and green hanging from their necks. The heathen god *Kishna* is represented standing upon the red-hooded head of the blue serpent Kaligua in upright coil. Two forms on either side of this god, with female heads, breasts, and arms attached to serpent tails, are the wives of Kaligua, whom Kishna is said to have destroyed. There is much that is mysterious connected with Hindoo mythology, and the representation of the incarnate Kishna standing upon the head of a huge serpent, and totally destroying it, reminds one of the 'old serpent' having his head bruised by the seed of the woman. Yet the Hindoos themselves know nothing of the typical meaning which seems to be attached to some of their idols, but worship them blindly without being able to give any explanation or reason therefor.

"*Doorga*, the ten-handed goddess, much worshiped in Bengal in September and October, is represented with her hands full of warlike weapons, among which the bow and spear are prominent, and as standing with one foot upon the back of a lion, with the other resting upon the shoulder of the giant Azoor, whose breast the raging lion is rending with his teeth and claws. Doorga is also worshiped with her elephant-headed son, Ganesh, seated in her lap, with his arms clasped about her body, which son the devotee is commanded to invoke before the mother, lest he be despised on account of his deformity and uncouth appearance.

"The goddess *Kali* is the wife of Mohedena, the third person in the Hindoo idol triad, and is so generally worshiped throughout India that her image is to be seen in almost every Hindoo home, except among the devotees of Kishna. She assumes different forms on different occasions, is exceedingly bloodthirsty, and is represented in one form with a great knife in the left hand, with a crimson clot of blood upon her right hand and foot, while with the toes of the left foot she holds a severed human head suspended by the hair. The most revolting human sacrifices were formerly offered to her, but the cruel practice has been discontinued by an edict of the British government. Thieves and robbers always invoke this goddess before going out on their predatory excursions.

"*Sharasnati*, the goddess of learning, is represented as sitting among the leaves of a lotus-tree and playing upon a guitar, while one of her feet rests upon an expanded flower. Young Hindoo students worship her at certain seasons of the year, she being pictured out on their desks, ink-stands, and pens. But those who commence the study of the English language soon discontinue doing her reverence, finding in industry and perseverance a surer and a better way of acquiring knowledge.

"*Mohedena*, or the great god, is represented in a sitting posture, clothed in tiger skins, and intoxicated with the fumes of burning hemp, the smoke of which is curling about his head. He is worshiped in several other forms, however, and much that is revolting and indecent is connected with these rites.

"The monkey god is worshiped because when his devotion and loyalty to his master was questioned he tore open his breast and showed his heart, in which the idols Rama and his wife were to be seen enthroned. In honor of this proof of devoted service to Rama, all monkeys are held sacred by the Hindoos, who suffer them to commit all kinds of depredations upon their property without molestation or retaliation.

"*Garoier*, a horrid-looking, yellow-bodied, green-winged old bird with web feet, an old friend of Rama and his father, who imprisoned Laban the king of Lanka, or Ceylon, together with his chariot and horses, in his monstrous beak as he was kidnaping Sista, the wife of Rama, and who had to be slain before that king was rescued, is also an object of devout worship.

"*Jagatdhata*, who is believed to support or hold up the earth, is a four-armed goddess, and is represented as seated upon the back of a human-faced tiger, who in turn is standing upon the head of an elephant. She is another form of Shera's wife, and is accredited as having slain a giant who was a terror to men and gods alike.

"Other Hindoo idols are a representation of Mohedena begging rice from his wife, who had assumed a form known and worshiped as Annapurna, signifying full of rice and alms. Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, and Saraswati, the goddess of learning, both the reputed daughters of Mohedena and Doorga, standing together on blossoms of the lotus-tree, as also Krishna and his wife, Radhika, who are pictured out in the act of dancing beneath the branches of a palm."

After leaving these pagan sights behind we visited the China and Borrough bazars, where in little, narrow streets the natives display their merchandise, sitting about like so many tailors on their benches, and where, among other trifles, we purchased several pictures representing their heathen deities.

The next afternoon we went to the inclosure where the natives burn their dead on the funeral pyre, and saw several bodies thus publicly cremated. One husband was in the act of burning the body of his wife, which had been laid upon the pyre, and covered with sandal-wood, her beautiful long hair depending from the ghastly pile. He muttered over some rite, and, placing rice upon her mouth, ignited a sort of bamboo broom, touched the flaming torch to her hair, and ran swiftly around the fiercely burning mound three times. He then turned to me and said: "My duty is done. Can you tell me any better way? She was a good woman," etc. I was so filled with horror that I could make no reply, and stood there in silence. My wife not desiring to look any longer upon the scene, we turned away.



LOW CASTE HINDOOS.

But India is the land of superstition and fanatical enthusiasm. Among the curious and remarkable religious devotees of this land may be mentioned the Fakirs. In the illustration on next page one of them is represented as standing upon one foot. In this position they stand for hours or days and even for weeks. Others swing their bodies in the air by being suspended from hooks fastened in their flesh. But the facts are horrible to contemplate, and we leave them to the imagination of the reader, thankful that in our own beloved land religious enthusiasm and devotional zeal takes more agreeable and less harmful forms.

During our stay in Calcutta the Prince of Wales made his famous visit to India, and as the time for the arrival of the Prince, the future Emperor of India, was at hand, the city was thoroughly aglow with expectancy, and all other matters were set aside in order to do becoming "honor to the king." The preparations which had been and were being made were on the most gigantic scale. Triumphal arches of great width and many feet in height had been reared at the entrances of the most prominent streets, grand displays were upon every street corner, while miles on miles of public and private buildings were festooned, garlanded, and decorated with the richest magnificence. The Hoogly River was crowded for a long

distance above and below the city with greater and lesser ships, whose sides and rigging were literally clothed with bunting, and the flags of all nations flying from their masts.

In due time the great British man-of-war *Serapis* came to anchor with the Prince on board, and preparations for his landing commenced. The wharves and streets were closely packed with at least one hundred thousand people of all nations, lands, and climes, and, mingled with the gayly dressed natives from every part of India, turband with the brightest colors, presented a strange and novel spectacle. The maharajahs and rajahs, native kings and princes, clad in rich velvet and satin vestments, broidered with silver and gold, and sparkling from head to foot with glittering gems, sat proudly upon their finely-caparisoned steeds in front



FAKIR, INDIA.

of their bronze-faced retinues. These were also richly dressed; the finest feathers were pinned to their turbans with diamonds, which gleamed in the throng like so many resplendent stars.

The reception committee had strewn with the rarest tropical flowers the walk on which the Prince was to pass from the landing to his carriage; while a bower of evergreen, garlanded with beautiful scarlet blossoms, was to shield his royal person from the rays of the sun. The moment had come when his feet first pressed the soil of India, and the cannon from a hundred ships and the naval fortifications welcomed him with hoarse-throated thunders, which caused the earth to quake, and filled the air with trembling, while great, hot columns of smoke rolled into the sky from land and sea. The occasion and its attendant pomp

and circumstance were replete with exhibitions of human power and grandeur, and were greatly enhanced by the presence of the native royalty in force, with their numerous bands of bronze-faced soldiery, clad in gorgeous robes and uniforms of every color of the prism, while their piercing black eyes gleamed with brilliant intensity as they stood in serried ranks, headed by the tawny-eyed prince and potentate of this famed Eastern Empire.

The Bishop of Calcutta, accompanied by Lord Northcote, the Viceroy of India, and a large retinue of prominent officials and native kings and princes, was the first to greet the Prince. The bishop read to him the address of welcome, which precious document, inclosed in a box of gold, and reposing upon a velvet cushion, was borne in the procession by a sentinel. After the address came the introductions and handshaking, while the bands made the air resonant with the national anthem, "God save the Queen." The great assemblage then formed in procession, and moved through the principal streets, passing under the triumphal arches and their loyal inscriptions, with the Prince at the front, who was received with the waving of flags, banners, and handkerchiefs, while the air was filled with the music and cheers. The Prince appeared in the uniform of an English soldier, having on his head a helmet surmounted with his three-feathered plume. His carriage was immediately followed by the English and native regiments of the line, and by the respective commands of the maharajahs and rajahs, it being drawn by four beautiful white horses.

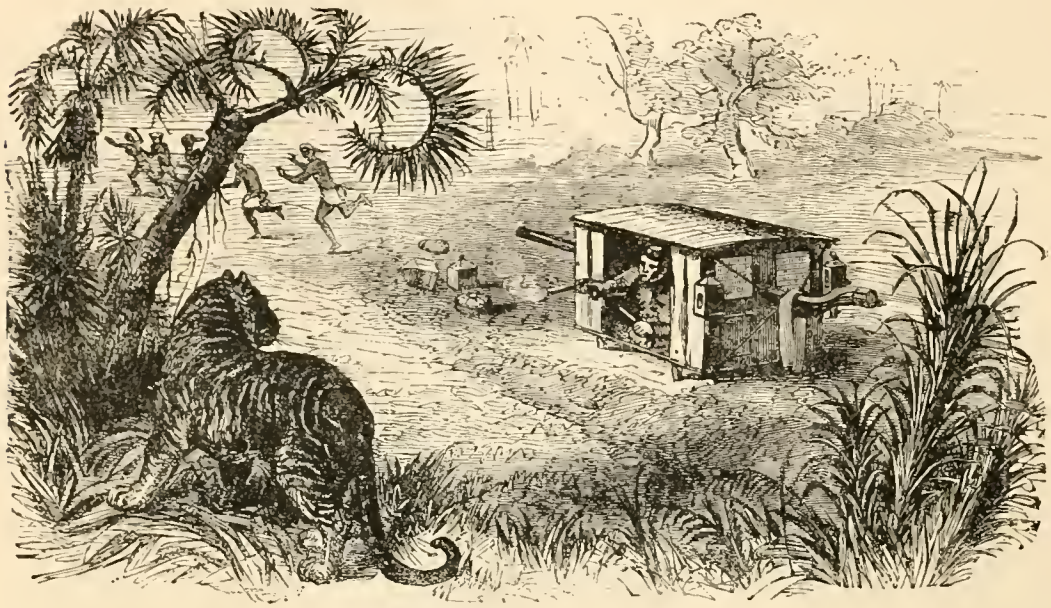


MAHARAJAH

The exercises and festivities of the evening were even more grand and imposing than those of the day, the whole city being illuminated with a blaze of splendor, to accomplish which every device for turning darkness into light was brought into use. Mile after mile of streets glowed with streams of fire. The buildings were fairly wreathed with millions of Chinese lanterns of variegated colors, while great banners lettered in flame bore the inscriptions "God bless the noble Prince," "God keep the

absent Princess," "God bless our future King." It was altogether a day and a night never to be forgotten by the people of the Indian Empire; and as I looked upon its pageantry, and heard the multitude hail their future monarch, I could not help thinking what a day that will be, when the great Ruler of the universe, the Prince of Peace, shall come to claim His own. Finally, tired in limb and weary in brain, we repaired to our beds, but far too much excited by the day's proceedings to enjoy quiet sleep, although the next day was to witness our departure for the up-country.

At 11 o'clock on the evening of December 29th, after bidding the ladies at the "Home" good-bye, and taking leave of a number of friends who had assembled at the depot, we took the train for Benares, seven hundred and sixty miles distant, this being our first railroad ride in India. I give here an illustration of Indian traveling *as it was:* and I must confess that,



TRAVELING IN INDIA AS IT WAS.

although Indian traveling *as it is*, is not the most enjoyable, it is at least not subject to inconveniences such as those portrayed in our sketch, and is, therefore, much to be preferred to the older mode. Most of the people avail themselves of night travel in this country, it being hot and dusty in the day; so with pillows, blankets, lunch-baskets, and my dear ones at my side, we took our compartments in the English-built, first-class car, and soon were speeding on our way, tired enough to go to sleep without being rocked or lullabied. The scenery along the route was, for the most part, quite monotonous. Indeed, had it not been for the mud-houses and the ox-carts with their many yokes of toiling cattle, their bronze-faced drivers, and the immense fields of the castor-bean, we could have imagined ourselves in some portions of Illinois.

From our compartments we also had a view of the awkward implements still used by the Hindoos for cultivating and irrigating the soil, for gathering and grinding grain, for cutting and sawing timber, for spinning and weaving cotton, silk, and wool, so thoroughly simple as never to have taxed inventive genius, and never improved since first brought into use a thousand years ago. These additional evidences of a half civilized country completely scattered our morning fancies of being in the great railway arteries of industry in our own great West.

At eight o'clock the evening following our departure from Calcutta, we came in sight of the tall spires, stately domes, and myriad pagodas and minarets of the famed city of pagan temples.

Benares is considered the most holy city by the Hindoos, who call it the Lotus of the world, and insist that it is perched upon one of the prongs of the idol Shiva's trident. To bathe here in the sacred Ganges will, they believe, bring blessing and purification almost inconceivable; and the town teems with Brahmin priests and mendicant fakirs, who subsist upon

the gifts of the faithful. This idolatrous stream, which is sixteen hundred miles from its source to its mouth at the bay of Bengal, is worshiped by millions of Hindoos, and thousands die in or have their ashes strewn upon its waters annually, expecting to obtain eternal life through their efficacy. A bath or dip in the stream is supposed to heal the sick, comfort the dying, and cleanse from sin however black and heinous, while thoughts of it from afar will remove the foul effects of sin.

In company with our good missionary friend, the Rev. Dr. Richardson, we visited several of the Hindoo temples, and saw the sacred oxen and peafowls, and the natives bowing to them.

Now that the English control the government, no money can be had to build new heathen temples, or even to repair the old ones, the consequence of which is that many of these structures are rapidly going to decay. The ground floors of some of them are sunken several feet under water. The Ganges is the river of the Almighty God, and its ebb and flow and flood, so silently and rapidly undermining and causing the destruction of those ancient monuments and shrines of heathenism, brings forcibly to mind the Scriptural passage, "And the idols He shall utterly abolish."



FEAST OF THE MOHURRUM.

Close by these temples to false gods, but further removed from old Ganges' waves, stands a Christian church, where the gospel is preached every Sabbath, and where the white and black alike, whose faith is founded on the rock of Christ Jesus instead of upon imaginary spirits dwelling in idols and temples builded on the sand, meet to praise and glorify His name. To my service of song that evening there was a goodly gathering, and the two hours seemed to give those attending thorough pleasure.

The next day we walked through several of the narrow streets, darkened by the tall buildings, and witnessed many curious sights, among which was a native funeral procession, the wails of the women falling sadly upon our ears.

While here the Mohammedan festival, called the Mohurrum, took place. This is an annual feast and lasts three days. In the gorgeous pageant men may be seen bearing upon their shoulders pagoda-like structures supposed to represent the tombs of the martyrs. They are covered with gilt and tinsel, some of them being thirty feet in height. While the soft strains

of musk were wafted in the air, indeed the surging mass, with the many-colored robes and great turbans, seemed like fairy creations. And the desire to behold an oriental scene was fully satisfied.

Our next journey was to Allahabad. On our arrival we were met by the Rev. J. H. Anderson, a Baptist missionary, and escorted to the American Zenana home, to which place we had been previously invited. We were kindly received, and found delightful quiet. The house was large and the compound spacious, the latter being irrigated with water drawn by



SIGHT-SEEING IN INDIA.

oxen from wells. Natives with the skins of goats filled with water, and carried under their left arms, sprinkled the flowers and gardens, which are ten inches below the raised avenues or paths leading through the grounds.

At the close of my evening service in this city an English officer invited myself and family to ride about the city next day. Judge of our surprise on being called out at an early hour next morning to take a seat upon a large and gorgeously caparisoned elephant, from which elevation we took in the sights of Allahabad.

This was formerly a Mohammedan town, and called by them the city of God; but it has relapsed from the old faith into that of Brahma. It is located on the banks of the River Jumma, just before its entrance into the Ganges,—is the junction of the Bombay and Calcutta lines of railway with those of Northern India, and the capital of the north-western provinces.

Through its streets we passed on a level with its second-story windows, our native driver guiding the mammoth and intelligent king of the larger beasts by touching his ears with an iron hook. We rode through the native portion of the city, with its clay walls— which seemed strong enough in dry weather, but which crumble and fall in wet seasons—and passed the old fort, and the blood-tree, which many of the Hindoos worship. Then we were jostled on the back of this great servant of mankind through the English portion of the place, which appeared to much advantage, and in which the trees gave refreshing shade.

After giving an evening of song here, we took train for Agra at midnight, the richness and architecture of whose tombs excel those of any other land or clime. On the wide seats of the cars we spread our comforts and pillows, awakening in the early morning to enjoy a view of an interesting country as far as natural beauty is concerned, but more intensely interesting on account of the appearance of the people, and the agricultural employments in which they were indolently engaged, aided by the use of the rudest implements for tilling and irriga-



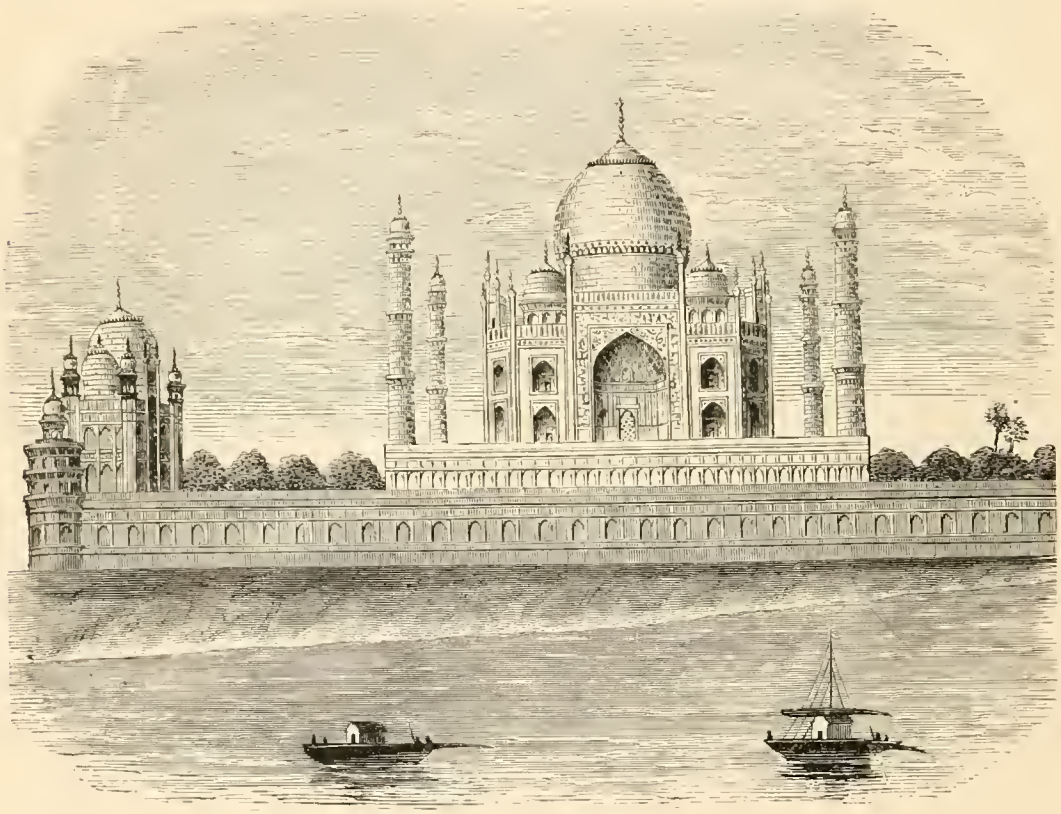
ENTRANCE TO TAJ MAHAL.

ting the soil. Here we saw vast wheat-fields watered from hundreds of wells, from which the water was drawn by ox-power and caught in leather bags or buckets, and thus conducted over the grounds; here were large, purple-hued plantations of the castor-bean, from which the oil is expressed, and which is also planted and harvested with the most ancient of tools and appliances. We were much amused at the methods used by the natives in making excavations in the soil or clay, carrying away all debris in baskets on their heads, while small columns of earth were left standing beside the wells or holes to indicate their depth, the excavators being so dishonest that their employers compel them to keep this kind of "double entry" of depth in order to ascertain the exact amount due for their labor, and to prevent cheating in their work.

Arriving at the city about noon we were met at the station by Mr. T. Bailey, and conveyed to his pleasant home, where we found every thing most charmingly arranged for health and comfort in this tropical climate, and where we were most hospitably entertained by this Christian banker and his wife and daughters. After a refreshing night's rest, our host gave

us a splendid morning drive about the city. We visited the fort, a circular wall of massive red sandstone, one mile and a half in circumference, seventy feet in height, and once the residence of an ancient Indian king. Within the fort we came upon the crumbling ruins of some of the finest architecture extant; but only the imperial palace and Pearl Mosque remain in a sufficient state of preservation to give one an idea of the past regal grandeur and magnificence of the buildings.

The following morning we made our visit to the Taj Mahal, the grandest monument of the spiritual love of man for woman, built from the materials of earth, and adorned with the highest intelligence of human skill and craft. It was Shah Jehan, a grandson of the mighty king Akbar, the Cæsar of India, who extended the Mogul Empire from Indus to the Bay of Bengal, and who not only built the fort of Agra, the great and massive tomb Futtehpore Sikra, to Sheik Selim Christi, his religious monitor, but also his own imposing and wonderful tomb at Secundra. He outrivaled his great ancestor, and both the ancient and the modern world, in the erection of this beautiful tomb-palace over the ashes of his sultana, Bunoo Begum, whom in life and death he loved with a surpassing love.



TAJ MAHAL.

Tradition has it that this beloved and loving woman exacted a promise from Shah Jehan at her death that he would build her the most beautiful tomb on earth, and also that he would not marry again. But those most familiar with the emotions of the human heart reject this latter request as improbable from a woman who could inspire in her lifetime the lasting affection and fidelity exhibited by her bereaved lord after she had passed away in her loveliness and devotedness from the earth and his sight.

Taj Mahal rises in solemn grandeur and beauty in the center of finely terraced grounds, on a slight eminence on the west bank of the Jumma, about three miles from the city, and is surrounded with twenty-five acres of land, laid out in immense gardens of indescribable richness and magnificence. Within its groves carol all the sweetest songsters of the air, springing fountains and silver streams leap up murmuringly on every hand, and the choicest

and most beautiful flowers fill the atmosphere with the rare fragrance of perfume which only Oriental climes can boast. The grounds are surrounded by high, massive walls of brown stone, not unlike those used in the fronts of many of our Fifth Avenue residences, the entrance being through a grand gateway of immense proportions, overhung by an arch eighty feet in height, composed of the same stone, and adorned with panelings of white marble. These panels are covered with texts from the Koran: the letters are most skillfully inlaid with black marble; each tablet or panel is surmounted with a delicate white marble minaret, and the massiveness of the arch and its architectural embellishments is calculated to impress the beholder with astonishment. Such exhibitions of man's creative faculty in the rearing of majestic buildings, composed of giant blocks of stone, arranged in the most beautiful shapes, inspire the mind with awe.

We passed beneath this mighty arch and trod the paved walks of variegated marbles, bordered with stone water-trenches, along which ran curbing of richly carved marble, bordered with the rarest and loveliest flowers. Through the vista of waving cypress-trees intersected with fountains, we beheld the Taj, situated on an elevated square of thirty feet in height, which is paved with white and colored marble blocks, with a beautifully proportioned but slender white marble minaret rising at each corner of the platen full two hundred and seventy-five feet into the air. In the center of this square, which is supported on its four sides by foundation walls of solid granite, stands the Taj, an octagonal structure of polished white marble, one hundred and fifty feet long at each point of the compass, and surmounted by a huge dome seventy feet in diameter, which glistens in the sun like a burnished castle of silver, and tapers from a globular into a spiral shape, terminating with a golden crescent. Four smaller domes of the same beautiful form crown the center of the façades, which rise two-thirds the height of the edifice over the four entrances or porches entering the tomb, a series of lesser arches being built in below them and extending inwards, upon and about which the entire chapters of the Koran are lettered in delicately inlaid black marble. The Taj, or tomb-palace, is two hundred and forty-five feet in height, while the distance from the tesselated pavement to the golden crescent is two hundred and seventy-five feet.

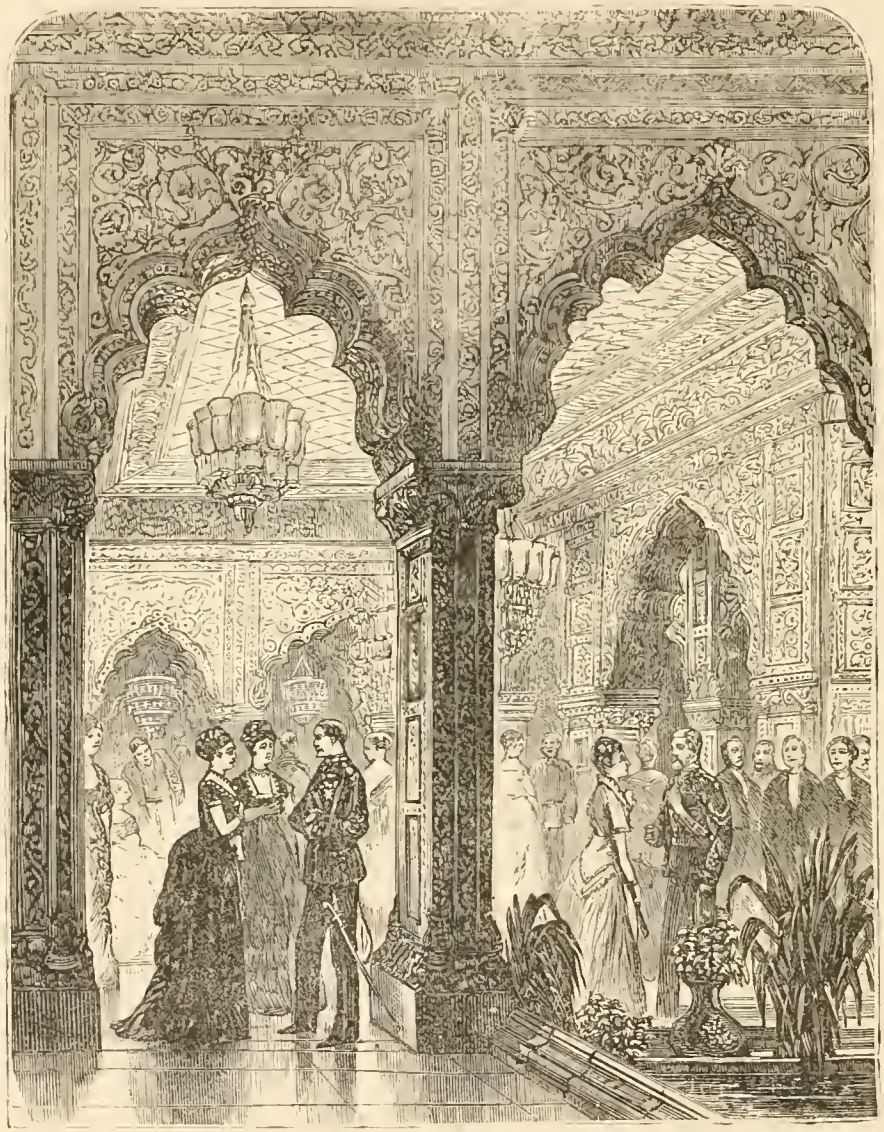
But if we find the majesty of the outward view of this wonderful structure to baffle description, how can we hope to depict its matchless wealth of loveliness within, which rests rather than wearies our sight with grand visions, filling our souls with longing anticipations for the "house of many mansions, whose Maker and builder is God"—a home of everlasting life instead of a mausoleum of the dead? Through the great kindness of the superintendent, Mr. Smith, we were permitted to see the exterior of the tomb by moonlight and the interior by lamp-light, both of which sights filled us with wonder and admiration, and left an impression upon our minds never to be effaced.

Upon entering the tomb, beneath you in the very center of the structure, in a sunken circular chamber in the main floor, you behold the sarcophagi of Bunoo Begum and Shah Jehan. That of the empress is in the center of the chamber, and that of the emperor just by its side, both being constructed of spotless marble as white as the falling snow. But the glory of the building is embodied in its matchless dome of purest white marble glittering with precious stones, through which a single delicate stream of light falls with mellowed softness on the tombs below. "The floor of this dome-vaulted chamber is of polished marble and jasper, ornamented with wainscoting of sculptured marble tablets, inlaid with flowers formed of precious stones. Around are windows of screens of marble filigree, richly wrought in various patterns, which admit a faint and delicate illumination into the gorgeous apartment, all of which is of purest marble, so pierced and carved as to look like a high curtain of most exquisite lace-work, but is even far more refining, for everywhere along the panels are wreaths of flowers composed of lapis lazuli, jasper, chalcedony, carnelian, and other gems, so that to make one of the hundreds of these boquets a hundred different stones are required."

All this magnificence was executed for the empress, while Shah Jehan contemplated building a tomb as beautiful for himself on the other side of the river Jumma, designing to connect the two with a bridge of ivory. But giving up the latter project he decided to occupy the Taj with his empress, and consequently applied the purest marble and richest gems to the construction of her sarcophagus. The Rev. Dr. William Butler, who has the great honor of being the founder of Methodism of India, in his very interesting book entitled, "The Land of the Veda," thus describes her tomb: "But her tomb, how beautiful! The snow-white marble is inlaid with flowers of precious stones, so delicately formed that they look like embroidery on white satin, so exquisitely executed in mosaic with carnelian, blood-stone, agate, jasper, turquoise, lapis lazuli, and other gem-stones!" On one side of her tomb, recorded in Arabic, the sacred language of the Mohammedans, each letter formed of gems, is the name

of the empress, the date of her death, and a tribute to her virtuous qualities. The tomb of the emperor, though not so costly, has his name and the date of his death inscribed upon it, and is ornamented with flower-work in brilliant gems.

The great dome which rises above their last resting-place is so constructed as to produce an echo, which is unrivaled for its purity and sweetness. Seated on the marble floor beneath this great structure with my dear family at my side, Superintendent Smith said, "Sing some-

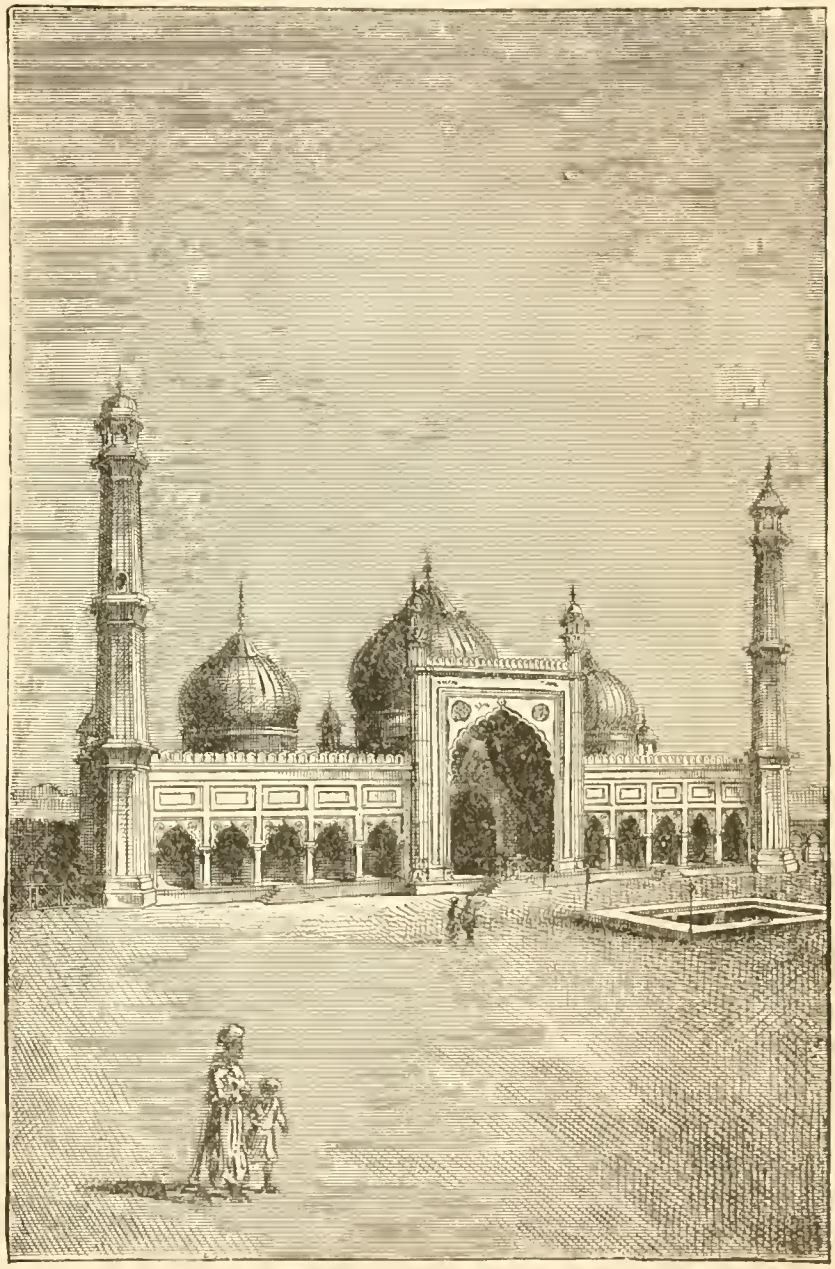


PALACE OF DELHI.

thing." Accordingly, my son James struck up to the hymn of the "Better Land," whose soft cadences were repeated by the echo with overpowering and sublime sweetness. The melody, passing from earth to heaven, seemed to be caught up by choir after choir in the ascent, and re-uttered by millions of unseen vocalists of the air, and could only be compared to that which we all some time hope to hear when the angel convoy of glory shall descend to earth to bear our ransomed spirits home.

Says a brilliant author in speaking of this most singular phenomenon: "It is the very element of which sweet dreams are builded. It is the melancholy echo of the past, and the

bright, delicate harping of the future. It is the atmosphere breathed by Ariel, and playing about the fountains of Chindori. It is the spirit of Taj, the voice of the inspired love which called into being the peerless wonder of the world, and elaborated its symmetry, and composed its harmony, and eddying around its grand minarets and domes, blended them without a line in the azure of immensity."

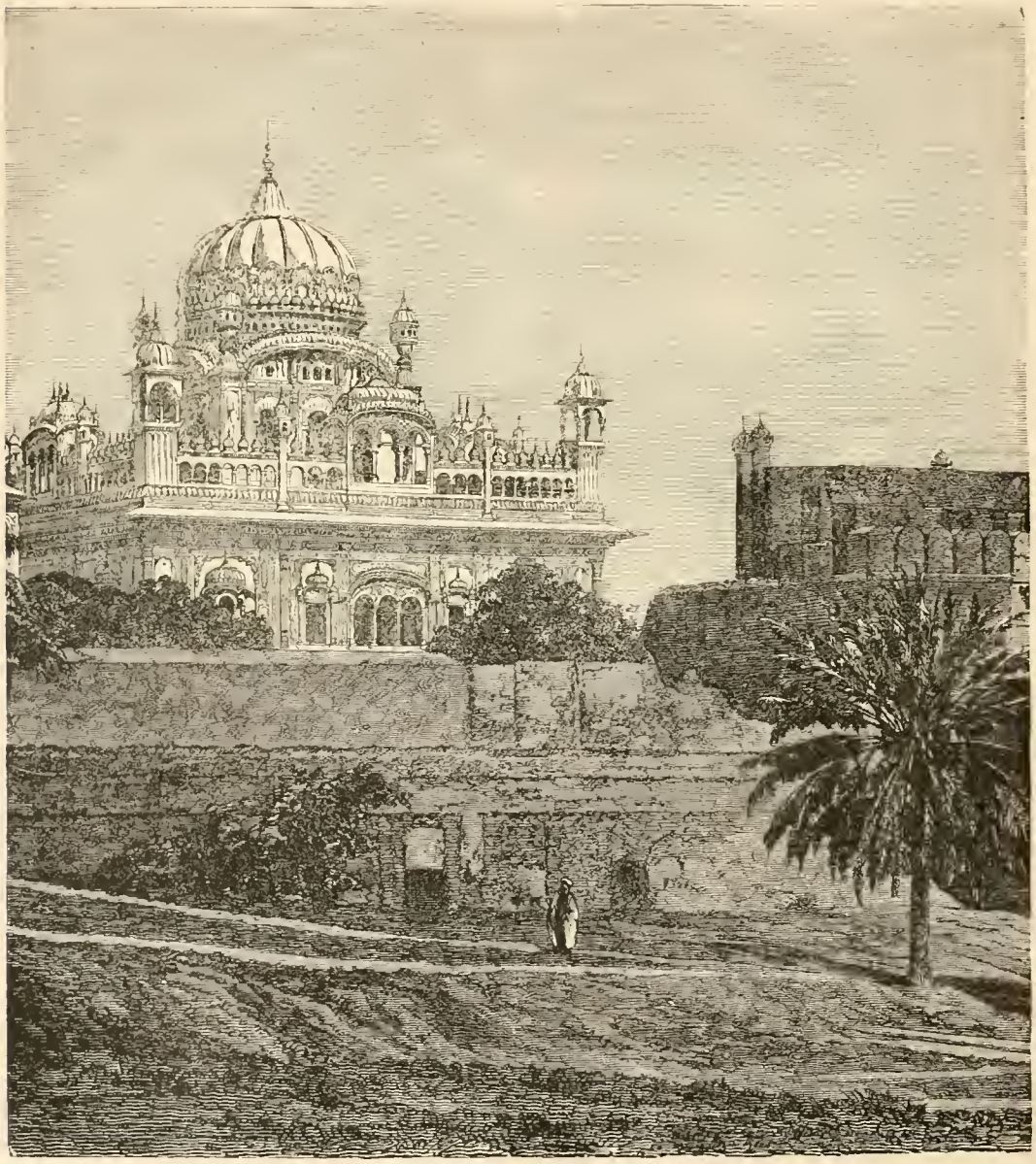


THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

Leaving Agra we came to the ancient sites and present city of Delhi, which is the most eminently historic in all India, and which as it now stands was commenced to be built in 1647. It is encircled by a massive wall of five and one-half miles in length, which is pierced with ten gates, the principal ones in use by the Europeans being the Cashmere, Cabul, and Mora. The ruins of the former cities of that name which surround the present Delhi cover a territory of not less than forty-five sq. miles. Here, it is asserted, fully a dozen proud cities have been built by Persian, Mohammedan, and Brahmin, and conquered and razed in their turn. Following the lead of Sultan Mahmoud in the eleventh century, who commenced the subjugation of Northern India, Tamerlane in 1398 advanced on Delhi, which he occupied and where he established the great Mogul Empire, which Great Britain only succeeded in entirely suppressing in the period extending from 1803 to 1857.

Towering two hundred and thirty-eight feet in the air and overlooking all these miles of ruins is the famous Kootal Minor, which is claimed to be the highest pillar in the world, a massive circular column of fluted red sandstone and marble, rising in five sections, or stories,

the base of each story being ornamented with a landing and balustrade, and all wonderfully graduated from the base to the apex. Upon this pillar are carved texts from the Koran in Arabic letters, while a circular iron staircase rises from the earth to its summit. For what purpose or by whom this time-defying work of centuries, now thought to be fully three thousand old, was built, is not known. A cylindrical iron shaft, sixteen feet thick and sixty feet in length, and thought to weigh seventeen tons, which stands upright in the earth quite near the pillar, is, if any thing, of still greater antiquity. Here, too, is seen the tomb of Humayuan, more massive and imposing than those of Agra, with its great dome of white marble resting on arcades of red sandstone inlaid with richly carved ornaments of the former material. We took advantage of the charming weather to visit several other places of interest, among which was the Jumma Musjid, the most famous as well as magnificent mosque on the earth. This wonderful structure is built on a rocky eminence, within the inclosure of the city walls, and extends from the Cashmere to the Delhi gate. It has three massive gateways of red sand-



ONE OF INDIA'S PALACES.

stone, approached by three magnificent flights of steps composed of the same material, all of which led into an immense quadrangular court, occupied in the center by a spacious reservoir of water. On the west side of this court stands the mosque, two hundred and twenty feet long by twenty feet in width, which is surmounted with marble cupolas and gilded spires. At each end of the structure are two beautiful minarets, composed of white and black marble, each rising to a height of one hundred and thirty feet. Here we saw the Mohammedans at



HINDOO WOMAN.

their devotions. After washing at the basin, they removed their sandals and knelt on the white marble squares with which their mosque was paved. Each block or square is designed for the use of a single worshiper, the entire floor being surrounded with an inlaid border of black and white marble.

We next visited the crumbling and thoroughly stripped palace of Shah Jehan, from which the British soldiers were driven in the great mutiny of 1857; as also the heights which those brave men afterward occupied and fortified, withstanding a six months' siege, and from whence, being reinforced, they descended and retook both the palace and the city. After inspecting

these historic spots we made our way to our hospitable quarters. Here, too, the people were full of bustle and anxious preparation, looking forward to the coming of the Prince, whom they were to entertain with a mock battle, firing blank cartridges, in which twenty thousand



MONKEY TEMPLE, LUCKNOW.

soldiers were to take part, and which was to be illustrative of the retaking of Delhi from the mutineers. Therefore, bidding this locality, so full of ancient and modern interest, adieu, we took the night train for Lucknow, the capital of Oude.

Arriving at the famous capital of the ancient Indian kingdom of Oude, which has become a sort of Methodist center in this empire, we were driven to the American Mission

Home, presided over by Miss Thoburn, assisted by a noble band of lady associates, who are doing a great and good work. My three services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is undoubtedly the largest edifice of the denomination in Northern India, and all of them were well attended and seemed to be generally appreciated. In addition to other branches of our denominational work in this city, is a sort of Methodist book-house, and also a newspaper, established by Rev. J. M. Thoburn, and now edited by Rev. J. M. Mudge, entitled *The Lucknow Witness*. The advantage and influence of this paper is felt not only in the city and vicinity, but throughout all Northern India.

Lucknow is built on the south side of the Goomitee River, which is navigable downward through its whole course to its confluence with the Ganges. It contains nearly half a million inhabitants, and is divided into three distinct quarters, the first being the old native city, or "Chowk," spreading over considerable territory, but meanly built, and very dirty; the second being the site of the palaces of the native king and the residences of his court, and the third consisting of palaces, religious edifices, and European residences.

The great mutiny broke out at Lucknow, May 30, 1857, and continued until September 25th of the same year. During this period the English kept up a constant siege, commencing the cannonade at daybreak, which continued for three hours, giving themselves a rest through the heat of midday, and again commencing the fire in the afternoon. With the fall of this city and the victory of the British troops under the command of General Havelock, the backbone of this fearful rebellion was broken, and the distracted province was restored to peace.

Among our pleasant experiences here was a ride on an elephant, kindly sent us by a rajah for a day's enjoyment. In our seats upon the back of the huge animal we were photographed by an accommodating artist, a Urasian gentleman, who was in our company. Riding through the native portion of the city we were enabled from our commanding position to obtain a fine view; but the panorama of strange sights, and the babel of strange sounds which came to our eyes and ears as we threaded the narrow avenues, crowded with native bazars, baffles all power of description.

We could not depart from this famous locality without driving some four miles in a gharry in company with Mrs. Waugh, one of the noble ladies of the American Home, who kindly acted as our "friend, philosopher, and guide" to several places of interest. Prominent among these was the Residency, which was nearly rendered a mass of ruins in the Sepoy mutiny, and in the attack upon and siege of which by the insurgents the English residents and soldiery endured such horrible sufferings. Almost within the shadow of these ruins we came upon the quiet and peaceful spot where repose the remains of the gallant Christian soldier, Sir Henry Havelock, whose life proved to be the ransom paid for the great victory gained in 1857. His simple grave and monument are overshadowed by a large and beautiful tamarind tree, from which we plucked some dark green leaves in token of our visit, and bade a sad and reverential farewell to the silent sleeper beneath it.

After a glance at the home of Dr. Butler, while he was resident here, and a visit to the magnificent tomb of one of the ancient kings of the province, we came to a monkey temple. The grounds and surroundings, as well as the interior of this building, fairly swarmed with troops of these curious and cunning animals, which are here held in sacred veneration. As at the temple at Benares, they were left to wander where they pleased, and some of them jumped into our vehicle, mounted the backs of our horses, and indulged in other humorous familiarities.

From Lucknow we went to Cawnpore to attend a session of the North India Conference. Here we were delightfully entertained at the splendid home of Arnold Beers, Esq., a prominent German citizen. This home seemed to be a sort of head-quarters for missionaries and good people coming to the town, for it must be remembered that there are no hotels in the smaller towns in India, these being found only in the populous centers. In such localities, therefore, strangers and visitors are entertained and cared for by the missionaries and their associate Christians, who seem to take delight in ministering to the temporal wants of American and European travelers, as well as caring for the souls of men. It was a privilege to me to attend a Methodist Conference in a heathen land, and note the rapid progress of the Church during the few short years since it had been planted here by Dr. William Butler, as also to hear the sixty ministers and their working companions devising methods and plans to give the gospel to the famishing millions of that far-off land.

Before leaving Cawnpore we visited the site of one of the most intensely horrible scenes of the mutiny of 1857, where some two hundred women and children were ruthlessly butchered by the Sepoys, cast shrieking into a great well, and there left to die—an act of barbarity

without parallel in the annals of history. Over this well the government has built a magnificent monument, with an appropriate inscription recording the event.

A very pleasant incident during our stay here was our attendance upon a charming "tiffin," or garden party, which was held on very pleasant grounds some five miles distant from the town, a large number of the members of the conference with their wives being present.



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

Here I was handed by Rev. B. H. Badley, the secretary of the India Methodist Episcopal Conference, a copy of a resolution adopted by that body extending to me a most cordial welcome.

The next morning we again took the train to revisit Allahabad, and after a pleasant journey, soon found ourselves among the rank and file of the followers of the Lamb and soldiers of the Cross in the salvation army of the Indian provinces. Here at this time took place two gatherings of worshipers of the widest distinction. Supplied with horse, bullock,

and elephant conveyance, we went with a party of Christian ladies and gentlemen to look upon one of the great heathen fêtes of the Hindoos called "Mela," which is held annually at the mouth of the river Jumma, where it enters the Ganges. This is considered by the Hindoos to be the holiest spot on the sacred river, and hither the poor heathen make annual pilgrimage from hundreds of miles around to bathe and make offerings, occupying temporary huts or booths in which they offer their wares and trinkets to purchasers. Here we saw a perfect army of blind, disfigured, and disabled men and women asking alms, and hundreds of fakirs, or holy men as they are called, their faces begrimed with smoke, their bodies sprinkled with dirt and ashes, and their hair singed and matted, all busy with their idolatrous and blasphemous rites. So much heathenism in its vilest and most disgusting forms made our souls sick and our hearts ache.

We returned to the city to attend another gathering, which was that of the first India Sunday-school Convention, to which I had come by special invitation to sing the songs of Zion, and where were gathered the leading Sunday-school workers of India.

Oh, what a contrast was here as we lifted our hearts to Jesus and counseled how we could best make known and glorify His name to the pitiable scenes being enacted upon the banks of the Ganges by poor, deluded, and misguided men and women! We were housed and dined with the delegates to the convention in a large bungalo, which was our first experience in a native residence, and the occasion and the circumstances will never be forgotten.

Taking the night train we arrived the following afternoon at Bombay, having been greatly interested on the route by the miles and miles of cobcactus with which the railway was formidably and securely fenced in. Bombay is one of the greatest commercial centers, has the finest and most spacious harbor, and is really the golden gate of India. It is built on Bombay Island, which is connected with the island of Salsette, as also with the main land, by extensive causeways. It has a mixed population of all nations, tongues, and kindred. Its most distinguished, prosperous, intelligent, and public-spirited citizens are the Parsees, descendants from the ancient Persian worshipers of fire, who are also noted for their commercial and business qualifications and for their great wealth, and are in charge of most of the government works of the city.

We took up our quarters for a few days at the Esplanade Hotel, a massive structure, seven stories in height. In fact, most of the government and mercantile buildings of this great city are noteworthy, spacious, and imposing. Then, too, unlike other Indian cities, the streets and dwellings more exclusively occupied by the English are with difficulty designated from those of the natives, as all are of quite modest and modern construction, and embowered in the shade of the favorite cocoanut-palm, planted in the streets, yards, and gardens by the thousand.

Here also, as in Calcutta, are miles on miles of native bazars, in which all castes, sects, and colors sell their fruits and wares. As the crowds pass along the streets, the eye is relieved, not only by the appearance of those clad in garments of European fashion and fabric, but by the awkward funnel-shaped hats worn by the Parsee men, as also by the bright colored silk dresses and turbans of their wives and daughters.

I gave several of my services, and in no city of the East did I receive a more hearty reception than in Bombay, for not only was I warmly welcomed by the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan Missions, but the Church of England people met me with great cordiality. Here I met the Rev. George Bowen, editor of the Bombay *Guardian*, and Mr. Henry Conder, one of the managers of the great India Railway. While singing here, the Bombay *Gazette* did me the great honor of publishing a sketch of my life, speaking in highest compliment and with much enthusiasm of my singing services, for all of which I felt thankful for the sake of the cause in which I was engaged as well as for myself. I also attended a large tea-meeting, held by the city merchants, where I met a number of distinguished Parsees.

The Parsees are of Persian origin, and are disciples of Zoroaster, who is supposed to have brought his sacred fire from heaven. That portion of the race which wandered from Persia to India after they had been conquered by the Mohammedans, and who were taken under protection by the Rajah of Guzerat, claim to have brought hither with them this sacred fire, which has never been extinguished, and which their priests keep burning in their temples, feeding it with the choicest woods and spices. They recognize one omnipresent, omnipotent, and invisible God without form, the creator, ruler, and preserver of the universe, and the last judge, whom they call Ormazd. They believe in astrology, and that the stars have a beneficent influence upon the affairs of men, and, to those who understand them, can reveal the secrets of the future. While they abominate idols, they reverence fire and the sun as emblems

of the supreme deity, the sun being recognized as the eye of Ormazd, their God. Their religion enjoins prayer, obedience, industry, honesty, hospitality, charity, chastity, and truthfulness; while envy, hatred, anger, revenge, and polygamy are strictly forbidden. They have borrowed somewhat the fashion of priesthood and caste from the Hindoos, and their funeral rites and the disposal of their dead are very strange. Their cemeteries are erected on a high eminence, and are in the form of a circle, being smoothly paved with stone and surrounded with high walls, which rise even above the tops of tall trees within the inclosure. Upon the summit of a lofty stone tower, built in the center of the inclosure, is an open iron grating upon which they lay the naked bodies of their dead to be stripped of flesh by birds of prey. The bones, falling through the grating into a pit or common receptacle beneath, are in due time secretly removed through subterranean passages. The males have worn the same ungainly and peculiar shaped hat for ages. The number of Parsees resident in India and its adjacent islands is estimated at about one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Completing my arrangements for a trip to Madras on an absence of two weeks, I accepted the kind invitation of Miss Butts to leave my family at the Church of England Mission Home, located in Byculla, a charming little suburb of Bombay. While there my dear wife gained additional insight into the methods of this most important branch of the India mission work, which is so vitally aided by the English and American lady physicians. The skill of these ladies is so greatly prized by the native idolaters of all castes that they soon gain access into their homes to attend to the medical wants of the women and children, and in so doing often pave the way for the admittance of the Zenana teachers.

A few of the pupils at this church home boarded there, and were instructed in the English and Mahratti languages by both English and native pundits. My wife in company with Miss Butts visited the Alexandria Institute, presided over by a Parsee gentleman. The school was composed of the daughters of well-to-do Parsees, who were here taught drawing, embroidery, and the elementary branches of study. There were about fifty in attendance, all wearing bright little turbans handsomely embroidered on silk with beads and precious stones. They were robed in the brightest colored silk trowsers, with silk or lace tunics, all of which were beautifully embroidered. Their shoes, which were cut high, seemed to represent the hues of the rainbow.

Accompanying Miss Butts, they called upon a Hindoo lady of high caste, who spoke English and seemed much inclined to our religion. In another family, where she was teaching the children embroidery and needle-work, it was very interesting to see the little, eager, dark-faced group gathered about her. Here she had recently gained admission, and must not force or urge her religious ideas upon the children, but first gain their attention by teaching them some bright picture, or telling some interesting story. She commenced this day by asking these little ones if they ever knew any little boy who never did any thing wrong, never told lies, never struck his little friends, and always loved and minded his parents. Of course, they replied, they never knew one so good, and she said she would tell them of one such good boy. Then gradually she told them in simple, earnest words about the childhood of Jesus, never mentioning his name in the connection, but reserving it for future lessons, when, as she gains their full love and confidence, she will gradually unfold "the old, old story."

Taking the train for Madras, seven hundred miles distant, I made my first halt at Poonah, where I met our good brother, the Rev. D. O. Fox, working for the Master. I sang in the Scotch Presbyterian Church to a great audience, who seemed to be in closest sympathy with my work.

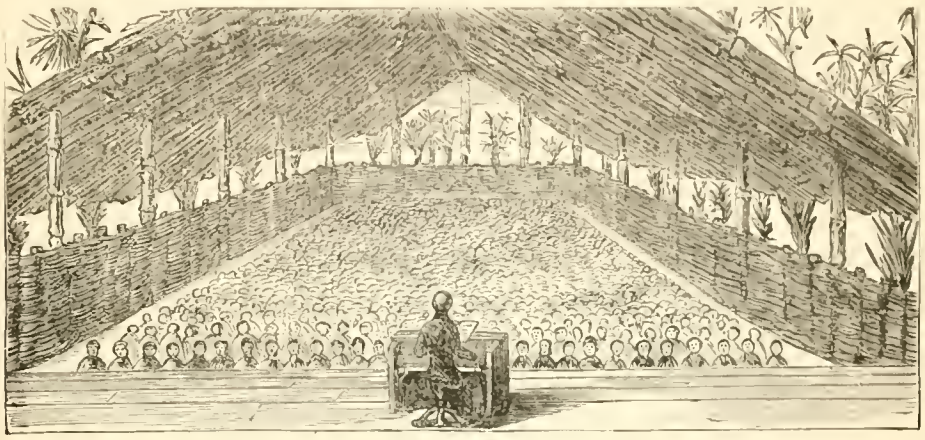
From Poonah I went forward to Secunderbad, in the Decan district, where, in connection with the Rev. J. E. Robinson, I held several excellently attended services, which were blessed of God to the salvation of many present. Mr. Robinson is a thoroughly active Christian, an excellent singer and Sunday-school worker, as well as preacher, and, possessing the love and respect of all with whom he comes in contact, is, as a consequence, doing a great and good work in his locality. Presenting his people with several hundred singing-books, I bade them good-bye, even as they were voicing hymns of praise.

Stopping at Shahabad, I sang my songs to a few who had gathered at the railroad depot in a room without chairs or benches, and continued on my journey to Bellary, where I was joined by the Rev. C. P. Hard. Here I held a service in a large government school-house, which was filled with people. They were so enthusiastic that at the close several contributed very liberally towards building a new Methodist chapel, an amount thus being raised nearly sufficient to complete the structure. The chapel was subsequently built, and the gospel is now preached there. I also gave one other service at this town, which seemed to be a kind of military station or government barracks, and where we were kindly cared for by a man

of authority among men, who reminded me of the centurion of old. At the close of this service Mr. Hard and myself took an all-night's ride by rail, and arrived at Madras, his field of labor, in the early morning.

My first appointments in Madras were in connection with Rev. James Gelling, a most successful Wesleyan missionary, who has been stationed here for many years; and, although my first service was not largely attended, I never felt more thoroughly the presence of the Holy Spirit. My second service was to the children, and some four hundred being present we had a most delightful and refreshing meeting, which fully repaid me for the discomforts of the journey hither.

Madras borders the open sea-coast for a distance of several miles, and is especially noted as the first place where the English began the subjugation of India. It is a beautiful city, its spacious districts being separated by fine groves and gardens, while its principal objects of interest are its magnificent government buildings and the great Fort of St. George, whose esplanade is protected from the sea by a great wall of heavy masonry.



PANDAL (NATIVE MEETING HOUSE), MADRAS.

On Sabbath evening I sang in Mr. Hard's church to a large congregation. At the close of the service over two thousand rupees were contributed towards building a new chapel, which has since been completed and dedicated. On Monday morning at eight o'clock I sang to a fine gathering in the large Pandal, and in the afternoon before Dr. Duff's Scottish school, composed of four hundred young native students of all ranks aand castes. That evening I gave my farewell service before another excellent house in the large Memorial Hall and Bible Depository of the East. On coming out of the hall into the street my eyes rested upon the curious procession of Mohammedans, called the Marhovrim, a company of nude men besmeared with filth and mud, who were marching to the beat of native drums.

The next morning, after two weeks of intense and interesting labor, I took the train towards Bombay, making my first halt at Bangalore, where, in company with Brothers Hard and Newland, I gave a service of an hour and a half in length to a very appreciative audience. We all stopped for the night with the Rev. James Shaw, the resident missionary, where I dined on the only strawberries and raspberries which I saw while in India.

I was of course delighted to get back to Bombay and to my dear ones, and found that an evening of song in the large parlors of the Missionary Home had been planned for me, but being somewhat fatigued I fear I did not sing with my usual freedom. The next morning I awoke quite rested and refreshed, and gave my last and farewell song-service in India at the great hall, where I was greeted with a fine audience of English-speaking people.

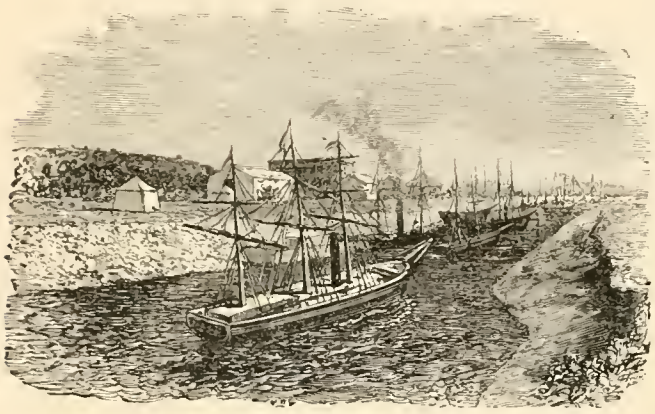
At my song-sermon in the hall of the Methodist Episcopal Church the same evening there was a large attendance, and at the close of the exercises many came forward for prayers. Being much fatigued, Brother George Bowen said to me, "You rest, and I will pray for these mourners;" and thus I left him on his knees, pouring out his soul to God for the salvation and redemption of these poor sinners. Thus ended my ever-to-be-cherished song-labors among the Christian and pagan people of the great Eastern Empire.

Chapter XIV.—En Route for Palestine.

INDIA detained us but one night more, and early the next day, accompanied by a few friends, we boarded a vessel bearing the name of the great empire we were leaving; so that, although we left India, *India* went with us.

We had for fellow-passengers the Rev. Mr. Burton and family of Madras, and the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Punjab, and Miss Le Fevre, an American lady who was returning home from her mission work in Burmah. The eight days' passage to Aden, the celebrated ostrich-feather seaport, was calm, and we passed the time in conversation and reading, and in looking upon the Arabian Sea and its wonders. The waters were so clear that we could see the reflection of our steamer, the prow looking like some great alligator, or other living monster, moving along with us; and as we came nearer shore we could see hundreds of jelly-fish—pretty little pink creatures, with their soft little umbrellas spread. At night these waters were beautifully illuminated with phosphorescent light.

On entering the Red Sea through the straits from the Gulf of Aden, we encountered headwinds, which continued almost the entire passage up its long and narrow channel. In six days more we entered the Gulf of Suez, with Egypt on the one hand and Arabia on the other, and were able to discern the Mount Sinai range in the distance. As we were gazing for the first time upon these scenes, rendered so interesting because of Bible history, my little son Philip crept into my lap with this inquiry: "Papa, why is not the water of this sea *red*?" I tried to explain, and this led to many other questions in regard to Bible countries, and he seemed astonished to hear that scenes of Bible stories took place upon *our earth* instead, as he had imagined, in some far-off country, of which we had no definite or particular knowledge. This little incident, so characteristic of childhood inquiry, seemed to say to me, Do not we Christians and Sunday-school teachers mystify and darken the minds of our youth by speaking of Biblical scenes and events as so *long* gone by, and so *far* away, while even as we teach and exhort, the crucified and risen Savior, with the marks of the thorns and spears of Judea, is ever present with us? for has he not said emphatically, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"?



SUEZ CANAL.

Going up to Suez, a lonely place situated near the sea on the sand, we entered the famous Suez Canal just before sunset, and our steamer was tied up to posts like an ox for the night. It was a strange sensation that crept over us here, with a wilderness of desert on each side; for we could hear no sound of living or animate thing except that produced by ourselves and companions; even the noise of the sea would have been music to our ears in this solitude of solitudes. The Suez Canal, as every one knows, is a channel cut from Suez to Port Said, connecting the Arabian and Red Sea with the Mediterranean, and is one hundred miles in length and three hundred feet in width. No vessel is allowed to enter either of its mouths after sunset or before sunrise; and all vessels sailing therein are compelled to stop and tie up to posts on the banks during the night, in order to prevent accident from collision. There is a telegraph station every five miles along its banks, which regulates the passage of vessels as trains are regulated by the same method on railroads. At each of these stations can be seen a bit of green sward, all the rest of the land through which this great thoroughfare is constructed being a barren stretch of desert sand.

At six o'clock in the morning the steamer left her mooring, passing Ishmalia about three hours later, where we discharged several passengers, reaching Port Said, on the Mediterranean Sea, the location of the great electric light-house of the canal, at four o'clock in the afternoon. On coming to anchor we were at once surrounded with little crafts most prettily cushioned with bright chintz, whose pilots were clamorous to take passengers ashore. Coolies

swarmed the banks, some of whom took our luggage on their backs and heads to the "Hotel de France," they being accustomed to bear the heaviest burdens in this manner; and of such strength and muscle were they that we did not so much wonder after all that the pyramids reared their massive forms in this land.

It is always a relief to get on land after a long sea voyage, even if it be the miserable land of the Arabs. We remained at Port Said for two days waiting for a steamer, during which time it rained incessantly. On Saturday, wet and dripping, we boarded from a little boat the steamer *Aurora*, bound for Joppa and the Holy Land. After we were on board the vessel, the storm continued with such violence that we did not move out of the harbor until Monday morning, as passengers could not be landed at Joppa in such a boisterous sea. We found on board the steamer several Americans, who were bound for Palestine; and, although they were strangers, we were glad to meet our countrymen. There was a large company of pilgrims going to "Mecca," and a crowd of the most filthy and hideous-looking second-class passengers we ever looked upon. There were twenty-six nationalities represented on our pas-



JOPPA.

senger-list. Notwithstanding the storm and delay, we had a service on board the steamer in which I sang, and the Rev. Mr. Clark preached a most affecting discourse from the words: "And they crucified Him."

Anchoring off Joppa on Tuesday morning, a distance of one mile from shore, we took a small boat and sailed in between the huge old rocks lining the dangerous channel. Our landing was effected safely, but not without considerable fear on our part. Oh, what emotions fill the soul at the first sight of Palestine as caught from the hill of Joppa, "the watch-tower of joy and beauty!" At last we beheld the Christ land with our own eyes; but how sad it seemed as we touched the sacred soil, to look upon the filth and squalor on every side! At the wharf we were met by a dragoman, who took us through the queer, old, narrow, and muddy streets, to the "Jerusalem Hotel," situated in the German quarter of the city.

After visiting the house of Simon the tanner, we called at the mission and one of its schools: soon after we took horses for Jerusalem and made our first stay at Ramleh. Near Joppa we were greatly attracted by the large orchards of orange-trees literally loaded down with luscious, seedless fruit, which at this season of the year was at its prime. But as the soil is not cultivated to any extent, except in the immediate vicinity of the towns and cities of Palestine, we gladly left these scenes behind us, and, after twelve miles ride, came to the quiet old city of Ramleh, situated in a fertile valley. Having ridden with my little Phillie in front, I was glad to dismount from my hard Arabian saddle, and rest. We stopped for

the night at a curiously constructed old Latin convent, where we were hospitably entertained; our stone-paved bed-rooms, opening into a large court, were lighted from the top instead of sides. Amid the ruins of old towers, walls, and vaults, we slept soundly on this our first night in the Holy Land.

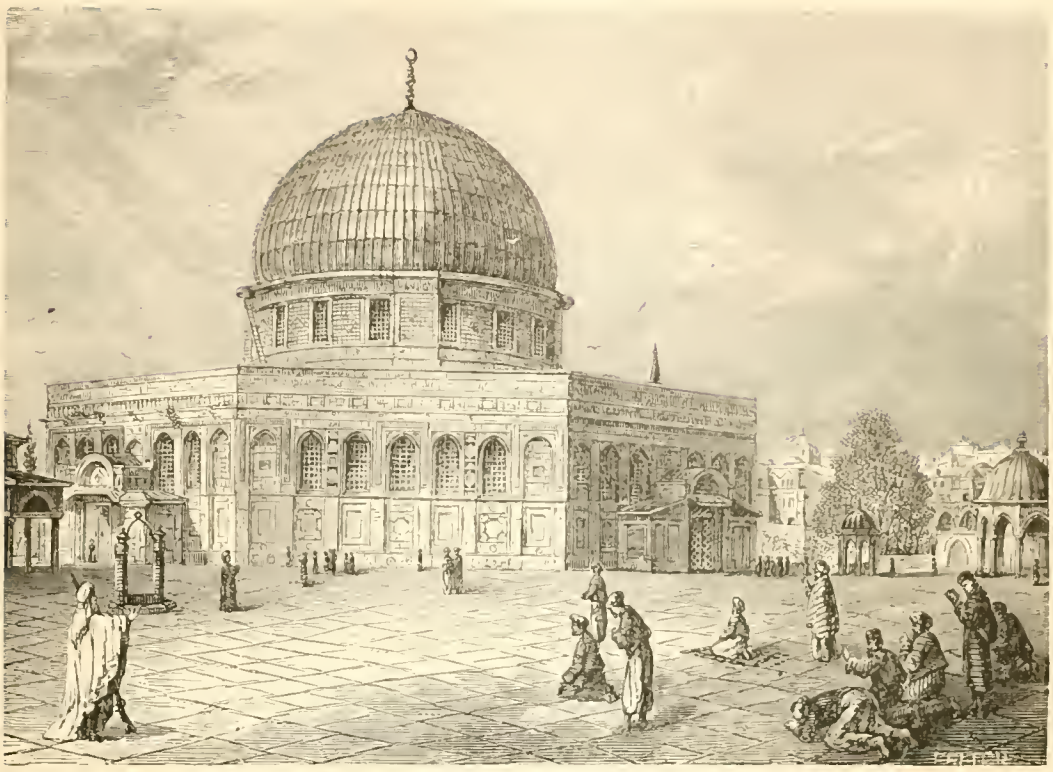
We resumed our journey in the early morning, and passing over the plains of Esdrælon, we came into a mountainous country abounding in wooded ravines, flowers of various hues adorning the way. The view became more and more interesting as we ascended the hills leading up to Jerusalem. Some five miles from the city we were met by our good consul, Dr. De Hass, who was mounted on a fine white horse, and who escorted us thither, pointing out the many places of interest on the way, among which were the tomb of Samuel, Mount Olivet, Mount Moriah, and Mount Zion.



JERUSALEM AND GETHSEMANE.

We entered the Joppa gate into the city, and took up our quarters in the Mediterranean Hotel. Though thoroughly fatigued, such had been our emotions at the sight of so many scenes and objects with which our Bible had made us familiar, that it was long before sleep visited us, situated as we were with the window of our apartments looking out upon the pool of Hezekiah. We could hardly understand the next morning that we had come into the realization of our hopes, and were indeed beholding the sun rise in the land of the prophets.

After breakfast we took a stroll in the narrow, ill-paved streets, which were dark and filthy, and crowded with a motley assemblage of people, and purchased some souvenirs of our visit. During the forenoon we changed our quarters to the Cazenovia or Latin Convent, where we found pleasant apartments, and after a call at the consul's in the afternoon with a small party, we visited the Mosque of Omar, built over the ruins of King Solomon's temple, and inclosing the ground where God tested the faith of Abraham to the point of offering his only son for sacrifice. The mosque is a beautiful structure, and with its grounds occupies nearly one-fifth the area of the city; but its intense interest to us was because of its hallowed associations. Near the golden gate we mounted the walls of the city, from which we could see more prominently that Jerusalem was situated on an elevation, with the higher peaks of



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

Judea rising in the distance; but we fixed our earnest gaze down the valley of Jehoshaphat to the garden of Gethsemane, a small patch of ground covering perhaps half an acre enclosed by a stone wall eight or ten feet high. Some of the olive-trees here are supposed to be one thousand years old, and some claim them to be the identical trees which grew here in the time of our Savior.

The olive-tree often perpetuates itself by sending up shoots from the dying parent stem, which in time forms a new tree. It may, therefore, be possible that some of these trees sprang up from the very ones under which Jesus and his disciples reclined.

When viewing old Jerusalem from these turreted battlements, the old hymn came whispering to me breathing of the New Jerusalem, a city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens:



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee."



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

In the course of the day I was introduced to the Reverend Bishop Bogart, who kindly invited me to give one of my services in Saint Paul's Church. I was glad to have the way thus opened to sing in the city of David, himself the sweet singer of Israel. I had a good attendance on this occasion, and at its close one of the audience, a very intelligent looking young German resident, said that my singing had been the means of bringing him to Christ; this filled my heart with rejoicing as I left the edifice.

The next day our party went outside the city walls, leaving by the Damascus gate, to visit the quarries from which the immense stones used in the erection of Solomon's temple were obtained. Returning, we stopped at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, certain parts of which are common property, all sects—Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic—having free access to them.

The principal part of the building is the rotunda, which has a dome open at the top, like the Pantheon. Beneath the dome stands the Holy Sepulcher, a little structure like a church in miniature, encased in white stone profusely ornamented, and surmounted by a crown-shaped cupola. It contains two small chambers—the first called the "Chapel of the Angel," and said to be the place where the angel sat after he had rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulcher.

The stone itself is there too!

Through this we pass and enter the Sepulcher by a very low door. It is a vault measuring six feet by seven. The tomb—a raised couch covered with a slab of white marble—

occupies the whole of the right side. Over it hang forty lamps of gold and silver kept constantly burning.

I lingered long here—solemnized, almost awe-stricken—looking at pilgrim after pilgrim in endless succession, crawling in on bended knees, putting lips, forehead, and cheeks to the cold marble, bathing it with tears, then dragging himself away backwards, still in the attitude of devotion, until the threshold is again crossed.



THE JORDAN VALLEY.

It was a sad sight to see this locality, hallowed by the death and presence of our Saviour, under guard of the Mohammedan soldiers and police to prevent pilgrims of rival beliefs from fighting for the first opportunity to put their lips to the cold rocks and stones, and even with these precautions to witness the exchange of blows and angry epithets. Of course as we looked upon the reputed relics of the presence of Jesus upon this spot, being shown the stone of unction, Golgotha, and many other objects which these poor pilgrims worship instead of the true and living God, we felt no inclination either to accept or reject them in a literal sense, satisfied as we were to breathe the air of Jerusalem and Judea, made sacred by His presence, to gaze upon the hills over which His footsteps had fallen, and to feel the same sunshine upon our faces which bathed Him in its glory from the inception at Bethlehem to the transfiguration on the mount.

Thence we proceeded to the inhabited part of the old city, to the Jews' "wailing place," where every Friday these poor creatures assemble to bewail because of the long catalogue of woes that have fallen upon Jerusalem, chanting the prophetic words of their own Psalmist: "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple they have defiled."

Having engaged a dragoman, and completed our arrangements on Saturday for a trip to the River Jordan on Monday, we tried our horses in a short excursion through Damascus Gate, around the city, across the valley of Jehoshaphat, and up the Mount of Olives, where we drank in the grand view over Judea. Some twenty-five miles away to the east we beheld the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea, while we could trace the winding course of the Jordan by the deeper green of the verdure along its banks. Below us stood the sacred city, encircled with its belt of walls and its high domes, minarets, and towers, imposing even in their decay. To the north lay the wilderness of Judea, and to the south we saw the hills which surround Bethlehem. Here, too, we looked down upon the pathways that lead from Jerusalem to the solitudes of Bethany, to Jericho, to Gethsemane—paths that have



SOLOMON'S POOLS.

been trodden by Him "who lived as never man lived, and spake as never man spake." Returning to Jerusalem, we attended the English church on the Sabbath, where Rev. Mr. Walton gave an excellent discourse from the text, "I am the light of the world."

Leaving Jerusalem at an early hour through the Joppa gate, we rode past the tomb of Rachel, to the pools of Solomon, partly excavated from the rock and partly constructed of masonry. There are three of these reservoirs, placed one above the other on the slope, but not in a direct line. They are so arranged that the bottom of the second is higher than the surface of the lowest, and that of the third higher than the surface of the second. Flights of steps lead down to the water. Taken altogether they are about thirteen hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, and it is said the supply of water is from a concealed fountain. The gardens of Solomon are supposed to be near here, which he so often frequented, and where he wrote the beautiful and soul-inspiring "Proverbs."



BETHLEHEM.

Passing over the plains where David fed his sheep, where Ruth gleaned, where the shepherds were watching their flocks when they saw the "Star in the East," onward we went to Bethlehem, which lies about ten miles nearly south of Jerusalem. It ranks among the holiest places of earth, and, excepting Jerusalem, contains more attraction to the Christian traveler than any spot on the globe. Here we visited the Church of the Nativity, alleged to be built over the spot where the Savior was born. In the interior the visitor is led to a place called the "Grotto of the Nativity," a semi-circular space covered with marble, adorned in the center by a silver star, over which sixteen lamps are kept burning night and day. Around the star is the Latin inscription: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." We descended into the cave by a dark flight of stone steps to the reputed manger. Finding an old harmonium in a niche of the wall as we approached, I opened it and sang, "I will sing for Jesus." Remembering that it was assuredly somewhere *near* this spot Christ was born. Who could fail to utter praises, both in song and in prayer, in such a place, exalted above all the earth as the birth-place of our Savior King?

In the afternoon we visited one of the wildest, most remote and silent spots in all Palestine. Here the grim old convent of Marsaba is located in a lonely gorge. The assistants of our dragoman, guard, guide, and commissary had preceded us, and as we came in sight of its walls we saw our tents all pitched in the valley below, with the American flag furled in front, and on our arrival found our dinner awaiting us. After a night of sweet, refreshing sleep, undisturbed by hardly a sound from nature or beast or bird, we were in our saddles at sunrise, and soon emerged from a wild mass of rock and ravine into the cheerless desert or plain, occasionally catching sight of a solitary Bedouin, with striped blanket dependent from the shoulder and a murderous looking gun in his hand.



MARSABA.

Coming to the Dead Sea about noon we dismounted, and a few of our party tried a bath, coming out of the heavy waters refreshed, salted, undryable, and with tongues agonized with bitterness. They tested the fact that the human body will not sink in its waters owing to its specific gravity, composed as it is of twenty-six parts salt, while ordinary sea-water is but four. They were also fully satisfied that only the lowest species of animal life can exist therein, and that the Dead Sea is both a physical and historical wonder.

Taking our departure from this famous locality, we passed over great alkaline beds or deposits, until we came to the Jordan, with its muddy stream, swift current, and willowy banks, stopping at the point where the waters were so miraculously parted for the safe passage of God's people, and where the dove descended upon the head of Jesus as He was baptized. After washing our faces in this historic stream, bottling some of its water for keepsakes, and lunching upon its banks, we passed on toward Jericho, and found this once renowned ancient Israelitish city, a collection of miserable huts, roofed with the stalks of plants and thorn-bushes; and close



DEAD SEA.

by a mound of ruins, among which a tower rises, reputed to be a portion of the house in which Zaccheus lived. The inhabitants are a poor, dirty, profligate-looking class of people. In the evening our pleasant little party assembled in one tent, and together read of the early history of this place, ranking as it does among the most profound in the Bible; for it is the *wonders* which God wrought which awes one here! After thanking God for the privilege of seeing this land and for the Bible, which gives us its history, we sought our couches for needed rest. After an early breakfast we left our tents and repaired to a fountain near the town, said to be the "pool of Elisha," and drank of its pure, sweet waters, near the source of which I cut me a staff of thorn. Again mounting our horses, we rode along, twice crossing the "brook Cherith," where Elisha was fed by the ravens. The gorge of the brook Cherith is very magnificent.

On Monday morning, March 20th, we turned our faces seaward and our backs upon these sacred places, making our exit through the Joppa gate; and when about three miles away from the old city we turned our eyes once more toward "Olivet," bidding a long "good



WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

bye" to the locality so dear to us because once the home of Him who did so much for mankind. As we stood and cast one lingering look at the old city and its walls, surrounded by valleys and hills, with their many sacred associations, and reflected that we were leaving this sacred place, the history of the ages past, when kings and prophets and apostles and the Son of God walked the streets of this wonderful city, came crowding into my mind, and I stood absorbed in deepest meditation. We arrived at Ramleh just in the evening, and found the convent full of tourists.

Resuming our journey at day-break, we reached Joppa in time to take passage for Egypt. A pleasant sail and we were at Alexandria on the 22d of March; and after going through the ordeal of the customs, and being besieged by boatmen, we reached the Hotel Europe, situated on a large and pleasant square, and found the city, contrary to our expectations, to be very fine and spacious.

The next morning we took the cars for Cairo, arriving in the afternoon, and taking up our quarters at the Hotel d'Orento. The route thither was through a beautiful green valley along the banks of the Nile; but the mud-huts of the natives resembled those of Syria, and the children who surrounded us at the stations were filthily clad, sore-eyed, and covered with flies, of which they did not make the least effort to rid themselves.



STREET SCENE, CAIRO.

Visiting the bazars and walking the streets, we found the Egyptians to be a very common-looking, in fact homely, people, as far as the males are concerned. The faces of the women being concealed, excepting their eyes, we were not able to decide upon their beauty. Nearly every male, great and small, rich or poor, is clad in Turkish trousers and vest, and wears upon his head the red fez or felt cap, to which depends a black tassel; and if he is not afflicted with ophthalmia, or sore eyes, the fact is an exception to the general rule. In the streets we observed that the mothers carried their infants astride the left shoulder. Donkeys are for hire on every corner, and have been called the "omnibus of Egypt." The boy attendant runs beside the animal, and assists you to *embark* or *disembark* with great convenience.

We visited among points of interest the mosque of alabaster marble, in which repose the remains of Mahomet Ali. We were driven seven miles thither, through a lovely green valley, over a fine road planted on either side with acacia-trees, bordering great stretches of magnificent fields of white and red clover in full bloom. On the way we met great numbers of camels and donkeys loaded with bales of this sweet red clover, the blossoms hanging from



THE PYRAMIDS AND THE NILE.

both sides of their panniers, making an exceedingly pretty sight. Little bunches of clover are always to be seen in the front of vehicles, the drivers feeding their horses from it with their hands when making a halt or while waiting for their passengers.



WHIRLING DERVISHES.

The approach to the pyramids is truly calculated to strike the beholder with awe, rising as they do terrace above terrace in massive limestone block against the eastern heavens. With two dirty Arabs to pull or lift on your arms, and one to push or hoist from behind, after several rests we reached the summit, and were more than compensated for our trouble by the fine view we obtained from the lofty eminence. Standing here as they have for thousands of years, probably from these same massive monuments Abraham and Moses and Joseph have looked out over the fertile valley of the ancient Nile, but possibly unlike us with the knowledge of how these great rocks were piled on high, and what great machinery or power had been impressed by the Egyptian architect and builder to rear them as a wonder for

ages to come, perhaps not to crumble or fall until that time when the earth shall be consumed with fervent heat, and the heavens rolled together like a scroll. Descending, we stood before the great Sphinx with its stony, far-off gaze, which seems to pierce the veil of the Infinite, and fills the soul with mingled awe and wonder. To us this wonderful creation of unknown conception and workmanship is a symbol of the grave, the unknown country of the dead from which "no traveler returns."

The day following we went over to old Cairo, the very nest of paganism, where we saw the howling and whirling dervishes in their disgusting devotions.

The "howlers," sitting in a circle, would simultaneously bow their faces to the floor, each uttering a fearful groan, then rising to their feet, they would sway their bodies backward and forward, their long hair sweeping over their faces at each movement, at the same time uttering a most doleful guttural sound which gradually increased in violence to a prolonged *howl*. The "whirlers" were habited in mud-colored, high peaked felt hats, with gored skirts, having weights in the hem for ballast, and in their dance accompanied by a dull sound, would whirl round and round, with their hands and heads in one position, while, by the celerity of the movement, their skirts would expand and remain in the shape of a bell. The sum total of the "religion" of these enthusiasts is to endeavor to propitiate divine favor by their antics, and to make their "piety" so wonderfully prominent as to lead the ignorant to pay them bountifully for their pretended intercessions with Deity. Superstition has its quack puddings as well as Bartholomew's fair, and this is one of them.



EGYPTIAN MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD.

On Monday morning we returned to Alexandria, where I was booked for three services in connection with the noble missionary, Rev. Dr. Yule. Judge Barring, an English judge, took much interest in these services, which were held in the large Scotch Presbyterian Church, which had recently been built, and where the exercises were received with even more than usual interest.

In the older portions of the city the streets are very dingy and narrow, but in the newer part the houses are very good, the streets nicely paved, while there are large avenues studded with fine commercial structures, which under gas light give one a sort of reminiscence of Paris. A visit to Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, the Khedive's palace, and other points of interest, terminated our stay in this old city, which by the hand of man and the process of irrigation has been built upon the desert sands.

Chapter XV.—The Continent of Europe.

ON the afternoon of April 7th we found ourselves again on board the steamer *India* bound for Italy. We remained on deck for a long time as the Egyptian shores receded, and until only a long white line of sandy shore was visible, and after rather a stormy voyage anchored off Messina, on the Island of Sicily, at midnight, having before sunset caught a glimpse of Mount Etna and the island mountain ranges.

In the morning the air was fragrant with the perfume of orange-blossoms, heliotrope, and other flowers. After purchasing a basket of strawberries, my wife and myself, with Miss Le Fevre and a few others, disembarked to visit some places of interest, among which was a beautiful cathedral.



CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

Leaving at noon, we sailed up through the straits of Messina, with Sicily on the one side and Italy on the other, passing Mount Stromboli, whose rocky cone rises sheer out of the sea, and now being in a state of eruption, was belching forth great clouds of fire and smoke.

The next morning from the quarter-deck we caught our first view of the charming Bay of Naples and its surroundings. To the left was the famed Mount Vesuvius, so different from the ideal treasured up in my mind from school-day hours to the very moment my vision rested upon it. On the right nestled the Island of Capri, surrounded by others of equal size

and beauty, bathed in the beams of the rising sun, while seaward the resplendent waters of the bay shone like burnished silver. Turning thence our eyes were filled with delight as we looked on the palaces and villas of this exquisite city, resting on its half-amphitheater stone-front, with its hill slopes in the back ground, rendered so famous to the world by the pen of the historian and tourist, as well as by minstrel and poet in song and verse. My experience in getting my baggage through the customs was quite humorous. My organ seemed



CITY AND HARBOR OF NAPLES.

to be the perplexing mystery to the officials, who were only convinced of its non-warlike and inoffensive character by my opening it and playing a tune; after which, laughing at the ridiculousness of the affair, they permitted us to seek our quarters at the Hotel Washington.

After a visit to the museum, where were gathered many Egyptian curiosities, relics from Pompeii, paintings by ancient and modern masters, statuary, and bronzes, and after a call at the aquarium, which proved to be very interesting, and where we witnessed the feeding of a huge devil-fish, we took carriage the morning following in company with several friends, and were driven to the excavations at Pompeii. It had always seemed to me that in order to visit the ruins of this buried city, it would be necessary to descend below the surface of the earth with torches in hand, as into a cave, and I was surprised to find a large portion of it thoroughly exhumed, and surrounded by an inclosure, to gain admission to which we

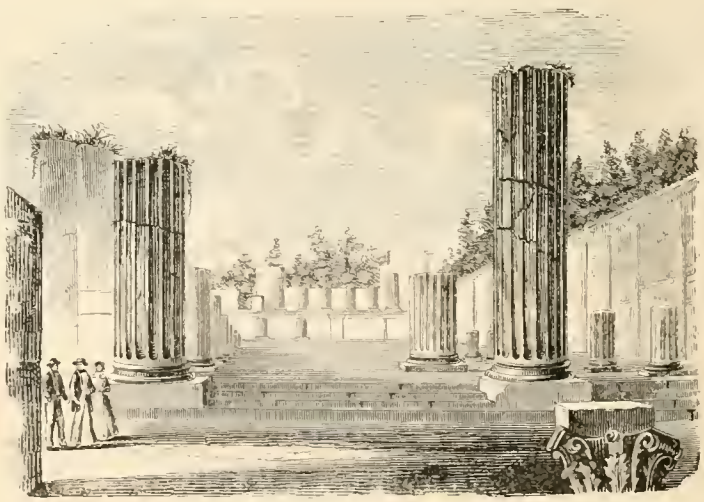


POMPEII—STREET SCENE.

were charged one franc each, which sum also furnished us with a guide. About one-half of the city still remains in sepulcher, while the exhumed portion consists of long rows of hundreds of solidly built but roofless houses, bordering a tangled maze of narrow streets, in the intricate windings and crossings of which without a monitor it would be an easy matter to become lost.

Here we looked in upon temples, halls, baths, bake-shops, theaters, and amphitheaters, as also at some mosaics, which were just as bright as when that fearful night of destruction swept down upon and drowned this city in a lake of liquid mud and ashes full eighteen hundred years ago. One is continually wondering amid these ruins how old the city could have been before it met with its terrible fate. The curiosity is heightened at the sight of doorsteps, full two feet in thickness, almost worn through in the center by the feet of its luckless inhabitants, as also by the deep ruts or lines worn in the solid stone pavements by vehicles. Gathering some flowers and maiden's-hair fern, which were growing on the ruins, we partook of our luncheon near the entrance, and then drove to Herculaneum, a part of which can only be viewed by descending beneath the surface with torches in hand; for, though as suddenly entombed as Pompeii, it was swallowed up in a molten sea of scoria.

A few mornings afterwards our party drove four miles to the city's boundary, riding in carriages up and beyond the cultivated side of Vesuvius to and over the black, gnarled old lava-flow—an inky ocean tumbled into a thousand fantastic shapes. Reaching the Hermitage, some eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, we there left our conveyance. From this point the journey to the summit is conducted on foot, and any number of guides with climbing-stock in hand are ready to assist you. Myself and wife, not desiring to go higher, walked leisurely on until we reached the base of the principal cone, and here had a fine opportunity of studying the panoramic natural picture presented to our view. At our feet upon one side lay the clear blue sea, with its charming island clusters; on the other, or land side, a carpet of living green verdure stretched far away into the distance, while at our front the old city of Naples nestled quietly and peacefully at the foot of the headlands of its beautiful bay. Others of our party, however, including my son James, reached the sides of the crater, and looked down into the seething, sulphurous cauldron; but their view outward from these volcanic heights was much curtailed by mingled cloud and smoke, which enveloped the summit as with a thick mantle. According to previous arrangement we left Naples on the following Friday for Rome, the Eternal City, where we were kindly met at the depot by our old friend, Rev. Dr. L. M. Vernon, and



POMPEII—RUINS OF A TEMPLE.

took up our quarters at the Hotel d'Europe. By previous appointment, I gave two services in our Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Vernon's Italian mission exclusively, as also two in the American Union Church. On these occasions I sang my songs in my native tongue, which were faithfully translated to the audience by the Rev. Dr. Leuna; and thus they received the gospel of song through the instrumentality of a converted Italian priest of much more than ordinary ability.

On Sunday we attended the American chapel, and listened to a good sermon by Rev. Mr. Langley from the words, "And they were all with one accord in one place." The remainder of the day we spent with Dr. Vernon and his wife, talking of his mission work, in

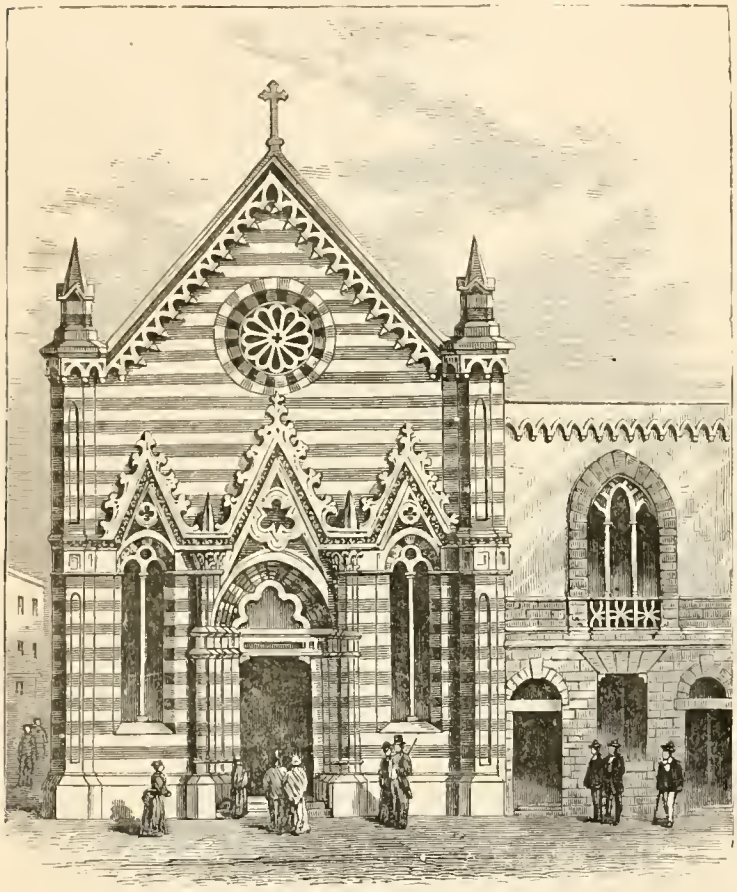


BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.

which we felt a lively interest. He had just completed a neat little Methodist Episcopal church, which was situated in a pleasant locality in the very center of the city. In the services at this place his amiable wife led the singing in Italian, having thoroughly mastered the language in their four years' residence at Rome.

In our rambles about the city we visited St. Paul's Church, a modern built edifice, most elegantly constructed; its delicately stained windows producing a rich and softening effect upon its interior, where we were shown some fine malachite altars and twelve pillars, which are said to have been brought from Solomon's temple. Thence we repaired to the Pantheon, entering it on a level from the ground, though recent excavations have brought to light the fact that its portico, the bronze on whose pillars has been taken to cover the high altar at St. Peter's, was once reached by a colossal flight of broad steps. Here among many other objects

of interest we looked upon the tomb of Raphael, with his last "sketch" inscribed above it upon a tablet. After a short visit to the old Roman Forum, we repaired to the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and wandered wonderingly among its old vine-covered walls and decaying, crumbling arches and apartments. A short distance further on we came upon the ruins of the mighty Coliseum, so symbolic of the power and grandeur of the ancient Roman Empire, and picking our way downward into its magnificent amphiteater, could hear nothing to break the awful silence except the twittering of a few birds that circled above our heads; and this all that remained of the vast temple where once the proud shouts of thousands on thousands, assembled to witness the most terrible scenes of barbarity, which in those days rang out and were echoed and reëchoed by its massive walls.



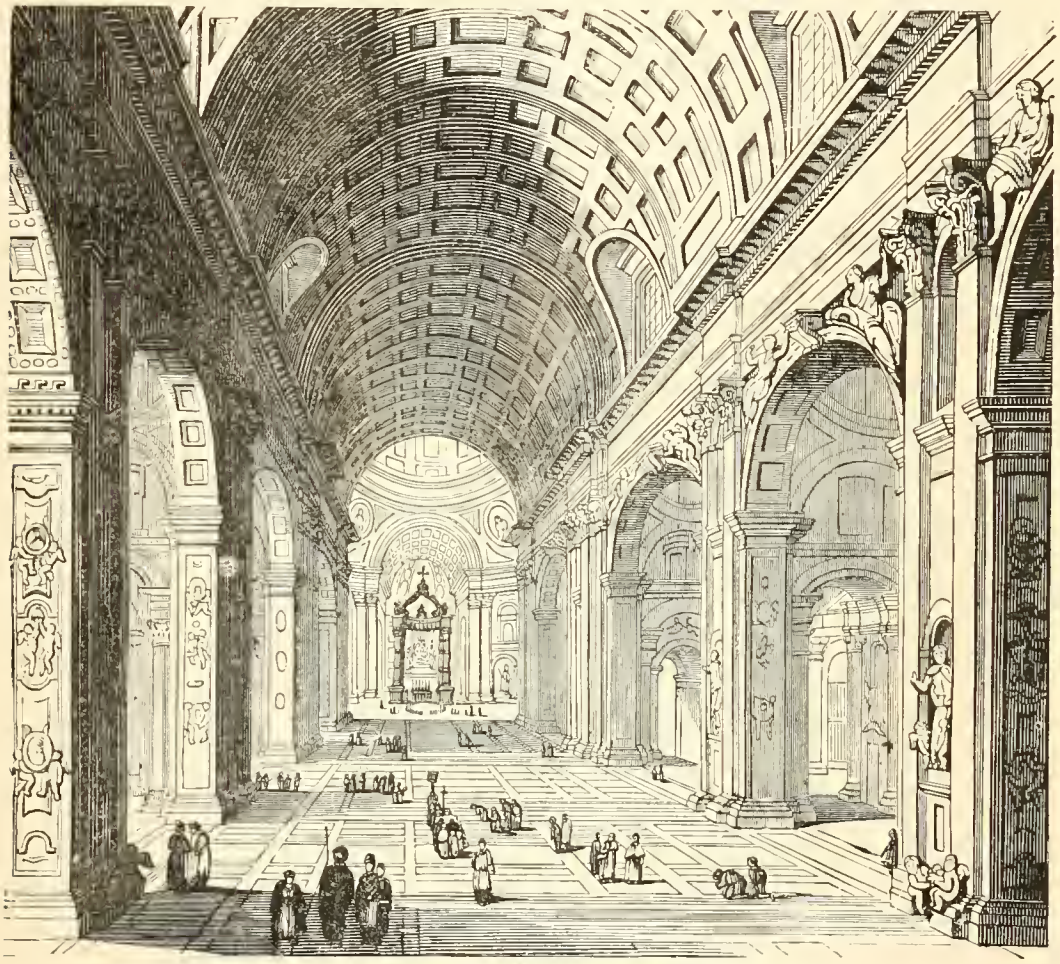
ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ROME.

On Monday, with Dr. Vernon as our chaperon, we visited St. Peter's, the largest church in the world, looking with especial curiosity upon its magnificent altars and its rich pictures in mosaic, the pieces in some of these being so diminutive as to be hardly discernible with the naked eye. Here we saw the reputed tomb and the chair of St. Peter, whose disciple life has such peculiar interest to the Christian believer as delineated in the sacred page. From thence we proceeded to the Vatican hall of statuary, where we were greatly interested in the representation in marble of the "Dying Gladiator," with Raphael's paintings of the "Madonna," the "Transfiguration," and Jerome's "Last Communion."

From Rome we departed for Florence, the city of art, where we put up at Hotel de Paix, situated on the banks of the Arno, the falling waters from a great dam just opposite reminding me of one other night in which I tried in vain to sleep in the vicinity of the great cataract of the Niagara. I gave three services here, two of which were in connection with the church of Rev. Dr. Kittredge, and one with the Scotch Presbyterian Church, all being most cordially received.

Our route to Florence was through a most highly cultivated country, its broad and fertile fields being as choicely kept as a flower-garden. Those accustomed only to seeing our farms in America can have but a faint idea from the description of any pen of its transcendent natural and agricultural beauty. While in Florence we paid a visit to the famous church, Santa Maria Novello, the pride of the great artist, architect, and builder, Michael Angelo, and which he called "his bride." From here we went to the National Museum, where among the thousands of rich and rare curiosities, we noticed a great collection of ancient weapons and armor, furniture manufactured in the year 1600, majolicas from the famed manufactories of Urbino and Grabbio, as also "The Mask of a Satyr," the first work of Michael Angelo, when but fifteen years of age. During our stay in Florence we also visited the celebrated Uffizi galleries,

containing without doubt the richest and most celebrated collection of paintings and statutary in either hemisphere, among which are the "Venus de Medici" and other works of Raphael, besides thirty-seven original drawings by this great master, and twenty-one by Michael Angelo. In this attractive gallery we wandered for hours, feasting our eyes on the sublime achievements of the pencil, brush, and chisel, and amid a perfect mine of bronzes and engraved precious stones and gems, feeling our inability to fix upon the memory even a tithe of the rare and beautiful objects which met our vision.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

Our last afternoon in this entrancing city was spent in visiting the church of Santa Croce, in which are the tombs of Dante, Galileo, and Michael Angelo; San Lorenzo, where the Medici are entombed in the wonderful sacristy erected by Michael Angelo, and within whose walls are the famous statues of Day and Night; ending by a call on an Italian Methodist minister, who wedded a wife in Delaware, Ohio, and in whose company we visited a cemetery adjacent or near his residence, where we looked upon the silent mounds that cover the remains of Mrs. E. B. Browning, Hiram Powers, and Theodore Parker.

Climbing the Apennines by rail, we passed through the gloomy cavern of the Mont Cenis tunnel, to find ourselves in the charming city of Turin, the capital of Piedmont, which is situated on the left bank of the River Po in full view of Monte Rosa and the Alps. Here we spent the Sabbath, and on the following evening I gave a song-service, in connection with one of Dr. Vernon's ministers, to a fine audience.

Taking the train we passed on to Genoa, the tall city of marble, and which I call the

"step-stone" city of all Europe, it being one of the chief ports of Italy. The ground on which Genoa it built is rolling and uneven; a noble succession of large and ancient-looking white marble palaces are situated upon its three principal streets, and beautiful villas and gardens cover the hills in its background, presenting an inspiring sight from the sea.

During my stay in Genoa I visited its famous cemetery, about two miles from the city, which, with its carved cloisters and sculptured tombs, embraces an area of nearly four acres.



CITY OF MILAN, ITALY.

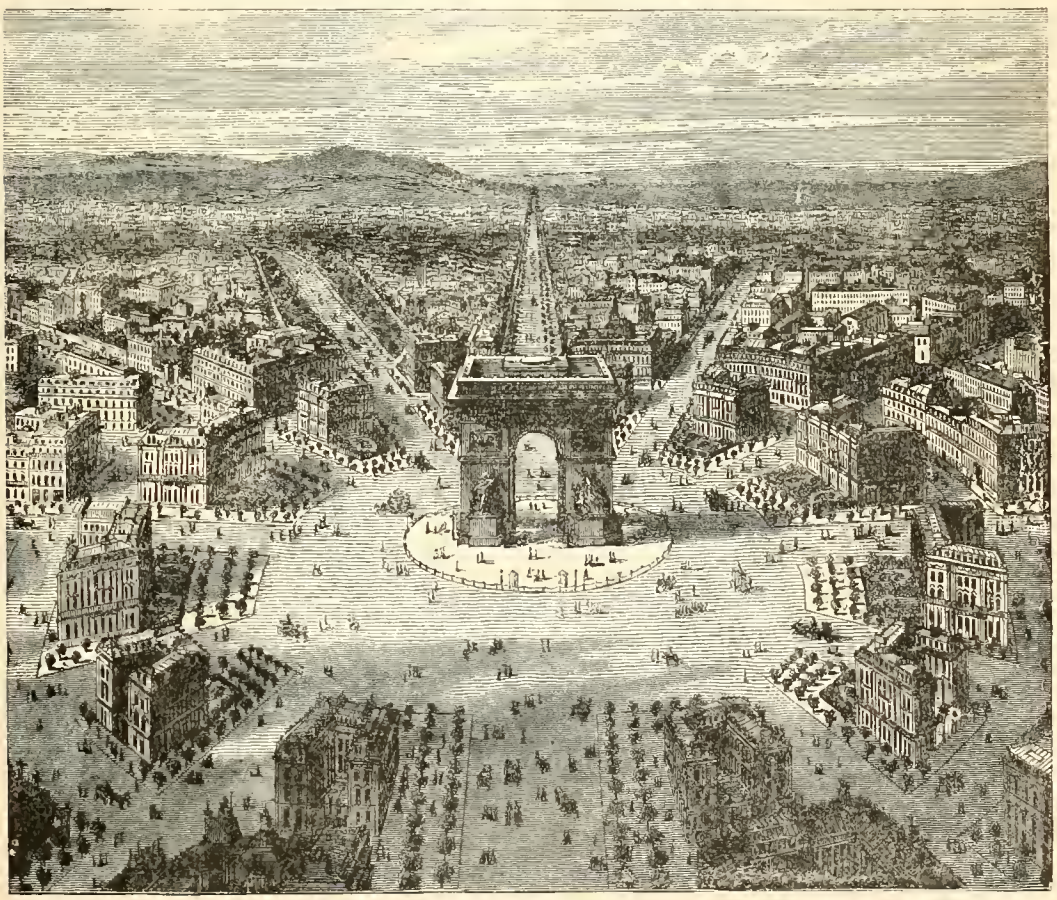
As I passed its gates it seemed to me that I was entering a hall of exquisite statuary rather than a silent city of the dead. On every hand finely executed human forms in stone rose before me, on pedestal after pedestal, to mark the resting-place of the silent sleepers. In the center was a circular plot, or area, in which the poorer people were interred. I also visited the celebrated cathedral of San Lorenzo, which both in exterior and interior is one of the most gorgeous buildings in the world, its chapel of St. John being literally decked with gold and precious stones.

Arriving in the city of Milan, we visited the Domo Cathedral. This is considered the

second largest structure of its character in Europe, and the greatest work of Michael Angelo. It is built entirely of white marble, and is of the richest and most massive architecture. From its roof rises into the air a forest of domes or spires to the number of one hundred and thirty-five; its façades and eaves are decorated with nineteen hundred and twenty-three, and its interior with six hundred and seventy-nine marble statues. The massiveness of this great building without is fully equaled by the richness of its ornamentation and decoration within, the Virgin's Chapel being most beautifully constructed and adorned, while its stained windows are said to surpass all similar workmanship on either continent.

Chapter XVI.—Paris and Switzerland.

OUR visit to Paris was an occasion of great gratification and delight; an indescribable sensation of pleasure pervaded our minds on finding ourselves in the very cradle of courtesy, gentility and politeness; the palace city of the genius of artifice, taste, and fashion; the Mecca of the painter, novelist, and sculptor; the great caravansary of the amusement-loving, pleasure-seeking, and fashionable world. Paris as a city is the crowning glory of the earth; it is beauty, brilliancy, grandeur, and splendor all harmoniously combined, in adoration of which the whole civilized world may be truly said to bend the knee. In order to see Paris thoroughly it is necessary to take a twelve-mile sail up and down the waters of the River Seine, spanned with its twenty-seven bridges of stone, iron, and wire, many of which are of the most elaborate construction and architecture, and ornamented with a richness to which no pen can do justice in description. From these bridges can be seen nearly the entire river front, with its massive granite quays,



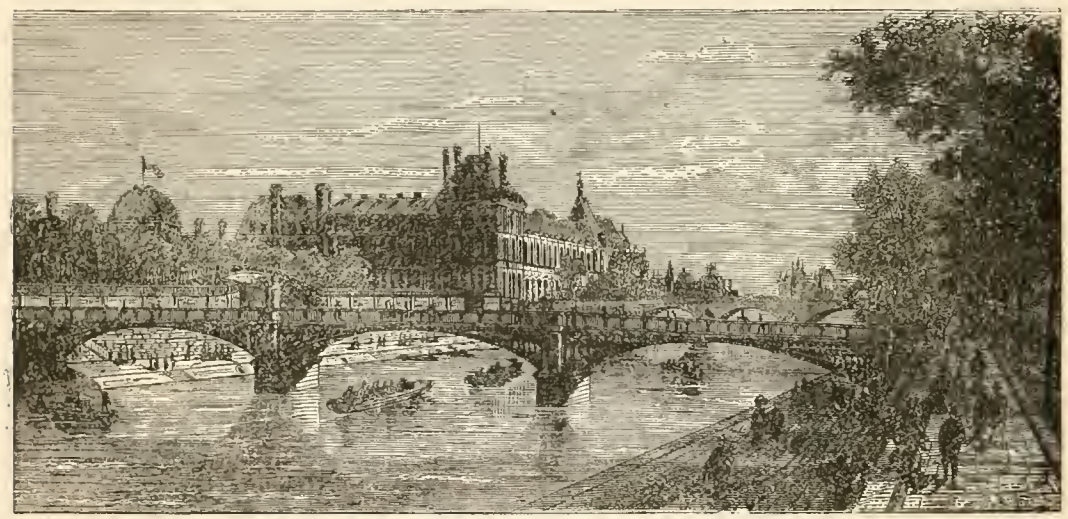
PALACE DE L'ÉTOILE

a large part of the most interesting portion of the city, long, richly-shaded boulevards and extensive gardens, with palaces and world-famed structures beside and in the midst of them, presenting a spectacle of metropolitan beauty and attractiveness not to be found in any other city in either hemisphere.

The thousands and thousands upon pleasure bent, to be seen during pleasant afternoons on the famous boulevards, the Champs Elysees, and the Gardens of the Tuilleries, riding in gay equipages, mounted on beautiful steeds, or on the promenade, was a novel experience to our eyes, only to be excelled in splendor and pageantry by Paris at night, blazing in a perfect sea of illumination from myriad gas-jets, dependent from curbs to façade, hanging over river, garden, and grove like wizard fires, flooding palaces and stately edifices in liquid light, and crowning and encircling lofty monuments of granite, marble, and bronze with wreaths of translucent flame.

Studded with dazzling lights and lamps as thickly as skies of Bethlehem plain with stars, gay, careless, giddy Paris at night on mirth, fashion, and revelry bent, yet gave us a sweet and peaceful and restful thought of the great city of our God in which it is written, "There shall be no night."

Among other places of historic and national interest we visited the Tuilleries and Louvre, which afford to the beholder the finest architectural view on earth. The palaces and build-



WALKS ALONG THE SEINE.

ings inclose the Place du Carrousal, in whose grounds is located the celebrated Arc de Triumphe du Carrousal, a monument erected by the First Napoleon, commemorative of the celebrated battle of the First Empire.

The renowned Cathedral of Notre Dame next claimed our attention, which, though so often rudely attacked and injured by armies in change of dynasty, and so often sacked, rifled, and disfigured by the mobs of many a revolution,—so often the scene of royal triumph and coronation and kingly humiliation and dethronement,—still stands forth grand, inspiring, and beautiful, the peer of all the Gothic monuments of France, if not of the world.

Thence we took our way to the Hotel des Invalides, whose buildings and grounds occupy sixteen charming acres, and which is the noble asylum for the disabled and invalid veterans of the French army. Here directly beneath a massive church dome the great warrior of France and the world, Napoleon I., sleeps the last sleep of earth. At the head of the sarcophagus is his life-like statue in marble; near by is his victorious sword; and here hang the standards taken by his victorious armies in the great battles which made the whole civilized world tremble.

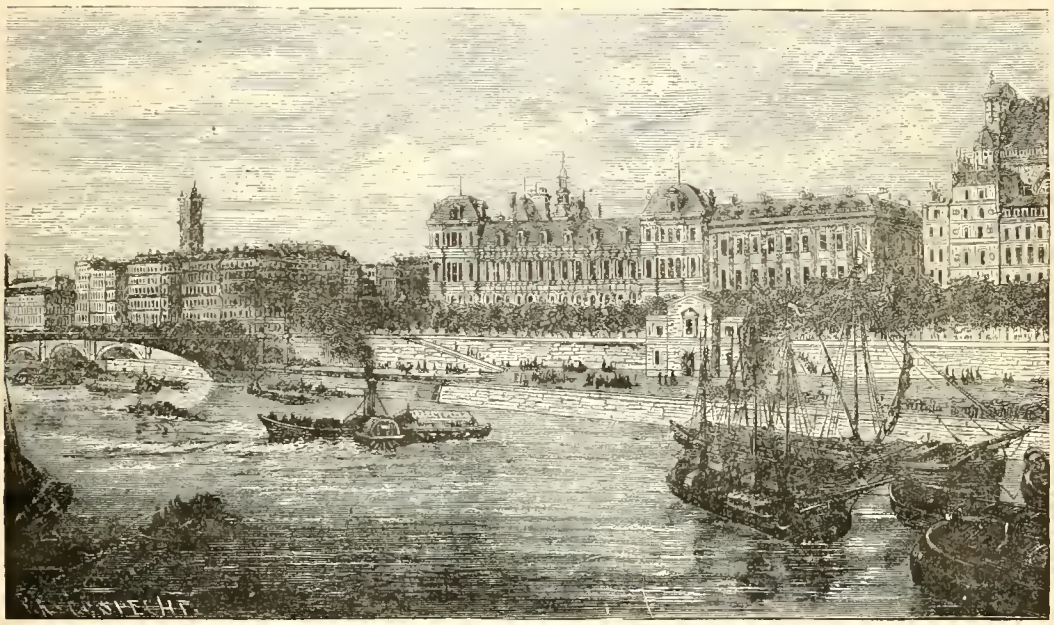
Next in order was our visit to the Bourse, the great money and stock exchange, which structure is pronounced the finest specimen of classical architecture in the city, the main or central building being surrounded with a colonnade of sixty-six massive Corinthian pillars, standing boldly out like a grim patrol of granite sentinels.

Thence we proceeded to the famed palace at Versailles, that historic and stupendous pile

of palaces, so renowned as the home retreat of the French kings and emperors and their royal families in the golden epoch of her monarchy until the nation at last emerged from the storm of succession of rival kingly factions, and threw off the clutch of ambitious rulers, and entered upon the full realization of its dreams and hopes of a century—a republican form of government.

The Palais Royal, the Cemetery, the Morgue, and the National Library—the latter the largest in the world—also claimed a large portion of our time and attention, after which we passed several delicious and long-to-be-remebered hours on the Champs Elysees, or Elysian Fields, the finest promenade in France, and a most enjoyable day in the Bois de Boulogne, whose park embraces an area of two thousand five hundred acres.

We did not turn our faces from Paris, and pass out from the soft and soothing sunshine of France without throwing many backward glances upon its magnificence metropolis, richness of landscape, and grape-crowned vineyards,—glances in which the artist memory etched, in ineffaceable tracery upon the tablets of our mind, remembrances not to be obliterated until the golden cord shall be loosened and the pitcher lies broken at the fountain of our earthly existence.



PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES.

In a few hours, accompanied by our dear friends the Rev. Dr. L. M. Vernon and the Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson, we pressed our feet upon the soil of the first-born republic of the Old World, Switzerland, so famed in both ancient and modern times in history, in song, and in story.

Arriving at Chamounix, we secured guides and mules and departed on an Alpine trip, taking our way to Martigny. The snowy peaks of the Alps, the famed Mont Blanc, the ice-fed Rhone, the glaciers, the ravines, the cañons and cantons, the torrents, the hospices, the chalets, the precipice walled villages have all been too often described to warrant our entering upon any thing of a minute description of our journey, more replete with novel sights and experiences than our wildest imagination had pictured as in the range of possibility.

Ours was an odd-looking procession. My little son Phillie occupying my saddle in co-partnership, James clinging to the waist of our good friend Dr. Vernon (who, being over six feet in height, in order to keep his feet from the ground, was forced to keep his legs bent akimbo), while Dr. Robinson and my dear wife presented quite as laughable an appearance as they guided their ungainly steeds, not without fear of possible accidents and mishaps along the narrow roadways, bordering on deep chasms or fenced in with beetling and abrupt cliffs.

At Martigny we visited the ruins of the Castle of La Bathia on the summit of a precipitous rock, the priory of St. Bernard, and other points of interest; and at our evening meal



SWITZER'S CRAGS AND PEAKS.

partook of the celebrated Martigny honey, which is considered the best in Switzerland. Thence we journeyed on to Geneva, one of the oldest fortified cities of Europe, beautifully situated on Lake Geneva, through which flows the River Rhone, and which has played a very important and stirring part in the history of the mother hemisphere. Here we visited many ancient churches and military buildings, universities, etc., and enjoyed the great beauty of the fine promenades, from which we could command extensive views of the Jura, the Vouache, Mont Sion, the Alps of Savoy, the Grand and Petit Salève the Voirons, and the hills of Coligny and Boissy, overhanging the lake which is situated between the Alps and the Jura, and which is a trifle over eighteen leagues in length and about three leagues and a quarter in breadth.

From Geneva we journeyed on to Freiburg, mostly built on the summit of a toppling precipice, the principal depository of the celebrated Gruyeres cheese. The place has an old castle and a handsome church, in which is said to be the largest organ in the world, built by the famous Moser, of Freiburg, and which was played for our benefit by a master hand. Thence we proceeded to the quaint old fortified city of Berne, the Swiss seat of government, whose principal streets are watered by a canal of running water, which supplies numerous fountains surrounded with figures of sacred or heroic personages, among which is one of Moses smiting the rock with his staff; another of a Switzer woman grasping a plump of spears; and another of Saturn, represented as an ogre devouring little children; while in their vicinity is an old tower called the Goliaththorn, which is surmounted with a figure representing little David and his sling. Berne was founded as far back as 1191. It is inclosed with ramparts, walls, and tombs, in one of the latter of which a den of large bears is constantly maintained. The bear is the emblem of Berne, and the city is said to have derived its name from the great frequency of this animal in its environs. The city is also famous for its towers, among the most conspicuous being the Cage Tower, or *Tour des Prisons*, and the Clock Tower, which contains a clock of curious mechanism, a procession of armed bears and small figures announcing the striking of the hours, after which a steel-clad warrior in full armor strikes the hours upon a huge bell with a heavy club tipped with metal. The cathedral is another point of interest, whose building was commenced in 1421, and which was completed in 1502. Over its gate is a curious piece of sculpture representing the last judgment, and within its walls are many vestments and relics of antiquity, and two conspicuous monuments of the founder of the city, and one of its earliest chief magistrates. In the public library are thirty thousand volumes, and one thousand five hundred manuscripts relating to Swiss history. Here also is to be seen the stuffed skin of the dog Barry, long a faithful agent of the monks of the great St. Bernard, in whose service he saved the lives of no less than fifteen persons, while in the arsenal near by is a figure of William Tell, the Swiss Washington, in the act of shooting the apple from the head of his son. From the Terrosse, a handsome promenade adjoining the cathedral, shaded with beautiful alleys of walnut-trees, and elevated over one hundred feet above the River Aar, we obtained a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps and its glaciers.

From Berne we departed for Interlaken (signifying between the lakes), and in the journey had a pleasurable sail on a little steamer over Lake Thun. By way of Brienz and its beautiful lake, thence to Alpnach-Gustad by diligence, and thence by steamer on Lake Lucerne, we pass through a wilderness of wild and romantic scenery to the city of Lucerne. With a passing glance at the Black Forest and the Jura, we reach Basle, and leave Switzerland by one of its principal mountain and lake-locked entrances for Heidelberg.

The Castle of Heidelberg is a combined fortress and palace, showing the styles of architecture of many centuries, and presents to view the most magnificent and imposing ruin in the world. It stands on a high hill overlooking the town and the River Neckar; and, though bombarded, sacked, and mutilated by many a hostile army, and riddled by the lightning bolts of heaven, it yet is rich in its magnificence of ruin, and that which speaks of its past beauty, strength, and grandeur.

After a short delay at Frankfort, renowned for being the wealthiest city on the globe, and also for being the birthplace of the great German banker, Rothschild, we proceeded to sail down the Rhine, bristling with impregnable fortifications, to Baden-Baden, so famous for its baths, gambling, and gayety, and thence passed on to Cologne, and visited its famous cathedral and the Church of St. Ursula, with its curious catacombs of nearly three thousand skulls and bones of saints and virgins, and other interesting sights.

Our train whirled over the great drawbridge and through the huge fortifications into a long and treeless prairie; through the coal and iron-laden hills of Liege, with its wealth of furnaces and manufactories; onward to Aix-la-Chapelle, so famous as the birth and burial-place

of the great Emperor Charlemagne; past the renowned watering-place of Spa, and the level garden land of Belgium, one hundred and forty miles to Brussels.

This brilliant, splendid, and sparkling city, with its wide streets, fine pavements, charming boulevards, promenades, fountains, and squares, is rightly called the miniature Paris. At Brussels is located the French House of Parliament and many public edifices and famous palaces of rich historical interest in the record of this portion of the former kingdom and empire, but present republic.

It is situated on the River Seine, some fifty miles from the sea, is beautifully shaded with linden-trees, has seventy bridges upon which is lavished the purest architectural adornment, and is a veritable bee-hive of industry, its principal business being the manufacture of carpets, laces, hosiery, linen, and many other articles in which the French people are so pre-eminently skillful.

From Italy I went forward to Vienna, the capital of Austria, with a population of over one million one hundred thousand, and many places of interest to amuse the traveler. During my stay at the Hotel Imperial, which was once the palace of the Duke of Wurtemburg, I went out to view the Prater, or Hyde Park of the city, containing four English square miles, and beautifully studded with lime and chestnut-trees, in which was held the International Exhibition of 1873, as also the Stadtpark, or Imperial Garden, besides visiting the Cathedral of St. Stephens, the churches of St. Augustine and the Capuchine, with their celebrated tombs in which so many royal dead are sepulchered.



DRESDEN.

My next stop was at the quaint old city of Prague, where my service had already been arranged by that most energetic missionary brother, Rev. Andrew Moody, who kindly met me at the railway station, and escorted me to my delightful lodgings. Here I received a most hearty welcome from a fine audience, who manifested much enthusiasm over my service, and I was sorry that my visit had to be curtailed because of previous arrangements.

The population of this ancient city is about two hundred thousand, of whom full two-thirds are Jews. It was the seat of learning in the Austrian Empire until the foundation of the Universities at Heidelberg, Leipsic, and Cracow. From Prague I proceeded to Dresden, the tourist's paradise.

At Dresden I spent several days, including the Sabbath. This is a most delightful city, and is much admired by both English and American tourists, who are consequently to be found assembled here in large numbers, being especially delighted with its cheap living, excellent music, and rare works of art. Here the eye is delighted with beautiful paintings, sculpture, and rare china and other wares, and the ear is entranced by the grand music of the brass bands in their open-air concerts. I gave my first service of song on the evening of my arrival to a large audience, composed mostly of English and American visitors, who seemed much pleased with the songs of homeland; and a song-sermon the Sabbath evening following in Rev. Mr. Fogo's church, in which the spirit of the Master was truly manifest, and from which the audience seemed to depart reluctantly.

My next visit was to Leipsic, the publishing city and musical center of the empire. Here, also, is the great German Booksellers' Exchange, the city having over three hundred booksellers and publishers, one hundred steam and two hundred hand-presses, constantly engaged in printing works in all languages, it being the great metropolis of the German book-trade.

Through the kindness of the London Sunday-school Union, I was next received at the city of Berlin, the capital of the Prussian and German Empire, which has fully one million inhabitants, is finely situated on the River Spree, has five hundred streets and fifty-eight squares, is twelve miles in circumference, and is one of the largest and handsomest cities of the Old World. Here are to be found some of the very finest hotels on the Continent, with many public and private structures of great magnificence, charming zoölogical and botanical gardens, and many fine equestrian and other statues in marble and bronze. The old and new museums are filled with the finest paintings and bronzes, while the royal library of seven hundred thousand volumes and fifteen manuscripts contains the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed from movable types. I also visited several other localities of much interest; and while passing the Royal Palace caught a glimpse of Emperor William sitting at one of the windows.

From Berlin I journeyed on to the beautiful city of Hamburg, which, in my estimation, outside of Paris, is the handsomest city in Europe.



HAMBURG.

Hamburg with its environs has a population of 300,000 souls, and is situtaed on the north bank of the river Elbe, and about seventy miles from its mouth. A magnificent view of the city and its suburbs was obtained by me from the tower of St. Michael's Church, which rises four hundred and fifty-six feet into the air. The botanical and zoological gardens, which are very extensive, claimed much of my attention. This city being the chief commercial port of the transit trade of Germany, of course it bustled with business; and a glance at its merchants assembled in their spacious exchange gave me a thought of the busy throngs in my own home city of New York.

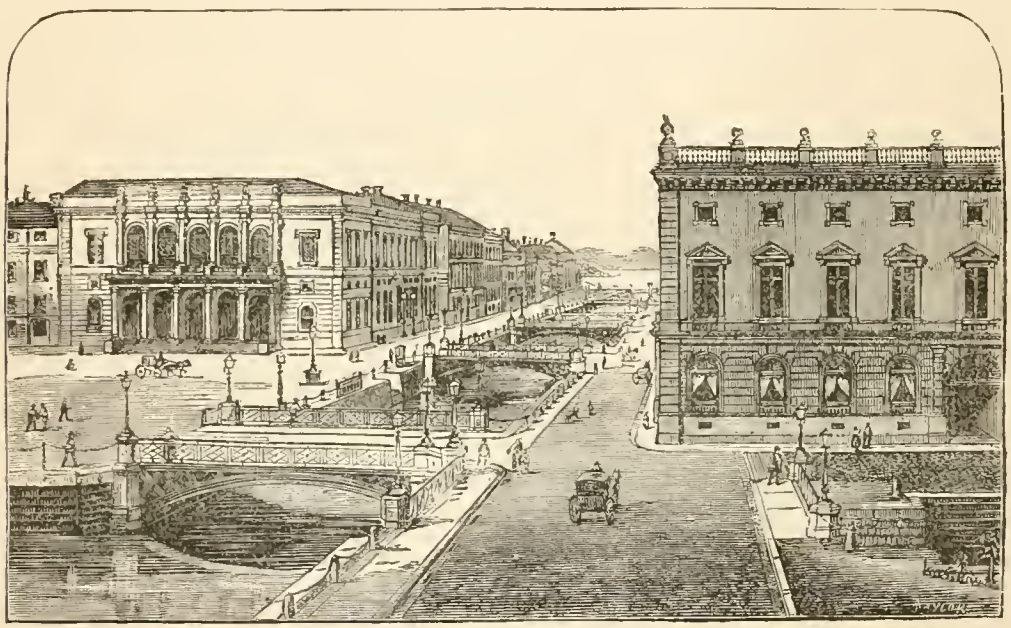
The next stage of our journey brought me to Amsterdam in old Holland; and in no section of Europe did I find myself better known, or was I welcomed with such heartiness as by the good old Knickerbocker Dutch. Here Pasteur Adama von Scheltama for a number of years had been engaged in translating sermons and songs into the Holland Dutch, and had completed my entire Song Ministry in that language.

There are nearly 300,000 inhabitants in this famous old city, which is fully nine miles in circumference. Its foundations are reared upon spiles driven into the shifting sands upon land snatched from the embrace of the sea, the city proper being ribboned with a perfect network of canals which are crossed by more than three hundred bridges. Here I gave

fifty consecutive services in the same building with an average audience of eight hundred people.

From Amsterdam I proceeded in company with Pasteur von Scheltama, to The Hague, or capital of Holland, where we were kindly entertained by a good baron, a grand type of Dutch nobility and hospitality. The Hague, having nearly 100,000 population, is the residence of the Court and the seat of government; it is fourteen miles from Rotterdam and five from the sea. Bronze statues of William, Prince of Orange, and William, King of the Netherlands, adorn the grounds of the Parliament House and the Museum, in which latter is a fine collection of paintings by the old Dutch masters, including Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson" and Vandyck's portrait of "Simon the Painter."

This city had further interest to me from the fact of its being the birthplace of Huygens, the inventor of the pendulum clock, now in use in every portion of the habitable globe. I next visited the city of Rotterdam, the second in size and importance in Holland, situated on the river Maas, which though twenty miles distant from the sea, greatly resembles at this point an arm thereof. The city has a population of one hundred and thirty thousand, and is threaded with canals, spanned by many bridges, and bordered with luxuriant shade-trees. It is a port of great commercial wealth and importance, the home of opulent and thriving merchants and ship owners, the largest steamers and sail-vessels landing passengers and the products of all countries upon its massive quays.



GÖTTENBURG.

My excursions from here to Denmark and Sweden were full of pleasant experiences, for although I was only able to spend a few days in each country, I was in both long enough to form some very happy associations, and store my mind with very pleasant memories.

On our arrival at Copenhagen, the busy Danish capital, we sought accommodation at the Hotel d'Angleterre. Copenhagen is a very interesting old city, rich in fine collections of statuary and other objects of interest.

The hospitality of the Danes we have never seen exceeded except, perhaps, in the Sandwich Islands. Crossing the borders of Sweden, Melmö was our first stop. Sea-bathing is very popular here, and indeed as we looked upon the water it seemed as though the whole population were enjoying its cool refreshment.

After singing at Helsinbörg we traveled through some uninteresting country to Jönköping, where we had an audience of two thousand people in a large state church—cathedral-like in its loftiness, and though loth to leave, we were compelled to pass on to Nörköping, the Manchester of Sweden, where we sang under the presidency of a chairman who did not

speak English. From Nörköping we proceeded to Stockholm, where we were kindly entertained by E. F. Larsson, Esq.

The home life which we experienced during the month of our stay in Sweden impressed us as much as those of any country we have ever traveled in. Richly furnished parlors, with a profusion of mirrors, but minus a carpet, seemed a decided novety; also the huge stoves, which much resembled some monument transported from a neighboring grave-yard; the well-laden tables at which we helped ourselves, standing or sitting, as we liked; these strange things and customs, together with the kind hospitality with which we were greeted, stamps the remembrance of our sojourn among the Swedes indelibly and pleasantly on our memories.

Gaefle, Upsula (the university city of Sweden), Orebrö, and Göttenburg, followed in quick succession. From Göttenburg we sailed to the port of Hull for an extended tour through the United Kingdom, first visiting the world's metropolis, Old London, where we received that hearty welcome which Englishmen so well know how to give.

Chapter XVII.—England—London.



WHOEVER the visitor may be, and from whatever part he may hail, he can not but be impressed with the vastness and commerce of London. We are accustomed at home to look upon our own fine city of New York as a wonderful spot; but when we find upon referring to statistics that London is three times as populous, it is difficult to credit the fact. London contains more people than the whole of Scotland, more Scotch than Edinburgh, more Irish than Dublin, more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, and more Jews than in all Palestine. Its commerce is enormous, its wealth beyond calculation, its munificence princely, and its charity unparalleled. Every five minutes a child is born within its boundaries, and every eight minutes a soul ascends to its last account. A thousand ships are always in its port, and two hundred and fifty millions of letters pass through its post-office yearly. Among its inhabitants it numbers

one hundred and twenty thousand habitual criminals, by whom one-third of the crime of the whole country is committed. Forty thousand coster-mongers may be numbered among its tradesmen; and these pursue their avocations in streets which, if placed end to end, would reach seven thousand miles.

But if some of these statistics throw a shadow on the picture, there are others which encircle it with light. There is no city in the world which has one-half its charities, while its religious institutions are as numerous as they are diverse. But it is not by size nor by quantity that London must be judged, though in these particulars she is far ahead of all the cities of the earth. Other cities may in process of time become larger, but two thousand years must pass over the head of a new city ere it can become encrusted with the traditions and associations by which nearly every stone in London is covered. Think of London as it was before the Roman sway, when a temple of Diana stood where now stands the Cathedral of St. Paul's, where the lawless hunters, who chased their prey in the surrounding forests, offered sacrifice to the



WESTMINSTER ABBEY (SIDE VIEW).

heathen deity; and think of it now, where for every tree that once witnessed the bounding deer flying the huntsman's clutches or gamboling in sportive play, there stands a house, the scene of honest labor or the home of civilized life, while the temple of Diana is supplanted by the largest Christian church in the world; and then think of the wonderful story that connects the two scenes, extending over century after century for more than two thousand years. There is scarcely a street in London where some great man has not lived, or some great event transpired; and almost every spot is surrounded with associations of historic interest which perpetuate the memory of the social and political conflicts from which less favored nations may learn the way to liberty and light.

Westminster Abbey, around which so many sacred memories cluster, occupies the site of Apollo's Temple. Here lie England's illustrious dead—crowned heads, philosophers, sages, poets, artists, and warriors—whose monuments have been dimmed by the mould of ages. It was here Queen Victoria's great jubilee was held to celebrate the fiftieth year of her reign. The kings, queens, and rulers of nearly every country were present, and the scene was one of the most imposing ever witnessed within the grand old cathedral.

Of my efforts in London I need not speak in detail, though some of the occasions may not be unworthy of record. The largest place in which I ever sang, and the largest audience I ever had was at the Crystal Palace, London, when some fifty thousand persons must have been present.

This wonderful building deserves a great deal more than passing mention, and is one of the sights which no American should fail to see before leaving England. Situated in the midst of a beautiful park, and upon an elevation which renders it conspicuous for many miles, it impresses the eye of the beholder as a building of great beauty, the graceful curves of its nave and transepts forming an outline, of which bright-blue painted iron-work and transparent glass panels form the detail. Some idea of its outside may be gleaned from our illustration, which gives a view of the building as seen from the immediate fore-front. The



CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON

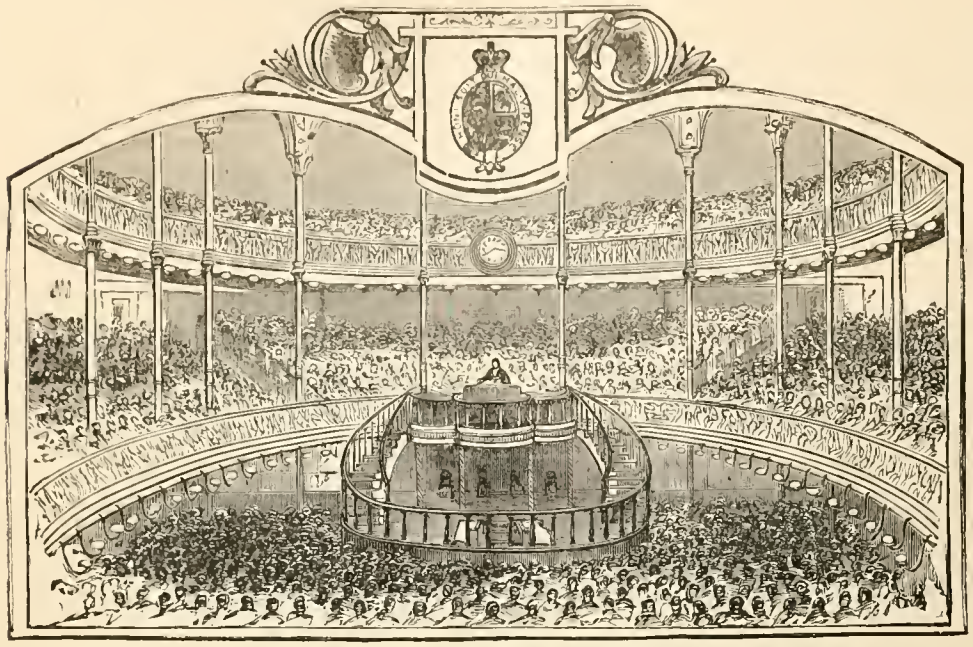
inside is no less beautiful. The view, as seen by a person standing at the end of the nave, is most delightful, the whole palace presenting the appearance of some vast conservatory with all its attendant beauty of fountains and foliage. The nave, before the fire which consumed one end of it, measured something like a thousand feet; and the scene it presents, with its tastefully arranged beds of rare and flowering plants, and with its hanging baskets of variegated creepers, is that of a lovely arcade of vernal beauty.

Next to that of the Crystal Palace, my largest congregation in London was that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the world-renowned building, which is the home of the church ministered to by God's honored servant, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. I believe he has disclaimed the reverend, and allows himself to be advertised only as Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle is a handsome building of solid and massive appearance. It is one hundred and forty-six feet in length, eighty-one feet in breadth, and sixty-two feet in height. There are actual sittings for five thousand five hundred people, but six thousand can easily be accommodated without much crowding. It *is* almost needless to say that this building is crowded every Sunday with an enthusiastic and working people, or to add that

the enthusiasm and the work are part of a contagion which spreads with the warmth and rapidity of fire from the platform to the pew.

While in London I also had the pleasure of standing in the pulpit of City Road Chapel, and from the same place where the immortal John Wesley swayed the multitude by his eloquence I sang of that wonderful Savior he had extolled years before.



C. H. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE, LONDON.

My farewell service in the world's metropolis was given at the City Temple with its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, in the chair. It was a meeting long to be remembered, and one which I number among the pleasantest experiences of my life.

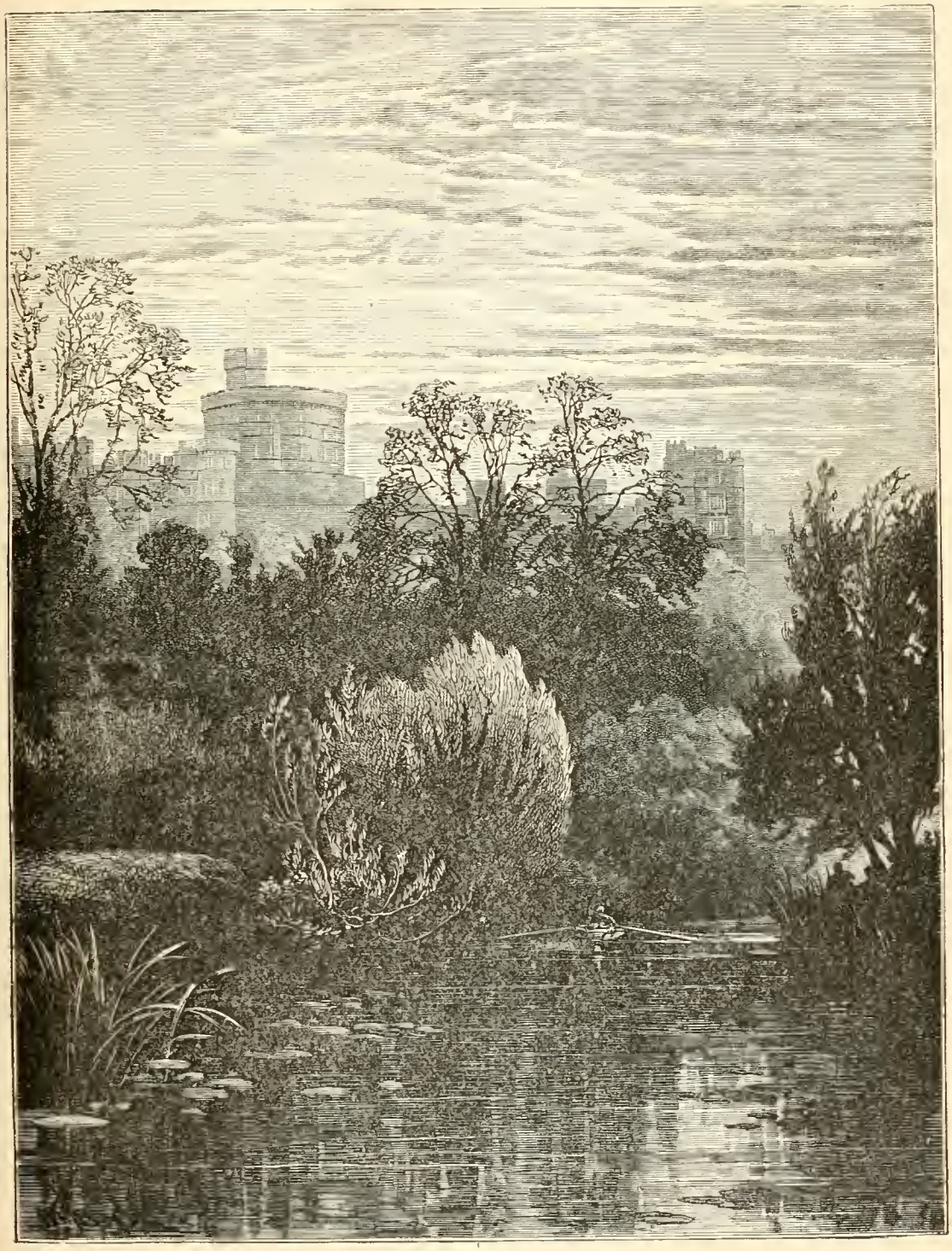
Among the principal places of interest we visited while here may be mentioned the British Museum, one of the largest libraries in the world. It contains more than one and a half million volumes. St. Paul's Cathedral, the most imposing and magnificent specimen of architecture in the city, containing numerous marble statues of England's heroes. The clock on the Tower goes eight days and strikes a bell which can be heard twenty miles away. The Tower of London, on the banks of the Thames, should also be visited. This fortress was the residence of the sovereigns of England until the time of Elizabeth. In the Jewel Tower here we saw the crown jewels and regalia, valued at twenty million dollars. The houses of Parliament, Bank of England, and Underground Railway are all worthy a visit.

Scarcely stopping to do more than take breath in London, I was off again, and this time to the royal borough of Windsor.

Windsor abounds in interest, both on account of historic associations and natural beauty. It is situated on the banks of the Thames, in the county of Berkshire. The great park here comprises ten thousand acres, and is well stocked with deer. Besides this there is Windsor Forest, which is fifty-six miles in circumference.

The castle (of which we give a river view) was erected by William the Conqueror in the eleventh century, and has been beautified and extended by almost all of the illustrious tenants who have, from time to time, inhabited its ancient halls. It covers twelve acres of ground; and as it has been the principal residence of the kings of England for nearly eight hundred years, it is rich in historic associations as well as architectural beauty. As may be imagined, the works of art and other treasures here are of immense value. The state apartments, which are on exhibition at certain times, are well worthy of inspection.

St. George's Chapel, which is one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in the world, covers the ashes of many illustrious dead—kings and courtiers sharing alike the quiet resting-place beneath its shade.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Across the Thames is the beautiful Eton College. Here are educated the sons of England's nobility, and many a name famous in history first won its honors in these college halls. Mr. Gladstone, the modern Demosthenes and prime minister of England, commenced his studies here. Adjacent to London and easily and quickly reached are numerous places of interest to all travelers. A score of one-day trips can be made which bring the tourist to his London hotel every evening, while the places of note within the old city are almost without number, one of which we must mention here, the burial place of the renowned Bunyan. The place is called "Bunhill Fields."



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

Bunyan's monument consists of a white marble figure upon a high tomb, and is almost in the centre of the cemetery. Dr. Watts, the author of so many well known hymns, is also buried in this place. Near to the cemetery is the house of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. But we must hasten on to the manufacturing metropolis of England, Manchester, the chief consumer of American and other cottons. It has a large number of public buildings, including magnificent public halls, exchanges, infirmaries, libraries, and colleges, as well as a cathedral and numerous churches and chapels. It is surrounded on every side with vast factories, and its spacious streets are the scenes of that continued bustle and noise incident to the prosecution of great commercial undertakings. From Manchester I went to Nottingham, the center of the great lace industries of England. On the outskirts of Nottingham is Sherwood forest, celebrated for its connection with the bold outlaw, of whom the song says:

"Bold Robin Hood
Was a forester good
As ever drew bow in the merry green-wood."

Many an old legend is still extant among the local peasantry concerning this wonderful individual. Next came Derby, a town in which the first English silk-mill was erected, and where Spa and marble ornaments are largely manufactured. From Derby I passed to Loughborough, and from thence to Leicester, one of the oldest and most flourishing towns in England.

My next engagement was at Birmingham, the center of the hardware manufactures of England, as well as having an extensive trade in cheap jewelry. Bristol was my next stopping-place; and Bristol is associated in my recollection with very pleasant thoughts. It was prior to my service here that I paid a visit to that monument to faith and prayer, the orphanage, erected by Mr. Muller, at Ashley Down. This institution is, perhaps, the most wonderful in the world. Here are fed, clothed, and educated at the present time no less than two thousand and fifty orphans, the whole of the funds for the support of which are sought and obtained wholly by faith and prayer.

The next morning I started early for the South Coast, having undertaken to sing at Ryde and Newport, in the Isle of Wight. As I had to wait two hours at Salisbury, when changing trains, I took the opportunity to visit its cathedral, which is said to have the most beautiful spire in the world, with other very attractive features.

After this I visited Carlisle, an old historic town on the borders of Scotland, and subse-

quently the town of Hawley, in Staffordshire, and in the midst of the world's famed potteries of England. Torquay is a charming spot and has become one of the most popular places in England for a winter residence.

On Monday, August 6th, I was due to sing at Plymouth, which is, in many respects, the most important town on England's southern coast; the extent of its anchorage marking it out from an early period as the chief station of the British navy.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable feature of Plymouth is the breakwater, which is certainly the greatest artificial sea-wall ever built. It is upwards of a mile in length, and cost nearly eight million dollars. In width, at the top, it is forty-five feet; its depth varies from fifty-six to eighty, and the total weight of stone deposited to form this gigantic structure exceeds four millions of tons. Inside this barrier is anchorage for hundreds of ships, safe from the tempests of the wild Atlantic. It was from here that the "Mayflower" started across the bounding ocean with its faithful band of voluntary exiles, who sought a free soil whereon to worship God.

My next service was at Devonport, which is so contiguous to Plymouth as to seem, in company with Stonehouse, to be but a subdivision of one large and populous whole. On the day following, I crossed the borders of the country, and passed into Somersetshire to visit the town of Frome, and to go from thence to Stoke. Both of these towns are quiet country places, compared with some of the cities I afterward had occasion to visit.

My next engagement was at Tunbridge Wells, at one time one of the most fashionable resorts of aristocratic London, a spot celebrated for its mineral wells. From thence I went to Brighton, at the present time the most fashionable of southern watering-places. At Brighton I sang at the Royal Pavilion, built by George the Fourth as a country residence. This is a splendid pile of buildings; and the dome room in which I sang is frequently used for high-class concerts. Here I was the guest of the late Mr. Alderman Ireland, a man to whom Brighton is much indebted.



ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

From Brighton I went on to Hastings and from Hastings to Portsea and Southampton, which latter place is celebrated from two widely different circumstances: First, on account of its maritime importance; and, second, on account of its having been the birthplace of Isaac Watts, the "sweet singer" of England. I had the pleasure of singing in the church with which he was connected, and in the vestry of which hangs a fine oil-painting of him.

On Monday, August 12, I found myself once more in Devonshire, and this time for the purpose of visiting its chief city, Exeter; and, although I had not much time to spare for sight-seeing, I could not but spend an hour in its magnificent cathedral.

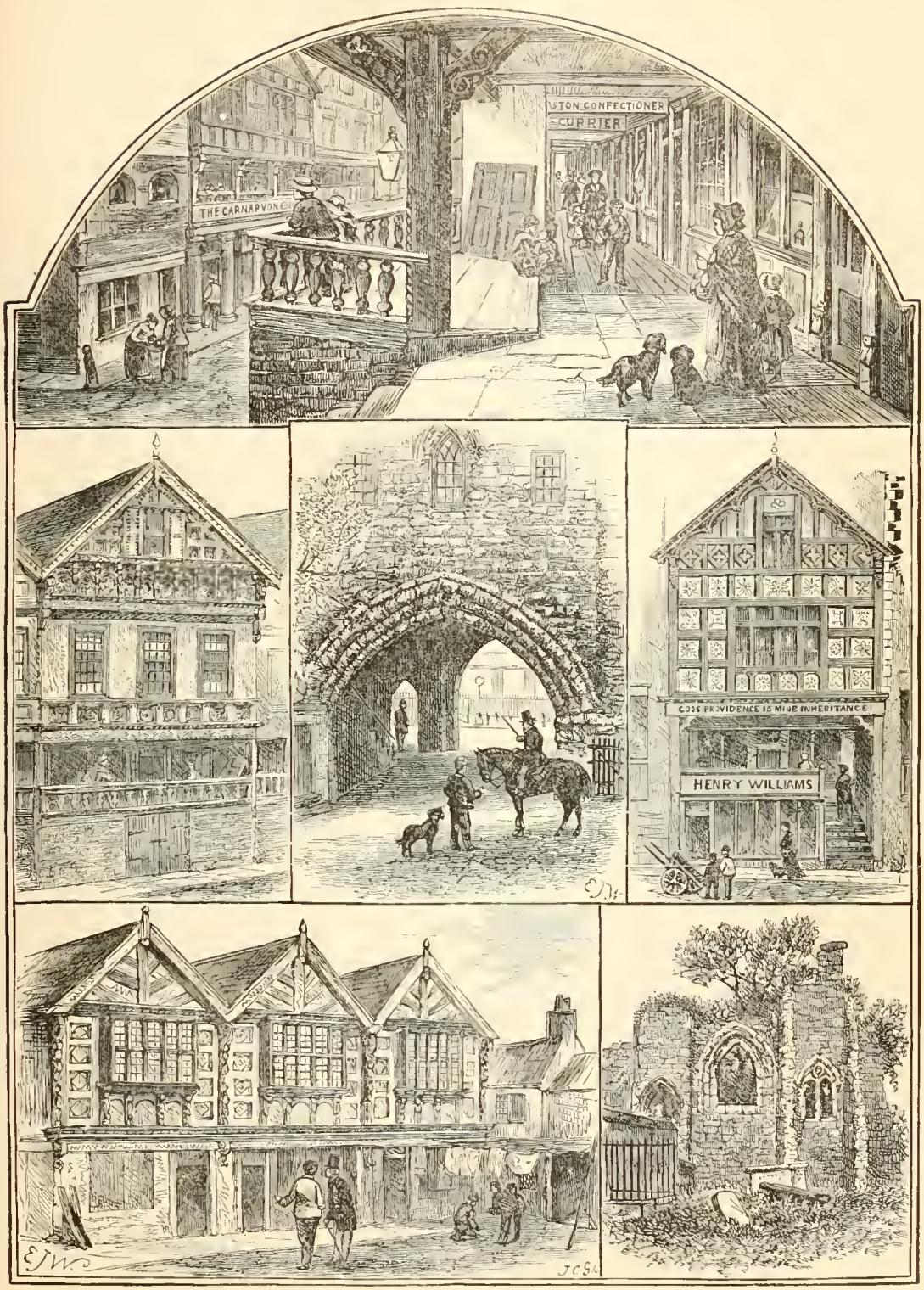
Passing from Exeter, I was soon on my way to another cathedral town, of scarcely less interesting character; for, on the evening following my appearance at Exeter, I was to sing in the ancient city of Bath.

It is not always easy to discern a reason for the name given to a place one visits; but the reason is not far to seek in Bath. The city is rich in the possession of some remarkable medicinal springs, which have been used many centuries for drinking and bathing purposes.



EXETER.

At the present day Bath is one of the handsomest cities in the country; and, apparently, throughout its history has enjoyed a large share of public patronage as a fashionable watering-place. Taking a last look at Bath from the railway station—from which, by the way, an excellent view of the city may be had—I passed on to the next scene of my labors, Yeovil. This is as picturesque a country town as any one could wish to see; but, like all country towns and villages of England, it is different from the outlying townships of America. There is no appearance of the wild, uncultivated luxuriance so familiar on the outskirts of American cities. All here bears the unmistakable impress of careful husbandry and scientific farming, in which



VIEWS IN CHESTER

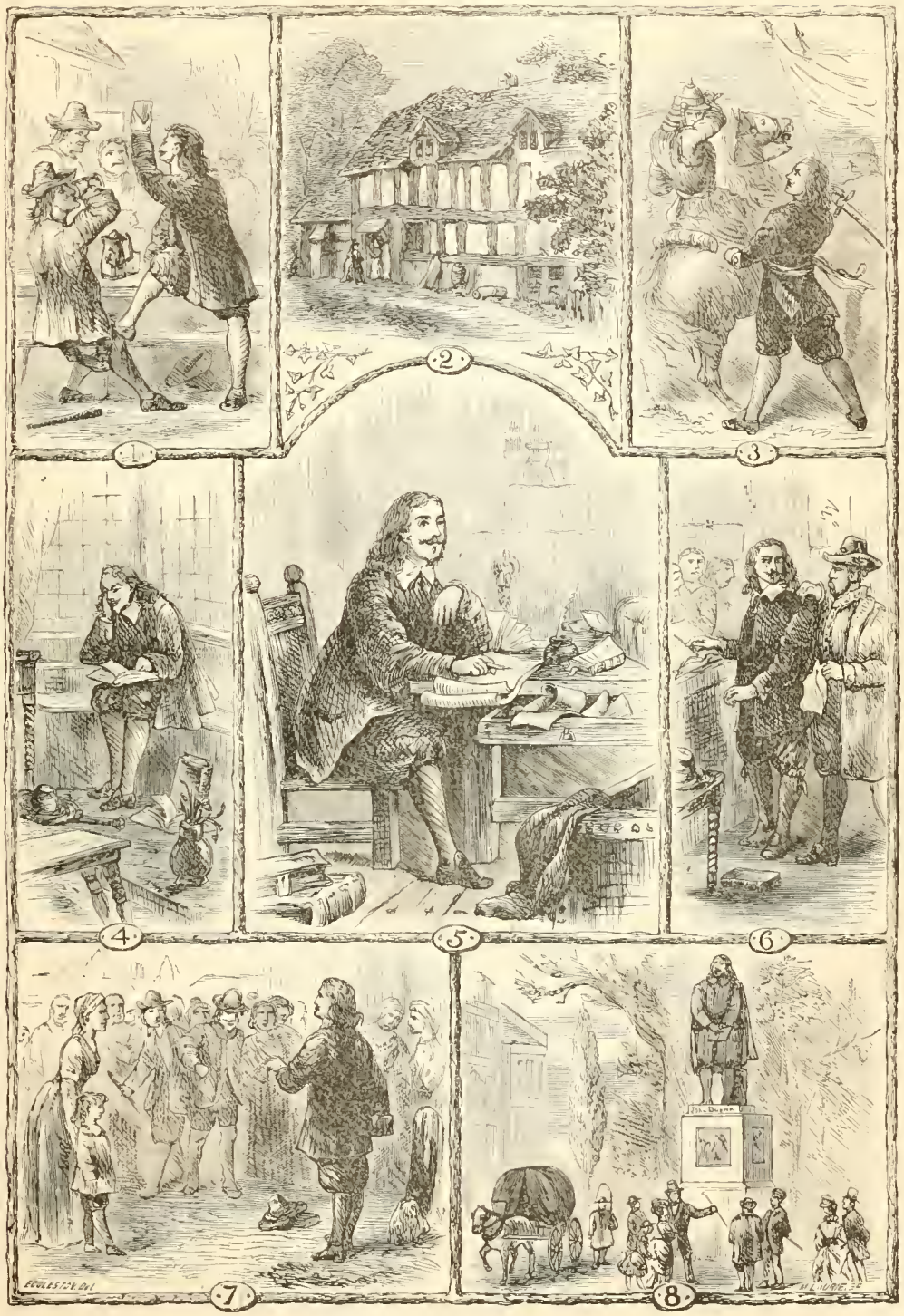
the utmost use seems to be made of even the smalleset plots of ground. From Yeovil I proceeded to Swansea, and in so doing entered the principality of Wales. It is a matter of curious interest to the traveler to note the diversities of dialect, habit, and fashion, which may be seen in the different quarters of this "United Kingdom." I suppose it would be impossible to find within so small an area elsewhere races as distinct as those of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. The vernacular of the Welsh people—which, however, is only by the poorer classes in the country districts—is, though somewhat musical of sound, most strange of appearance in manuscript or print, the double f's, y's, and w's, which abound in its etymology, making the words appear peculiar in the extreme. The appearance of the old market women, too, who speak this language, and who wear short skirts and high-crowned hats, with enormous broad brims, like great extinguishers, is very novel to eyes accustomed to "the latest fashion."

My next engagement was at Kidderminster, a manufacturing town of considerable importance, and where the best English carpets are made.

After visiting Stafford I went on to Chester. Chester abounds with antiquities, having once been a Roman station. Its ancient walls are still standing, and are about two miles in circumference, and form a delightful promenade. The older houses are singularly constructed. They have porticoes running along the front, affording a covered walk to pedes-



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.



SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

trians. Beneath these are shops and warehouses on a level with the street. For the next three days I moved amidst the vast manufacturing centers of England, giving my songs in all these places to large audiences, first going to Oldham, where the largest machine works of England are situated; passing thence to Dewsbury, an interesting spot, being one of the earliest places to receive Christianity in England.

I can not attempt to take my reader over the route of all my tours in England, which comprise over five hundred different cities and towns I have visited and conducted my services, nor describe all that is really grand and interesting, for my space forbids. I must, therefore, content myself with a few brief notes.

South Shields, New Castle-upon-Tyne, Scarborough, the fashionable watering-place. Hull, the busiest of ports and the abiding place of trade and work. Lincoln, the city of the famous Cathedral, which, situated on the summit of a hill, may be seen for many miles around.

I must not neglect to mention my visit to Bedford, as few towns that I have ever visited afforded me greater pleasure—the scene of Bunyan's inimitable dream. I could not help being intensely interested in all that could be seen in any way connected with the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and I can well remember the thrill of pleasure I experienced when standing up to commence my evening of song in "Bunyan's Meeting House." I realized that it was in connection with this same church that the glorious "dreamer" ministered and suffered persecution. Of course there are many spots in and around Bedford connected closely with the history of Bunyan's remarkable career. The old prison consecrated by his incarceration has given place to a modern and more commodious building, but the spot still remains to prove that the greatest achievements may be sometimes accomplished by the humblest means, and under circumstances of the utmost disadvantage.

From the city of the unlettered preacher I turned my steps towards the ecclesiastical and university city of Cambridge. As it is interesting to stand at the source of mighty rivers, and contemplate the influences and uses of the many streams that flow toward the sea, so is it interesting to stand in a city like Cambridge, a noble seat of learning, and think of the vast influence it has exercised upon the world, century after century, for a thousand years. While here it may be convenient to refer to the sister University of Oxford.



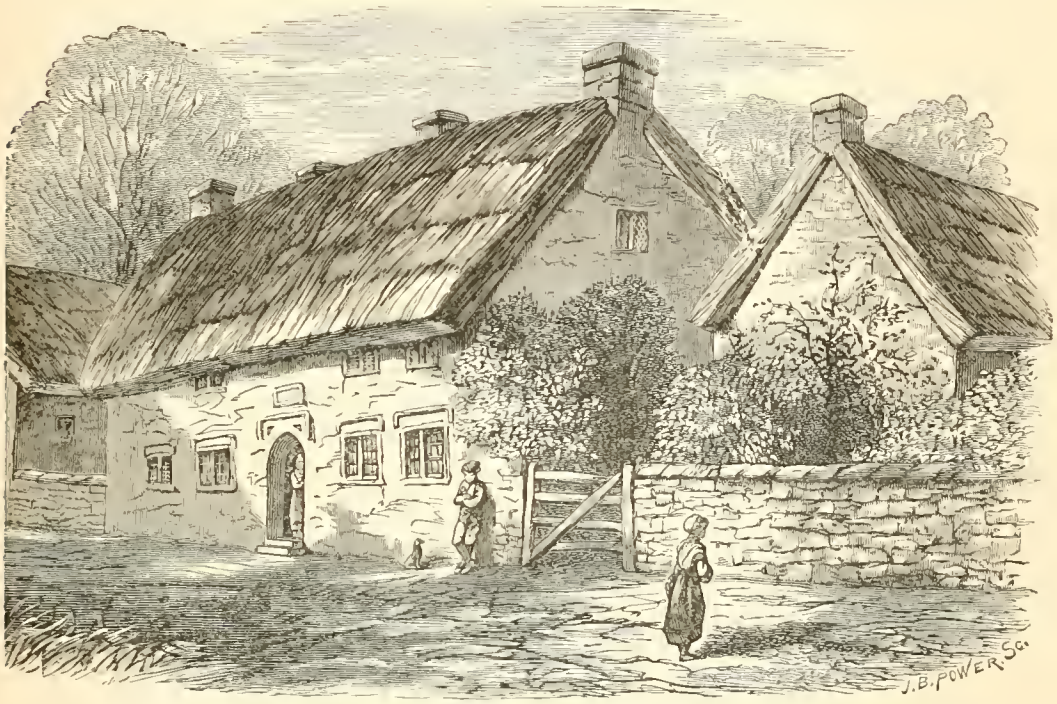
OXFORD COLLEGE.

The University of Oxford consists of twenty colleges and five halls. I must not pass from Oxford without referring to the celebrated, and, indeed, unparalleled, Bodlean library. This marvelous library contains three hundred and fifty-six thousand vol-

umes, and twenty-five thousand manuscripts, many of them of the greatest rarity and value. Publishers are compelled by law to give to this library, as well as to the library of the British Museum in London, a copy of every book published in England. In addition to this, museums, institutions, observatories, scientific and learned societies abound in the city, and altogether it is a city of prodigious knowledge.

One other object of interest I must mention before I pass on, and that is the spot made sacred by the blood of the saints—Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley—who were burned here in the days of so-called religious intolerance.

During a subsequent visit to England, I revisited most of the old spots, and renewed many friendships of which I had cherished such fond recollection, in addition to which I visited at least a hundred towns I had never seen before, in connection with each of which



EARLY HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

some special interest seemed to exist. Most of these, however, I must pass by with the merest mention. Colchester, Beccles, Bury St. Edmund's Kettering, and Duventry headed the list. The county (Northampton) contains a house which should be of great interest to every American. The engraving represents the former abode of Lawrence Washington, whose son John emigrated to America in 1657, and became the great-grandfather of the illustrious president. Over the door is the following inscription: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord," supposed to be an allusion to the death of a child in the year the house was built. It is situated in the village of Little Brighton, Northamptonshire, and it is a remarkable fact that in the church are the arms of the family exhibiting the "stars and stripes," since embodied in the American national flag.

Northampton, the county town, next claimed my attention, now the place from which hails one of the most blasphemous infidels. This town was once the home of the good Dr. Doddridge, of whose house I here give an illustration. In Doddridge's time this was one house, though now it is divided into several tenements. Few better illustrations could be given of the good which may be effected by a good book than the striking results which attended the publication of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." It was the thoughtful perusal of this work which led to the conversion of the great Wilberforce, who afterwards became the eloquent opponent of slavery, who fought out the battles of emancipation in the British House of Commons, and liberated every slave then living under British rule.



DR. DODDRIDGE'S HOUSE, SHEEP STREET, NORTHAMPTON.

My visit to Gloucester deserves more than a passing mention, a town in which commenced an institution which has grown to such mighty proportions as should be of interest to the whole Christian community. The story of the origin of the Sunday-schools has been so often told that it scarcely needs a repetition here; and yet, as it is ever interesting to trace how "great events from little causes spring," it may be worth while to give explanation of our illustration. It appears that Robert Raikes, the editor and proprietor of the *Gloucester Journal*, was once visiting the poorer parts of the town, when he was struck with the profanity and lawlessness which there prevailed among the young. Upon inquiry of a woman if such things always were, he was told that on Sundays things were even worse. His heart was touched, and he determined to open a school for the gathering of children on Sunday. It was in the house of a Mr. King, in St. Catherine's Street, at Gloucester, that the first Sunday-school was opened in the month of July, 1780, and Mrs. King was engaged as the first teacher, at a salary of one shilling per day. Contrast this with the Sunday-schools of the present time, and I think we can not do better than quote Dr. J. H. Vincent's remarks on the Sunday-school of to-day. He says:

"It is a product of the church.
It is a part of the church.
It is the primitive method of the church.
It should be controlled and supported by the church.
It should be responsible to the church.



THE ORIGIN OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

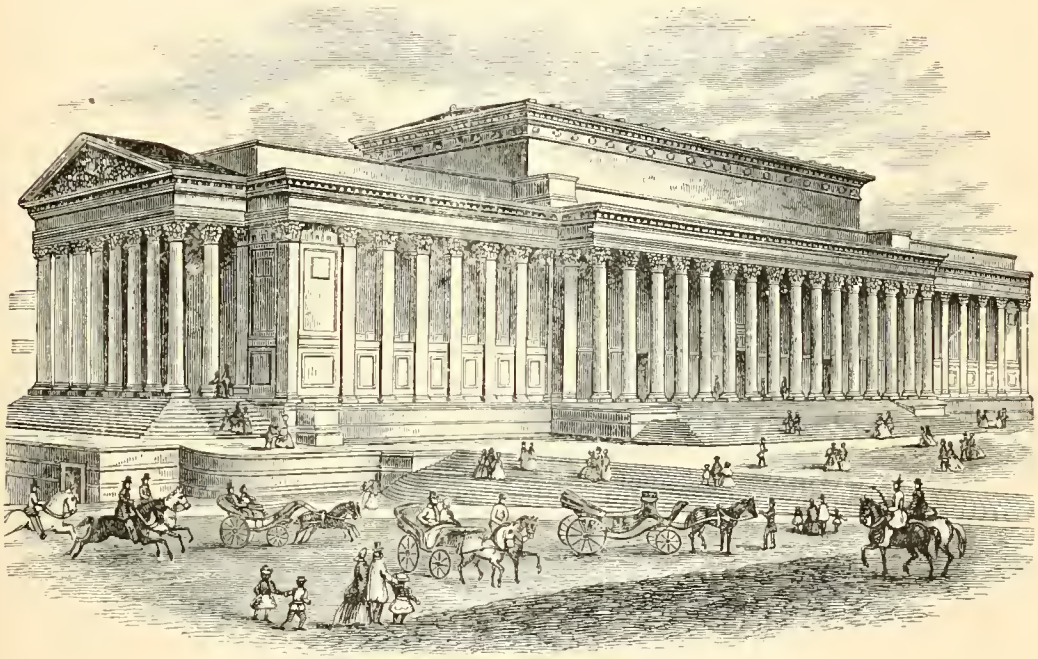
It should coöperate with the entire part of the church.
It should promote the unity of the church.
It should be the Bible-school for the church."

Cheltenham, Taunton, Barnstable, and Guildford followed Gloucester in quick succession. I also visited York, where stands the old Cathedral, acknowledged by many to be the most beautiful in the kingdom. From the quiet which always seems more or less to reign in cathedral towns, I passed the next morning to the noise of furnace-burning, hammer-wielding, scissor-grinding Sheffield.

From the time of Chaucer, Sheffield has been celebrated for its cutlery; and now its hundreds of factories turn out, week by week, enormous quantities of cutlery of various kinds. It is here that many of the guns are cast, which are at all times ready to pour their tons of missiles upon the foes of Britain, or to engage in the more peaceful, and happily the more frequent, occupation of firing a royal salute.

Subsequently to this I visited many of the principal towns in Cornwall, including Penzance, Falmouth, etc., finding among the Cornish miners responsive hearts, and sympathies quite open to the acceptance of sacred song.

But I must not bid farewell to Great Britain without a few words concerning the spot which is the first, and usually the last, seen by the American traveler,—I mean Liverpool, the great shipping metropolis of Mother England.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Though irregularly laid out, it has many broad, straight, and handsome thoroughfares. Its docks and shipping accommodations are, however, its most remarkable features. Along the shores of the Mersey there is a line of docks and basins over nine miles in length, having an aggregate water area of three hundred acres, and a quay space of twenty miles in extent, reclaimed from the river. About twenty-five hundred vessels belong to the port, and upwards of fifteen thousand enter it annually, besides numerous crafts engaged in the fisheries. Immense warehouses surround the docks to accommodate the cargoes of this commercial fleet; and these, as may be supposed, are fitted with hydraulic lifts and suitable appliances for the removal and storage of goods. The town abounds in churches, chapels, hospitals, and other charities, and with Manchester ranks next to London in commercial importance.

St. George's Hall, which is used for large meetings and concerts, is another fine building. It is built in the Corinthian style, and has apartments in which the assize courts are held. There is a magnificent organ in the concert room. From Liverpool we make a short visit to the land o' cakes.

Chapter XVIII.—The Land O' Cakes.

IN passing rapidly from one country to another, few things strike the traveler as more curious than the short time it takes him, in these days of express locomotion, to pass from one community to another of totally different national characteristics.

I suppose there is scarcely a land in all the earth with which the feet of Scotchmen are unfamiliar. Every one knows how a brave son of Scotland, Dr. Livingstone, labored for the civilization of Africa; and how our American Stanley ministered to him in the trackless region where he found him; and this is no more a solitary instance of Scotch devotion than an isolated case of American enterprise. Born in a country calculated to develop hardihood of character, the natives of Scotland have shown themselves capable of great endurance, perseverance, and enterprise in almost every quarter of the earth.



PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH.

In literature, law, and learning they have filled the foremost ranks; while in other branches of enterprise they have attained a distinction of which their country may well be proud.

Our first stop in Scotland is in the beautiful city of Edinburgh. It is difficult to say for which Edinburgh is the most famous: its historic associations, its literary annals, or its natural beauty. The crumbling walls of Holyrood remind us of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, and the palmy days of the kings of Scotland; the castle in the center of the old town, of the birth of James the First, under whose dynasty the kingdom of Scotland became united with that of England, and to whom the authorized version of the English Bible was dedicated.

The beautiful memorial, peeping out from its surroundings of shrubs and flowers, reminds us of the great Scotch novelist, Sir Walter Scott, whose works produced such a profound sensation fifty years ago; while the position of the town reminds us of that passage in Sacred Scripture which speaks of a city that is set upon a hill, and which can not be hid.

John Knox lived and died here in a house which still stands; besides whom Dr. Chal-

mers, Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Guthrie, and many others continue to live in the hearts of their countrymen.

Many days might be spent in visiting the spots of interest in and adjacent to this beautiful city, and many hours be profitably employed in reading the lessons of the lives of Edinburgh's illustrious dead and living.



ABERDEEN.

No one should leave Edinburgh without having climbed the Castle Hill to look down upon the city beneath; nor the Castle Hill without viewing it from end to end. One would fain linger in thought, as well as in reality, among these scenes of beauty and romance. Here my services were held in the famous Free Assembly Hall, at which Dr. H. Bonar, the poet, presided. But a pilgrim who is circling the globe must not linger anywhere; and when he has circled he must not weary his friends with descriptions of places which must be seen to be appreciated.

From Edinburgh I went to the busiest city in Scotland, Glasgow. It has a population of some six hundred thousand or seven hundred thousand people, who supply the motive power to its many enterprises. The city is divided by the River Clyde, which is spanned by several handsome bridges. It was in this town that Watt commenced his improvements on the steam engine, and it was on the Clyde that the *Comet*, the *first steamboat*, was launched in 1812. Extensive trade is done here in iron shipbuilding, as well as in many other branches of commercial enterprise. Thomas Campbell, the poet, was born here, as was also Sir John Moore, the great soldier, and Lord Clyde, the great statesman. After visiting Glasgow I gave evenings of song at a number of different places in Scotland, enjoying the wild Scotch scenery as much as the hospitality of the people.

Aberdeen is a very fine city, built of granite, and it is said of it, "The more it rains the cleaner it is." However this may be, there can be no doubt that the material of which the city is built gives it a very massive and cleanly appearance. Aberdeen is an exceedingly interesting city, having its university and other public buildings. It is on the sea coast, and

has a fine harbor and a granite pier two thousand feet long. It has many manufactories, and does a considerable trade with London.

Journeying sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, I visited Arbroath, Inverness, Dundee, Forfar, Elgin, and Paisley, from whence we have the far-famed Paisley shawls. Perth, also, came in for a share of my attention, a city of many attractions; Stirling, too, with its beautiful castle and picturesque scenery, besides Tain and Wick, in the northernmost point of Scotland, where the inhabitants have hardly two hours of night, it being in my memory while in this locality that I was able to read without lamp, candle, or gas at midnight, and to have risen at two o'clock in the morning, it then being early dawn. Dumfries also detained me one evening, in the church-yard of which town lie the remains of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet.

In all of these old Scotch towns and cities my services were gratifyingly received; and such was the charming scenery in these grand old Highlands, and the hospitality of its people, that I sincerely regretted that my stay was necessarily so short. July is the most delightful of all the months for a visit to these noble northern hills, with their bracing and healthful breezes, their beautiful heather, dancing cascades, and pure atmosphere, upon which even the Scotch mists conspire with the rest to make the change from the lowlands sweet in present enjoyment and dear to after memory.

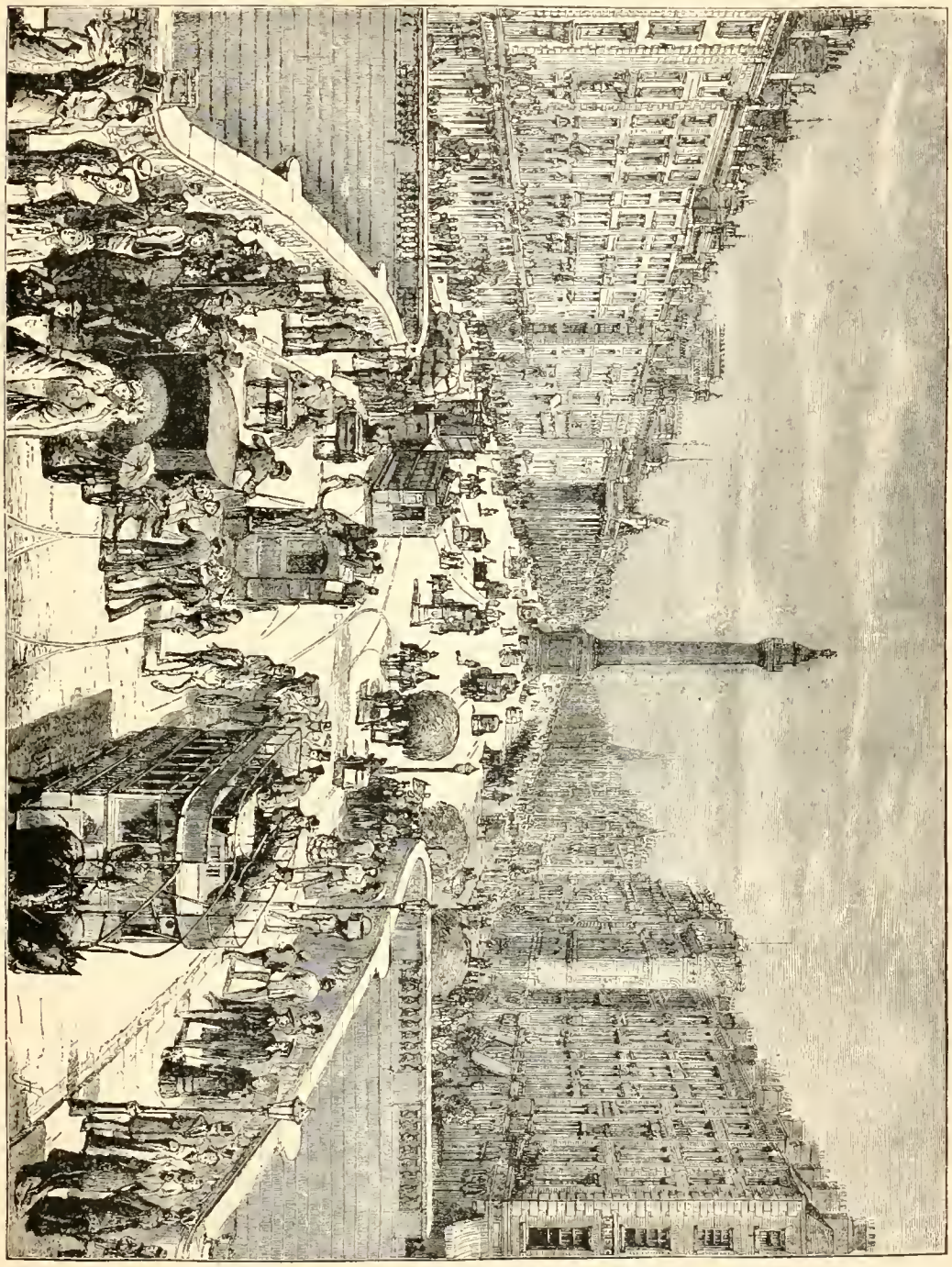
A short journey across the channel from Glasgow to Londonderry brings the traveler upon Irish soil, and into connection with a singular and interesting people. American readers may think that they do not need to be introduced to the typical Irish character, as they have met with many Irishmen in New York and other parts of the United States; but I am able to say that but scant justice will be done to the Irish character if it is judged by that with which we are generally familiar at home.

Chapter XIX.—Ireland.

TO the admirers of the beautiful and picturesque no country in the world possesses greater attractions than Ireland. From the Giant's Causeway in the north to the unrivalled lakes of Killarney in the south, the "Green Isle" presents a vast parterre, abounding with the most sublime scenery, while the sweet melodies of the ancient bards blend with and lend an additional charm to almost every locality. Ireland is indeed a country of rare and exquisite beauty, viewed under whatever aspect we may. It is surrounded by one hundred and ninety-six islands like satellites, many of them of considerable size, and all of them invested with legends that impart to each a peculiar and unique interest. It is astonishing to find so many places distinguished by monuments of the remote past. Cromlech's caves, cairns, pillars, raths, forts, towers, sculptured crosses, churches, castles, etc., all implying the existence of a race of intelligent people. Londonderry (where we landed from Glasgow) is built upon a ridge on the river Fayle, and is memorable in history as having outlived a siege in the time of James II. Macaulay gives a brilliant description of this siege in his "History of England," and the tale of heroism and hardship is cherished by the townsmen to this day. We Americans sometimes twit our transatlantic neighbors on their habit of dwelling upon the past, it being rather our custom to glory in the future; but after all the nation that has a history may be pardoned for dwelling upon the triumphs of the past; for even we are guilty of this on the Fourth of July.

Coleraine was the next Irish town visited. The place is celebrated for the manufacture of Irish whisky, but it is not on this account that I mention it, but simply because it was from here that I visited that marvelous natural formation, the Giant's Causeway.

The Giant's Causeway is situated at the northern extremity of the County of Antrim, a short distance from Port Rush and the ruins of Dunluce Castle. It consists of hosts of basilic pillars, varying in shape from a pentagon to an octagon, and in length from ten to eighty feet, the whole being so closely stacked together that it would be difficult to insert a knife-blade between them. In the entire Causeway it is computed there are from thirty to forty thousand pillars. These are strangely arranged in groups, and have received such fantastic names as the Giant's Chair, his Loom, his Theater, his Bagpipes, while scattered around lie countless rocks and columns seemingly flung from their original position, resembling an immense fabric hurled into desolation by some terrible convulsion of nature. Visitors to the Giant's Causeway on their arrival are sure to be accosted by a host of guides, who proffer their services



DUBLIN.

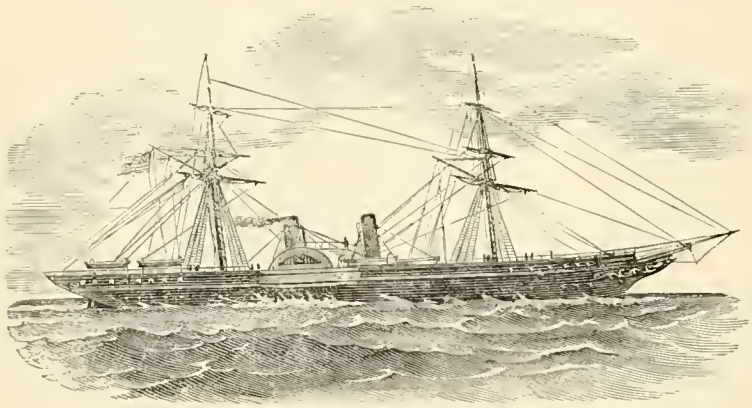
and at the same time offer for sale small boxes of "specimens." These are very neatly made, and the price asked is generally about half a crown, but as the day advances, and sales become less frequent, the price is proportionally reduced.

After visiting Ballymena and Carrickfergus (the latter town chiefly interesting for the romance of its history and an old castle, which is still kept fortified), we proceeded to Belfast, the capital city of the north.

Few towns that I have visited present a cleaner and more thrifty appearance than Belfast. It possesses the busy appearance of Manchester and Glasgow without the dirt and smoke of either. Its buildings are good, and many of its streets regular and wide.

Situated within two hundred miles of both Glasgow and Manchester, and with ready means of communication with both, a large trade has sprung up, of which Irish linen forms the most prominent part.

On one occasion, while in Belfast, an amusing incident occurred about which my friends are very fond of joking me. I was invited to visit one of the prisons, and accepting the invitation found that the warden had made quite elaborate preparations for receiving me. Mottoes of welcome were hung about the prison walls; and as I entered the corridors I was greeted by a sort of welcome salute from a number of the inmates to whom I was introduced, and invited to make a speech. Feeling thoroughly embarrassed, but realizing that I must say something, I stammered out: "Gentlemen, I'm glad to see so many of you here." At this point my wife whispered: "This is a prison, and not a Sabbath-school." Of course I realized my situation, *curtailed my eloquence*, and escaped from my dilemma by singing a song.



ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

I also gave my entertainments at Portadown and Lurgan, and then went on to Ireland's capital, Dublin. Dublin is a fine city. The Liffey, a considerable river, intersects the town, and is crossed by six stone and three iron bridges, and bordered on each side by granite quays two and a half miles in length. Sackville street is one of the great thoroughfares and fashionable promenades of Ireland's metropolis, and is undoubtedly one of the finest streets in Europe. The bridge and city perspective at the lower end, the noble pillar of Lord Nelson in the center, and the rich and extensive facade of the general post-office at the middle of its west side, combine with its remarkable spaciousness to produce a very pleasing effect. The principal buildings are the castle, in which are the general offices, as also armories, arsenals, and police barracks, adjoining which are the law courts and military barracks, and the college and the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly the Parliament House. There are also medical schools and two cathedrals, namely, those of Christ Church and St. Patrick's, of which latter cathedral Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," was dean. Dean Swift is buried here, a simple marble slab indicating his last resting-place.

The Phœnix Park is the Hyde Park of Dublin. It comprises an area of one thousand seven hundred and fifty acres, and is well covered with timber. The vice-regal Lodge is in the park, where the Lord Lieutenant resides.

The scenery near Dublin is very beautiful, the Wicklow Mountains affording attractions which the tourist can not ignore, and which afforded the inspiration which Moore so beautifully turned to account in his Irish melodies. From here we hasten to get a glimpse of the

far-famed lakes of Killarney. Neither the pen of the historian, nor the eloquence of the orator, nor the pencil of the artist, nor the hand of the engraver could render adequate justice to the exceeding beauty of these lakes, so difficult is it to convey a notion of their numerous and wonderful attractions. There are twenty-two of these lakes; some of them are very small, but the three principal are the Upper, Middle, and Sore, which are unrivalled for their bold and romantic scenery. But we can not tarry here, as we are impatient to reach Queenstown, where we take steamer for our own beloved land, and after a voyage of about eight days we find ourselves entering New York harbor.

Any port is welcome after miles and miles of sea; and to one who is so bad a sailor as myself, a sight of one's destination after days of nausea and nights of sleeplessness, is a sensation that wellnigh compensates for the discomforts of an Atlantic passage. Upon landing we were met by our dear friends and driven away to our quarters at the St. Dennis Hotel, where, after a few days' rest, we departed for our own Chautauqua, which place we left three years before. Here the great Sunday-school Assembly, headed by that princely worker, Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., was in session, and as I appeared in front of the platform, he exclaimed: "I now have the privilege of introducing and welcoming home again Philip Phillips, who has just returned from his singing tour around the world. Since he left this assembly three years ago he has sung five hundred and seventy four nights in the countries he has successfully passed through. Let us give him a right hearty welcome 'home again,' after which he will sing you a song." Thousands of hands came together as one at the close of this announcement; and as the echoes of applause died away they were succeeded by the strains of music of his well-known song begining—

"Come, and hear the grand old story,
Story of the ages past,
All earth's annals far surpassing,
Story that will ever last."

FIN.

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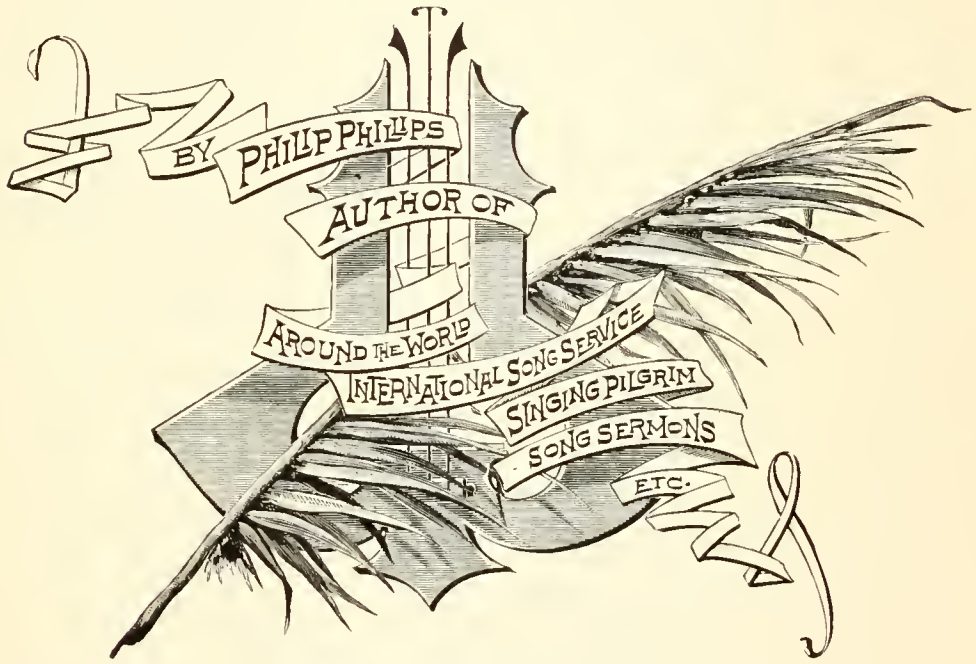
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DESCRIPTIVE SONGS AND GEM SOLOS



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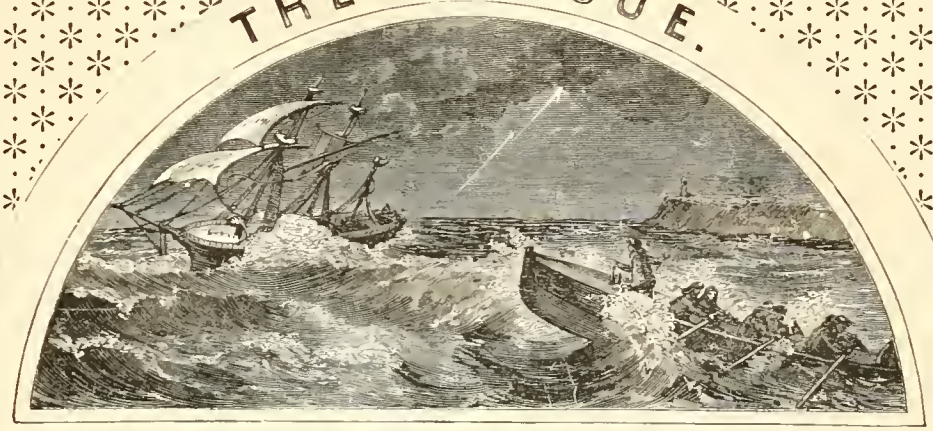
PREFACE.

If, when on your pilgrim journey,
Dark may be the path and tearful,
Dread the storm that rages near you
Like a light upon the pathway—
Like the sun behind a cloud-rift—
Music comes to soothe and gladden,
Though your heart be faint and weary,
Though your steps be weak and faltering.
Light your journey will it render
Till your sorrow turn to gladness.
Open then this unsung volume,
Prove the beauties of its song-work,
Then may you in it discover
Strength for weakness, joy for sorrow;
Rich the song that heartfelt rises
Though its melody be simple
And its harmony unskillful.
Sing your cares away as darkness
Flees before the dawn of morning,
So the clouds of trouble vanish
When the cheering song arises.
If this volume you will open
You will find in it a treasure,
Not of gay and heartless music,
But of song whose deep devotion
Thrills the heart of true believers;
Faith can breathe its sweetest whisper
Through a melody celestial;
Prayer can rise on fleetest pinions
On the wings of heavenly music;
Peace can find its softest echo
In the notes of heartfelt singing.
Worship then the heavenly Master,
Not with heart alone and silent,
But with voice attuned and songful.
Though your song be weak and wavering,
If the heart be true and faithful
It can tune the poorest singing,
Till when up to heaven it reaches
It becomes the sweetest music.
Read and ponder well this lesson,
Use the talent God has given you,
And if by the songs you find here
You are led to sweeter favor
In the eyes of the Redeemer,
Then my earnest prayer is answered.

Delaware, Ohio, April 10, 1887.

Philip Phillips, Jr.

THE RESCUE.



"SOME ON BOARDS AND SOME ON BROKEN PIECES OF THE SHIP, AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THEY ESCAPED ALL SAFE TO LAND."

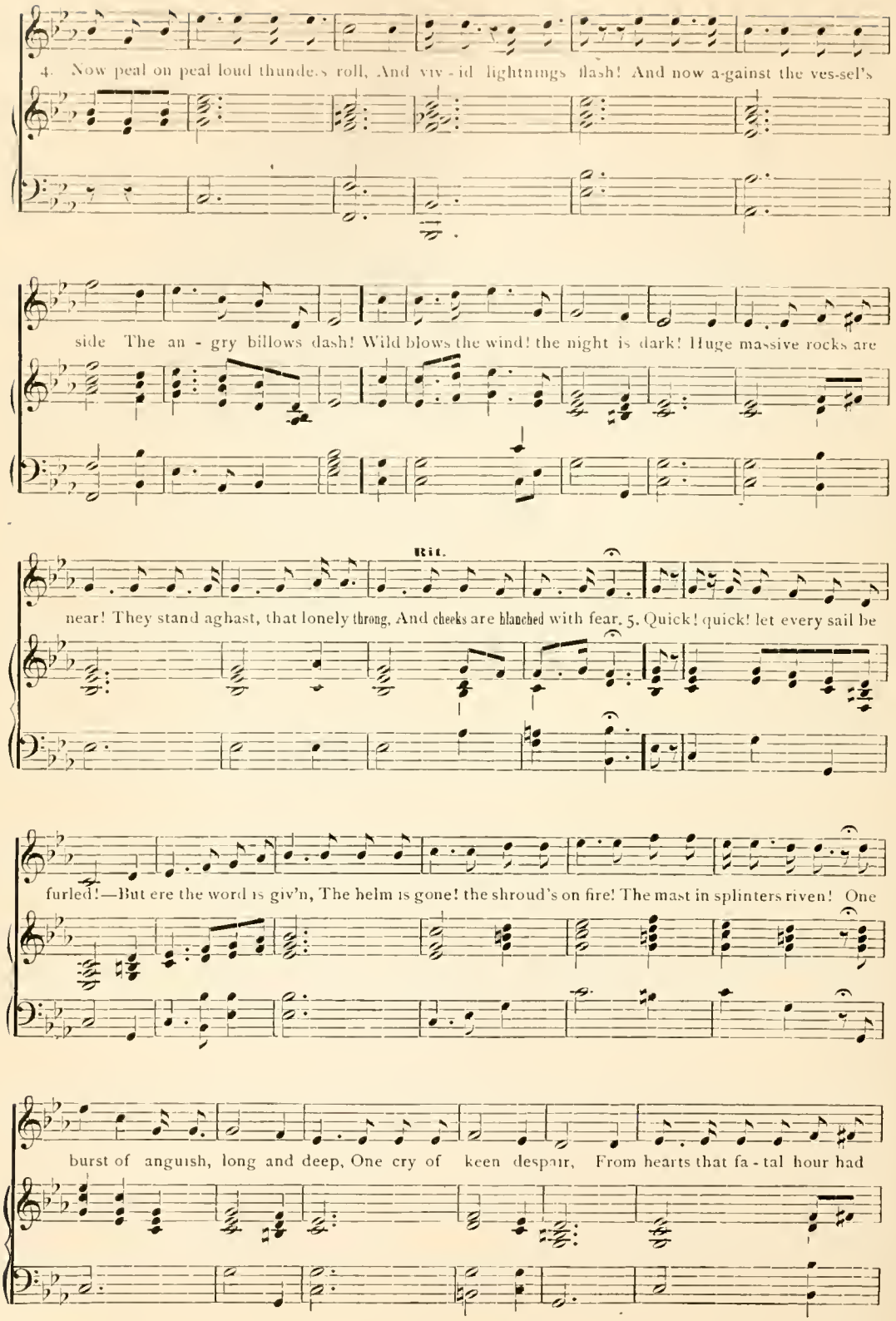
PHILIP PHILLIPS

1. A ship was on the mighty deep, With all her sails un - furled, Tho' scarce a
2. Her deck was thronged with precious souls, The young and old were there, And some with
3. All drank the cup that pleas-ure held, But gave no thought to him, Their heavenly

breath, that calm still morn, The crest - ed bil-low curled. For many an hour up - on the wave, That
fur - rowed brows that woke Full many a trace of care. They glid-ed on, — a week had passed, The
guide, whose bounteous hand Had filled it to the brim. But see, far off where yon-der sun Is

state - ly ves - sel lay, Then spread her can-vas to the breeze, And proud-ly sailed a - way.
sky is still se-rene; As if a storm could nev - er change The beau - ty of the scene.
fad - ing to his rest, That bank of clouds por-ten-tous rise A - cross the gold-en west!

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4. Now peal on peal loud thunders roll, And vivid lightnings flash! And now a-gainst the ves-sel's
side The an - gry billows dash! Wild blows the wind! the night is dark! Huge massive rocks are
Rit.
near! They stand aghast, that lonely throng, And cheeks are blanched with fear. 5. Quick! quick! let every sail be
furled!—But ere the word is giv'n, The helm is gone! the shroud's on fire! The mast in splinters riven! One
burst of anguish, long and deep, One cry of keen despair, From hearts that fa - tal hour had


taught Their on - ly hope was pray'r. 6. A light, a voice from yonder tow'r Comes sweeping o'er th
wave; Cling to the spars, there's help at hand! The life-boat, the life - boat comes to
save! The life-boat, the life-boat comes to save! Oh, sinner, on the voyage of life Thy bark awhile may
glide, As tranquil as that noble ship, Along the ocean's tide. 7. But far from God, what canst thou hope? Or
where for refuge fly, When o'er thy frail and shatter'd bark The storm is raging high. The storm is raging high?
Close with the tune NAOMI.
Oh, give thy heart to Jesus now, Whose precious word is giv'n; The life-boat and the Lamp divine, To guide thy soul to heaven!



"AND I BEHELD, AND I HEARD AN ANGEL FLYING THROUGH THE MIDST OF HEAVEN."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

DUETT.

Air.

1. If I were a voice—a per - sua - sive voice, That could travel the wide world through, I would

Tenor.

Piano or Organ.

fly on the beams of the morning light, And speak to men with a gentle might, And tell them to be

true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea, where ev-er a hu - man heart might be,



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2

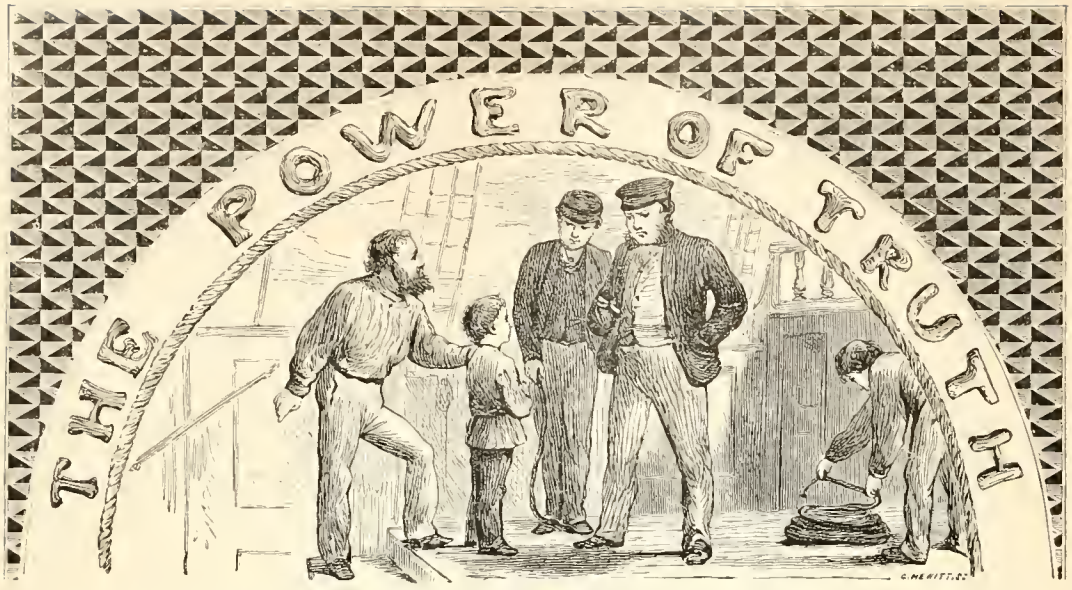
If I were a voice—a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men.
And teach them to look up again.
I would fly, I would fly, &c.
I would fly o'er the crowded town.

3

If I were a voice—a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind;
And where'er I saw the Nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind—
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash.
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.
I would fly, I would fly, &c.
I would fly on the thunder crash.

4

If I were a voice—an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around;
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes, both long and loud,
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice.
If I were a voice—an immortal voice,
I would fly, I would fly, &c.
I would fly on the wings of day.



"LYING LIPS ARE ABOMINATION TO THE LORD."

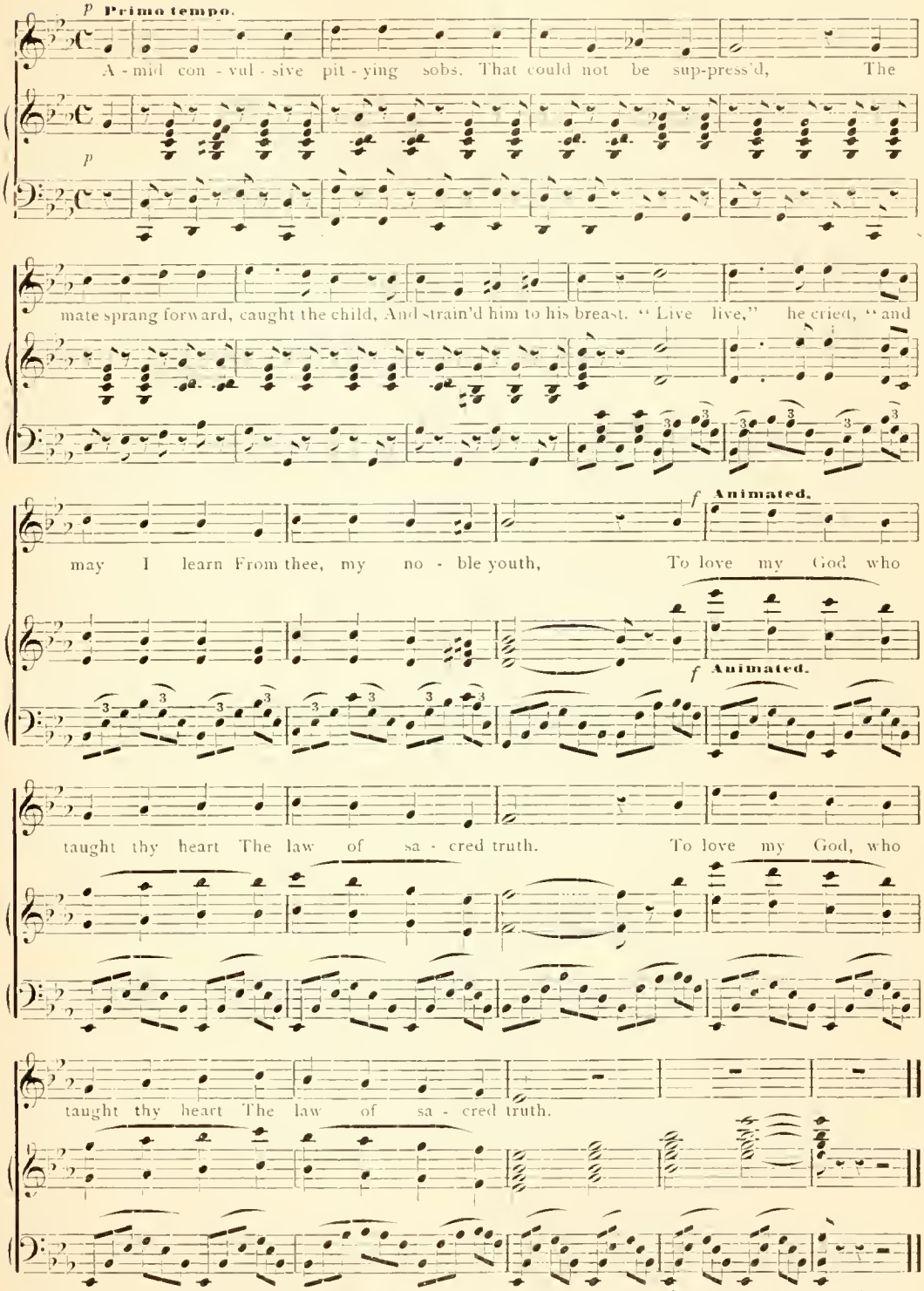
PHILLIPS AND GOUGH.



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p
last fond look of home. But who that slen-der boy that stands With
p
Rall.
cheeks so wan and pale, Be-fore the stern relentless mate, And tells his simple tale? Be-
Rall.
neath that keen reproach-ful glance, His eye is calm and clear; "You found me in the hold," he said; "My
p
ff
fa-ther left me there." "'Tis false, 'tis false," the mate replied, and thrust the boy a-way, To
ff
p
hear his cold and cruel words For many a wea-ry day. But truth undaunted bore the test, It
p
p
p e legato.
f
would not yield to fear. The boy persisting still declared, "My father left me there." "You shall be conquer'd,"
f


cried the mate, "I'll make you yield at last. Now tell the truth, or hear me, boy, You'll swing from yonder mast." He
f
dragged him to the crowded deck, And stood with watch in hand. "Two minutes more; come, come, be quick," He
f
called, with stern command. He crossed the deck, then paused to hear His helpless vic - tim say, "I
Rit.
told the truth, and on-ly ask One moment, Sir, to pray, One moment, Sir, to pray."
Rit.
pp
Those lift-ed hands, that an - gel face, Ah! who unmov'd could see? "Now, dear Fa-ther, heav'nly
pp
Fa - ther, come and take me home to Thee."



NOTE.—During a voyage, some time since, the mate of an English vessel discovered a little boy stowed away in the hold of the ship. Upon inquiry, the boy declared that his father placed him there; but this the mate did not believe, thinking that he probably belonged to one of the crew. The mate, therefore, brought the boy on deck, and told him that he had only two minutes to live, and that if he did not tell the truth he should be hung up to the yard-arm. The boy still protested that he had spoken the truth, and asked leave to spend the two minutes in prayer. Leave granted, the child knelt down in the midst of a crowd of passengers and offered up a simple, heart-felt prayer. His supplication soon convinced all of his truthfulness, and the mate's threat was not carried out.

YOUR MISSION.



"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS, FERVENT IN SPIRIT; SERVING THE LORD."

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. S. J. Vail and Philip Phillips.



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2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by:
You can chant in happy measures,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you can not t'wards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Gather up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5 If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

At the Anniversary of the United States Christian Commission, held in the Hall of Representatives, Washington, D. C., 1865, the following written request was handed to Geo. H. Stuart, Esq. (President of the Commission) and read by the Chairman of the Meeting, Hon. Wm. H. Seward:

Near the close let us have
"Your Mission" repeated by Mr Phillips
Dont pay I called for it A. Lincoln

JEHOVAH IS MARCHING ALONG.

"CAN YE NOT DISCERN THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Men of business, awake to the signs of the times;
Be true, and to others be just;
Give your wealth to the Lord, for to him it belongs,
He lent it to you as a trust.
Chorus—Then wake, let us stand, &c.

3 Let the women awake to the signs of the times;
God calls you—the cross nobly to bear;
You can light up the heart with the pages of life,
And triumph with God through your prayer.
Chorus—Then wake, let us stand, &c.

4 Let the young men awake to the signs of the times;
God calls you because you are strong;
You can work in the vineyard, with ardour and zeal,
For him who is marching along.
Chorus—Then wake, let us stand, &c.

5 Careless sinner, awake to the signs of the times;
Give Jesus your heart while you may;
O be washed in his blood—he will make you his child,
And take your transgressions away.
Chorus—Then wake, let us stand, &c.

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THE PARDON.



"LET HIM RETURN UNTO THE LORD . . . HE WILL ABUNDANTLY PARDON."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Voice. Slow and distinct. Soft.

Cold and bleak the winds were blowing, Faintly toll'd the midnight bell; Sadly moan'd a wretched captive

p

Accomp.

In his lonely prison cell, Pacing wildly, Pacing wild-ly Up and down his pris-on cell.

Cres.

Tho't had nerv'd his soul to madness, Hear the clanking of his chain, He would rend its links asunder, But the

ff

Largo.

struggle is in vain. Helpless victim, helpless victim, Crime had forg'd that heavy chain.

mf

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Light and staccato.
Home, he starts with fear and trem - bles, Hides his face with guilt and shame;
Moth - er! hush! he dare not breathe it, Dare not speak that hal - lowed name.
Let his an-guish, Let his anguish One bright tear of pit - y claim. Sentenced from the bar of Justice,
He must meet a convict's doom. Soon for him will dawn the morrow, Veil'd in clouds of awful gloom, Growing deeper, Growing
Dim.
deeper, As he nears the silent tomb. Now the fatal hour approaches. Hark! the jailer's measured tread.
Very slow.
One brief moment, All is ready. To the scaffold he is led. They have drawn it, they have drawn it.


Lento.
Drawn the black cap o'er his head. "Loose the prisoner!" All is silent. With his head erect and proud
Comes a foaming steed all breathless Dashing thro' the wond'ring crowd,
And his ri - der, and his ri-der Waves his hands and cries a-loud,
"Loose the prisoner! Loose him quickly!
Largo.
Rit.
Cres.
He is pardon'd, free as air; I have hasten'd with the message. Look, his pardon now I bear!"
Rit.
CODA. Largo.
BARTIMEUS.
Thus in mer-cy, thus in mer-cy, God the sin-ner deigns to spare, When against His law re-belling,
Mer-cy pleading, mercy pleading, Shines a sun-beam o'er the gloom; Love, eter-nal love enfolds him.
Jus - tice seals his fearful doom; Shuts from him the light of glo-ry; Brings him almost to the tomb.
Je - sus brings a sweet reprieve, Precious pardon, free and boundless, All who ask it may receive.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

STEVENSON.





MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. "THERE REMAINETH A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti-ful land, The far - a-way

f.

home of the soul; Where no storms ev-er beat on that glit - ter-ing strand, While the

1st. 2d. Fine. D. S.

years of e-ter - ni-ty roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll;

2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see!
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

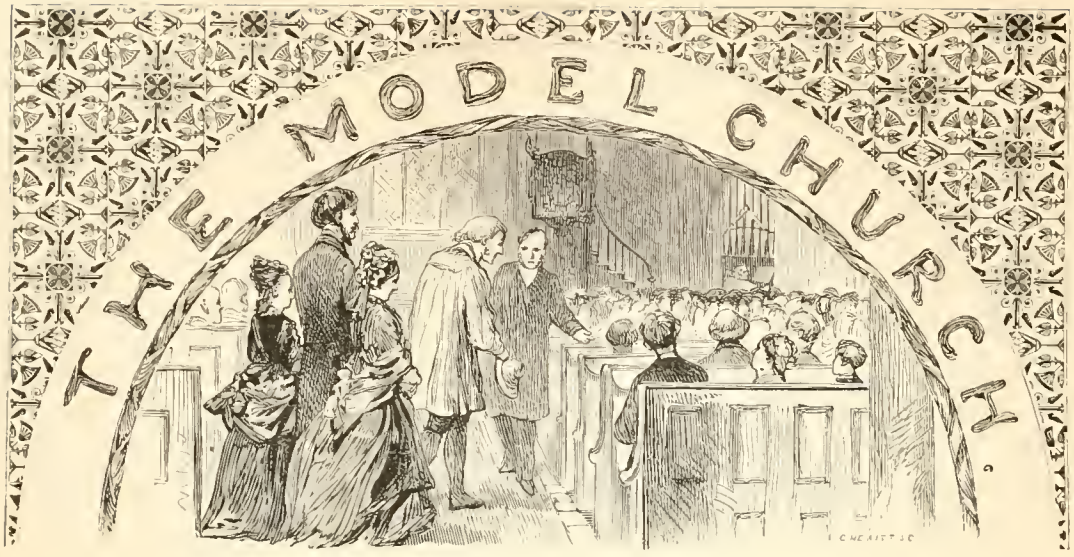
3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Arranged and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Singing Pilgrim," 1865.

THE MODEL CHURCH.



"SET THOU HERE IN A GOOD PLACE; AND SAY TO THE POOR, STAND THOU THERE."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Voice. Andante.

Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worship'd there to-

Accomp. Andante.

day; It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray. The

meet-ing-house was fi - ner built Than they were years a - go, But then I found, when

Ritard.

I went in, It was not built for show, It was not built for show.

f

Ritard.

Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Ministry," 1873.

2

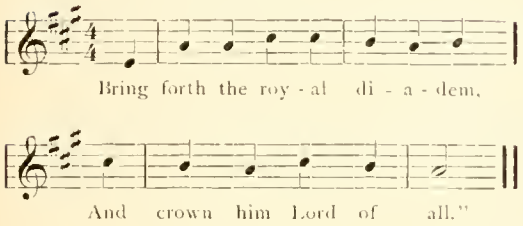
The sexton did not sit me down,
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor.
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The long isle of that crowded church,
To find a pleasant pew.

3

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice,
Let all the people sing:
"Old Coronation" was the tune,
The music upward rolled
Till I thought I heard the angel choir
Strike all their harps of gold.

4

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;



5

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
For ever from the storm.

6

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run.
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home is bright and fair;
Thank God we'll never sin again:



AN OLD MAN IN A STYLISH CHURCH.

(TUNE "MODEL CHURCH.")

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day;
It was a stylish one;
And since you can not go from home,
I'll tell you what was done.
You would have been surprised to see
The things I saw to-day;
The sisters all were dressed so fine,
They hardly knelt to pray.

2

My clothes were coarse, and so they knew
At once that I was poor;
They led the old man to a seat,
Uncushioned, by the door.
A stranger came, a man of wealth,
In costly robes arrayed;
Gold rings he wore, and room for him
Was near the altar made.

3

I could not help but think it wrong
That he should sit so near;
For he was young, and I was old,
And very hard to hear.
But then I thought, in yonder world,
So pure and free from sin,
How riches at the gate would beg,
While poverty goes in.

4

Too far to catch the preacher's voice,
I prayed for those about;
That God would make them pure within,
As they were clean without.
'Tis true, I'm old and childish now;
But then I love to see
A Christian wear the simple garb
Of meek humility.

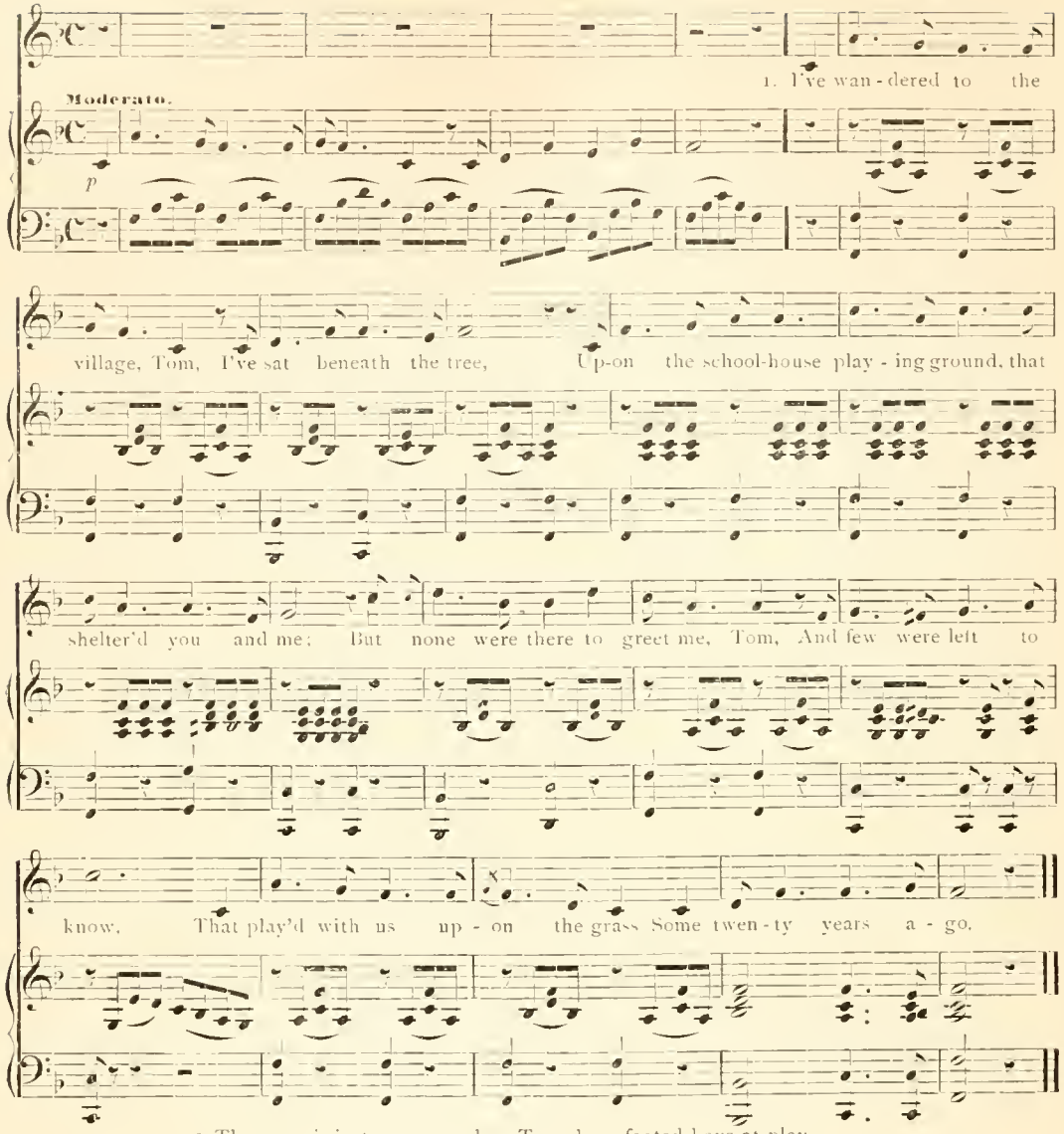
5

Oh, why should man look down on man?
How many a noble breast
May wake sweet music, though it throb
Beneath a faded vest.
Our Saviour loved and blessed the poor;
And when to him we rise,
The rich and poor will share alike
His temple in the skies.

JOHN H. YATES.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A. Weaver.



2 The grass is just as green, dear Tom, bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting there, as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

3 The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low, 'twas once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so!
To find that I had changed so much, since twenty years ago.

4 Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

5 My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes,
I thought of those we loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

6 Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me:
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

GOD KNOWS ALL!

THOU GOD SEEST ME

"THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE IN EVERY PLACE, BEHOLDING THE EVIL AND THE GOOD."
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say "Be not afraid?"
God knows it all!

3 Art thou a mourner, are thy tear-drops flowing
For one so early lost to earth and thee—
The depth of grief, no human spirit knowing,
Which mourns in secret, like the moaning sea?
God knows it all!

4 Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot;
There's One who sees the end from the beginning;
The penitential tear is unforgot.
God knows it all!

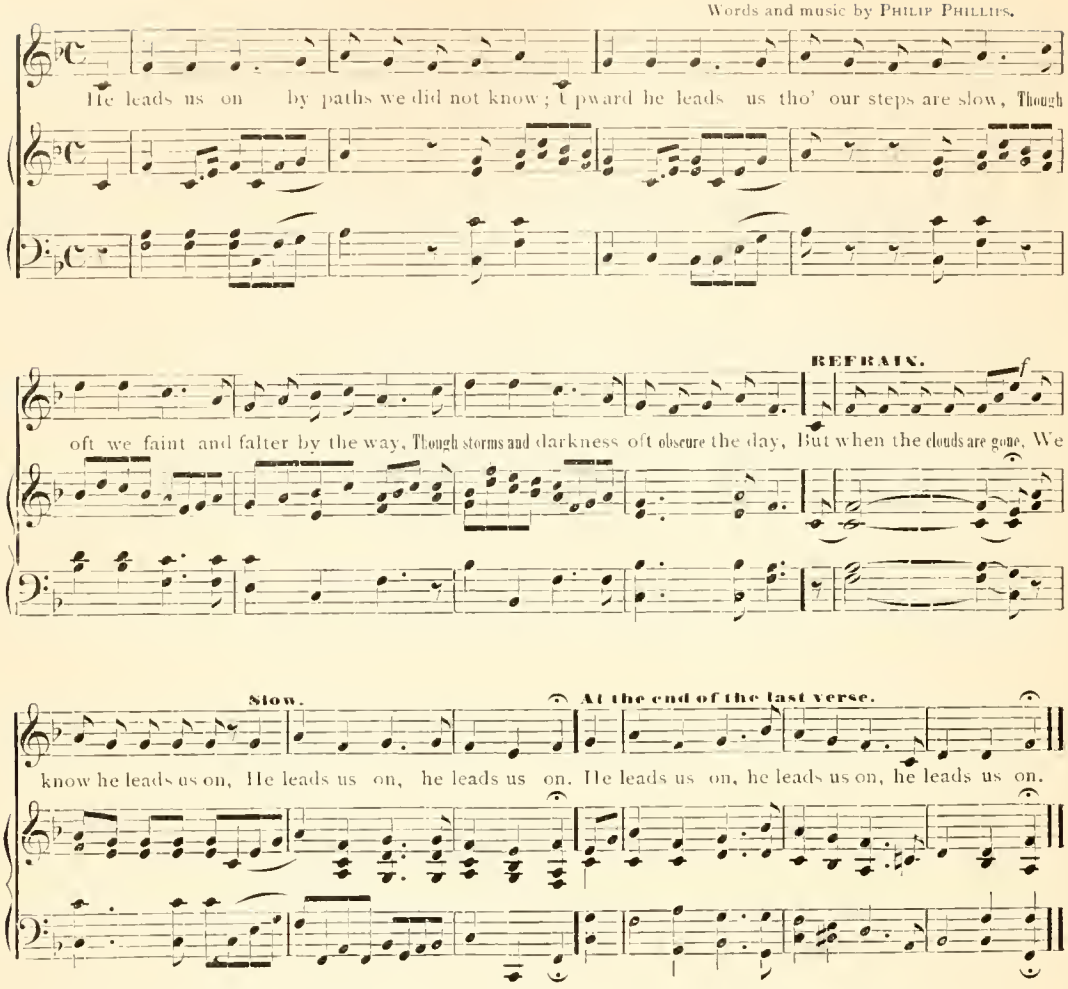
5 Then go to God, put out your heart before him;
There is no grief your Father can not feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore him,
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.
God knows it all!

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HE LEADS US ON.

"HE LEADETH ME IN PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE."

Words and music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and fears;
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.
Refrain—But when, etc.

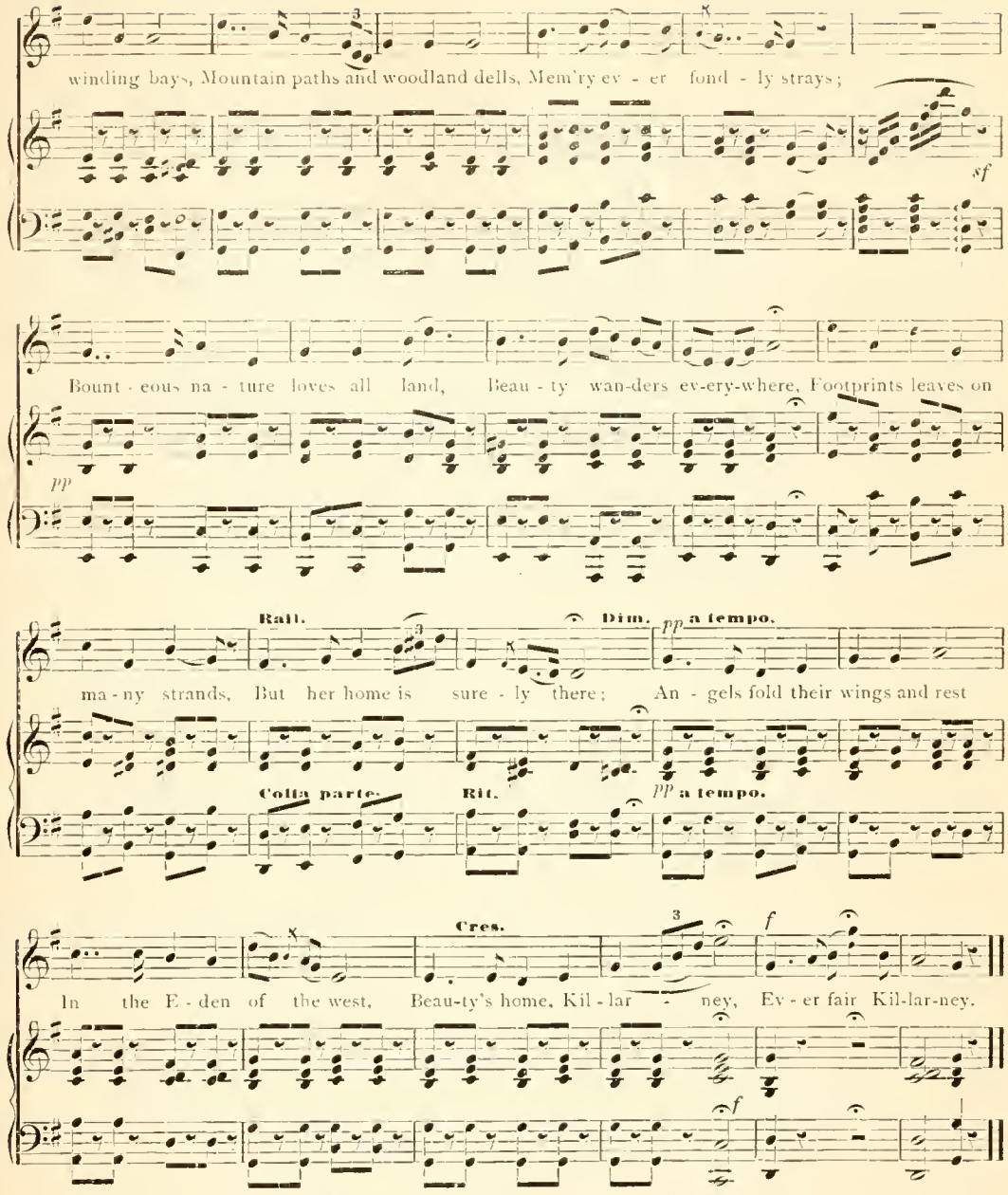
3 And he, at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life;
No parting there, or pain, on that bright shore;
We'll meet dear friends, and sing for evermore.
Refrain—But when, etc.

Arranged and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Standard Singer," 1873.

KILLARNEY.

BALFE. (Last song.)





2

Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh;
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders floating by;
Castle Lough and Glena bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's nest,
Still at mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

3

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints:
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints;
Virgin there the the green grass grows,
Every morn springs natal day,
Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

4

Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy;
With the charmful tints below,
Seems the Heaven above to vie;
All rich colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.



2 John Anderson, my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit;
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear and late.
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what tho' it be so?
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.

3 John Anderson, my Jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

4 John Anderson, my Jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.



"LET EVERY ONE OF US PLEASE HIS NEIGHBOUR FOR HIS GOOD TO EDIFICATION."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

mf **Voice. Con spirito.** *p* **Cres.**

1. Let us try to make life pleasant, While the hours are stealing by; We can throw a flood of sunlight O'er a

Accomp. *mf* *p* **Cres.**

dark and clouded sky; And where cru-el thorns are growing, We can scat-ter smiles and flow'rs, If we

Pocres. *mf* **Cres.** *p*

try to make li e pleasant, And improve its gold-en hours. Let us try! Let us

Rall. *f* **CHORUS.**

try! Let us try to make life pleasant! 'Tis but fleet-ing at the best; And while

f **Rall.** *f*

mf **Cres.**

mf **Cres.**

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2 Let us try to make life pleasant
While the days go swiftly past;
And our genial hearts o'erflowing,
Make them happy while they last.
Let our words of Christian kindness
Like the summer dew-drops fall;
Give our hands to works of mercy,
And our loving hearts to all! *Chorus.*

3 Let us try to make life pleasant
Thro' the weeks and months that glide
Like an eagle on its pinions,
Or a vessel o'er the tide.
Though the harp-strings may be silent,
We can wake its gentle strain;
Though its tones may be discordant,
We can make them sweet again! *Chorus.*

4 Let us try to make life pleasant
While the years roll on apace;
Every worker for the Master
Has a welcome and a place.
Let us try to make life pleasant,
And be loving, warm and true;
Make the world around us better
For the good that we can do. *Chorus.*

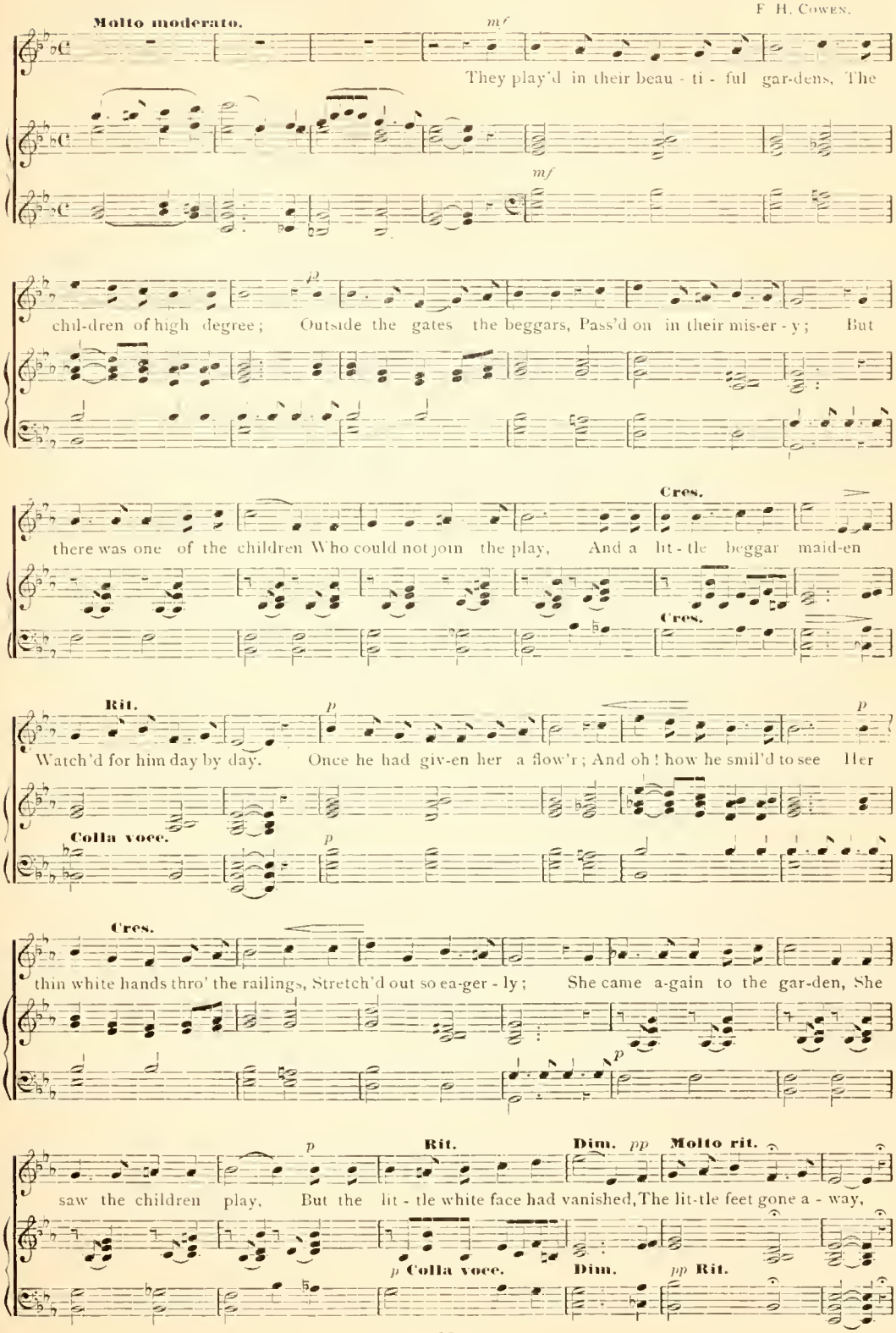
STEAL AWAY.



From "Jubilee Songs," by per.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

F. H. Cowen.



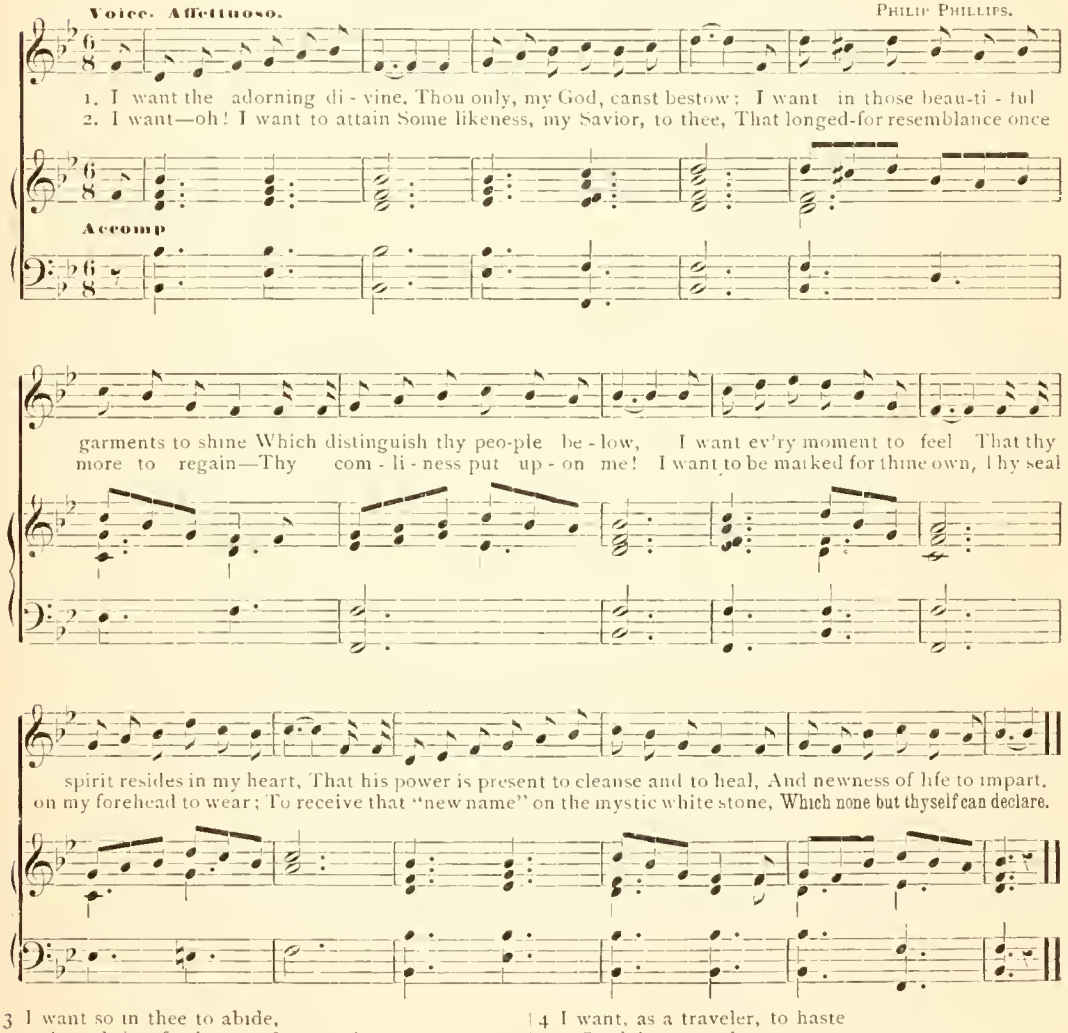

p
She crept a-way to her cor - ner, Down by the murky stream, But the
A tempo.
pp
Poco cres.
Dim.
pale, pale face in the gar - den, Shone thro' her rest-less dream, The pale, pale face in the
gar - den, Shone thro' her restless dream, . . . And that high-born child and the
f
p
Cres.
f Molto marcato.
beg - - gar, Passed home - ward side by side, . . . For the
Cres.
ways of men are nar - row, But the gates of heav'n are
Cres.
ff
Con forza rit.
wide, . . . For the ways of men are nar-row, But the
ff



MY DAILY WANTS.

"NOT THAT AS THOUGH I HAD ALREADY ATTAINED OR WERE ALREADY PERFECT."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3 I want so in thee to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to thy praise;
The branch which thou prunest, tho' feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.
I want thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things—
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,
Where my heart too tenaciously clings

4 I want, as a traveler, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way;
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.
I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to thy care,
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh!

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Copyright by H. R. Palmer.

Words and Music by H. R. Palmer. By per



2 Long ago, in the valley so fair, friend,
Far away by the beautiful sea,
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloomed, friend,
And it blooms still for you and for me. *Refrain.*

3 All in vain did they crush this fair Flower, friend,
All in vain did they shatter the tree;
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend,
And it blooms still for you and for me. *Refrain.*

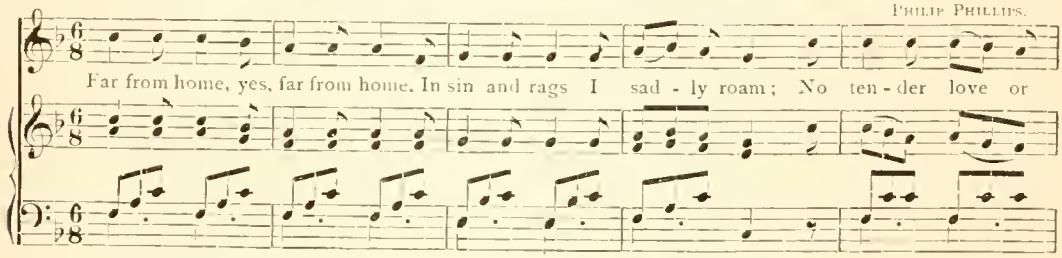
* *Written by the author on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.*

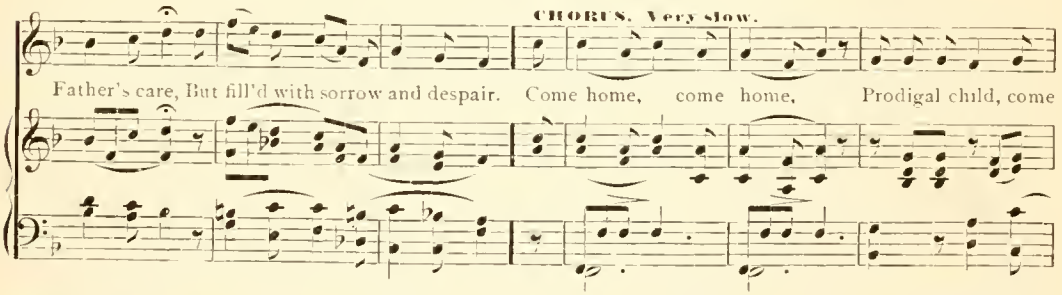
Prodigal :: Child, :: Return :: Home.

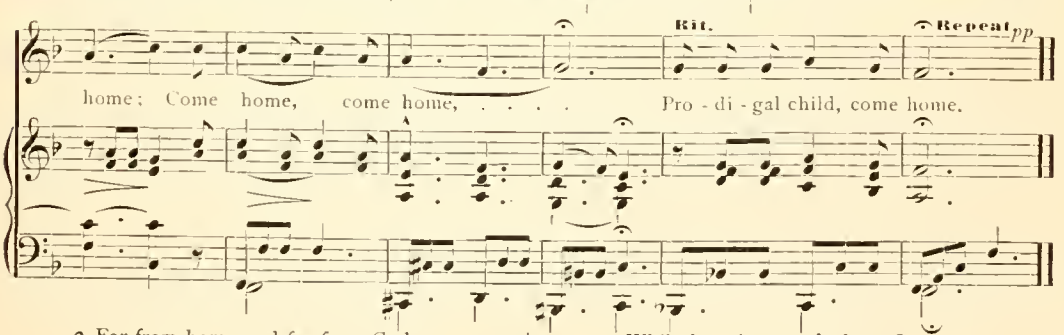


"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.







2 Far from home and far from God,
I feel the chastening of His rod,
In feeding here among the swine,
Refusing peace and love divine.
Come home, &c.

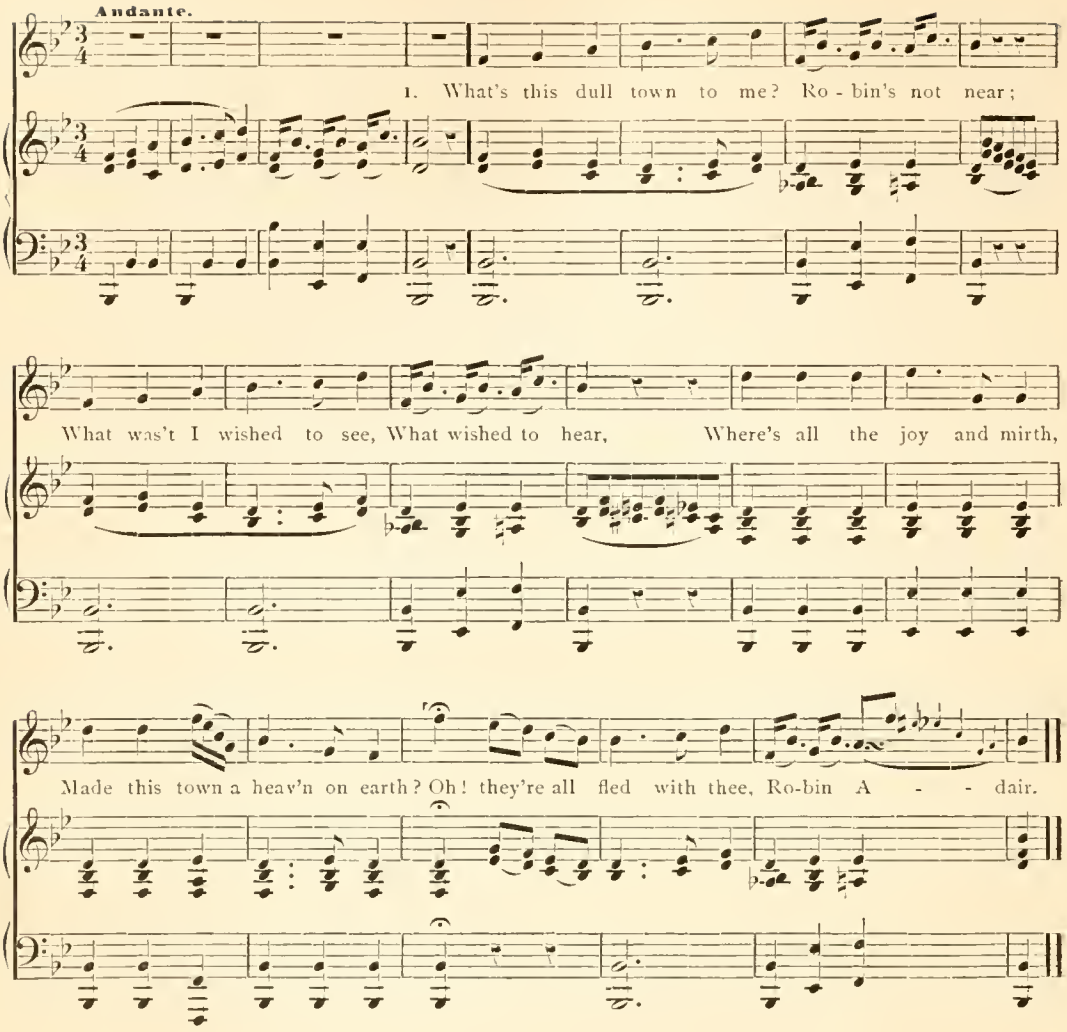
3 Far from home and far from Christ,
His love so free and without price;
While here in wretchedness I roam,
Far from God, and Christ, and home.
Come home, &c.

4 Quick to the banquet house repair,
Thy Father stands to greet thee there;
Come, now, behold His smiling face,
He'll kiss thee with His pardoning grace.
Come home, &c.

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ROBIN ADAIR.

KINGSLEY.



2 What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3 But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair!
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

DR. L. MASON.





2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun goes down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

These verses are very effective if sung as a solo to the tune ROBIN ADAIR.

STILL I AM SINGING.

"HE WILL JOY OVER THEE WITH SINGING." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Still am I singing, Jesus, of Thee:
Simple the tones of the music may be;
Yet may the language comfort impart,
Lifting the spirit, cheering the heart.

3 Still may our chorus joyfully be,
Blessed Redeemer, Hosanna to thee:
Grant in Thy kingdom all may unite,
Singing with rapture songs of delight.

ETERNAL LIFE, MY CRY.

"LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



PILGRIM.

Oh, tell me how! Oh, tell me where!
The way I long have sought to know;
But fear the guilt and sin I bear
Will sink me in the depths of woe.

EVANGELIST.

God's word will guide thee: dost thou see
A light from yonder distant hill?
On, Pilgrim, on! it shines for thee;
With steady course pursue it still. *Chorus.*

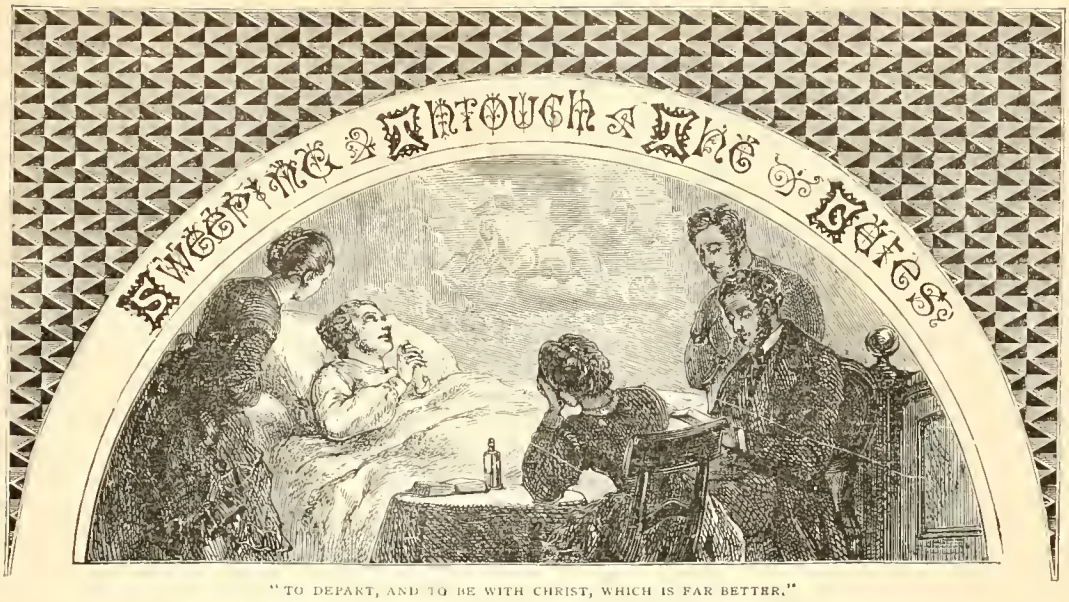
PILGRIM.

God's word will guide me: yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will!

PILGRIM AND EVANGELIST.

Farewell, a long farewell to those
Who seek to stay me as I fly;
My ears against their call I close,
Life, life, eternal life! my cry. *Chorus.*

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"TO DEPART, AND TO BE WITH CHRIST, WHICH IS FAR BETTER."

"I'm sweeping through the gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—*Dying words of* REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

REV. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Jesus' blood: I am watching, and I'm longing while I wait. Soon on wings of love I'll fly To my home beyond the sky, To my welcome as I'm sweeping thro' the

REFRAIN

gates. In the blood of yonder Lamb, Wash'd from ev'ry stain I am. Robed in white - - -

Rall

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2 Oh! the blessed Lord of light,
I have loved Him with my might;
Now His arms enfold, and comfort while I wait.
I am leaning on His breast,
Oh! the sweetness of His rest,
And I'm thinking of my sweeping through the gate.

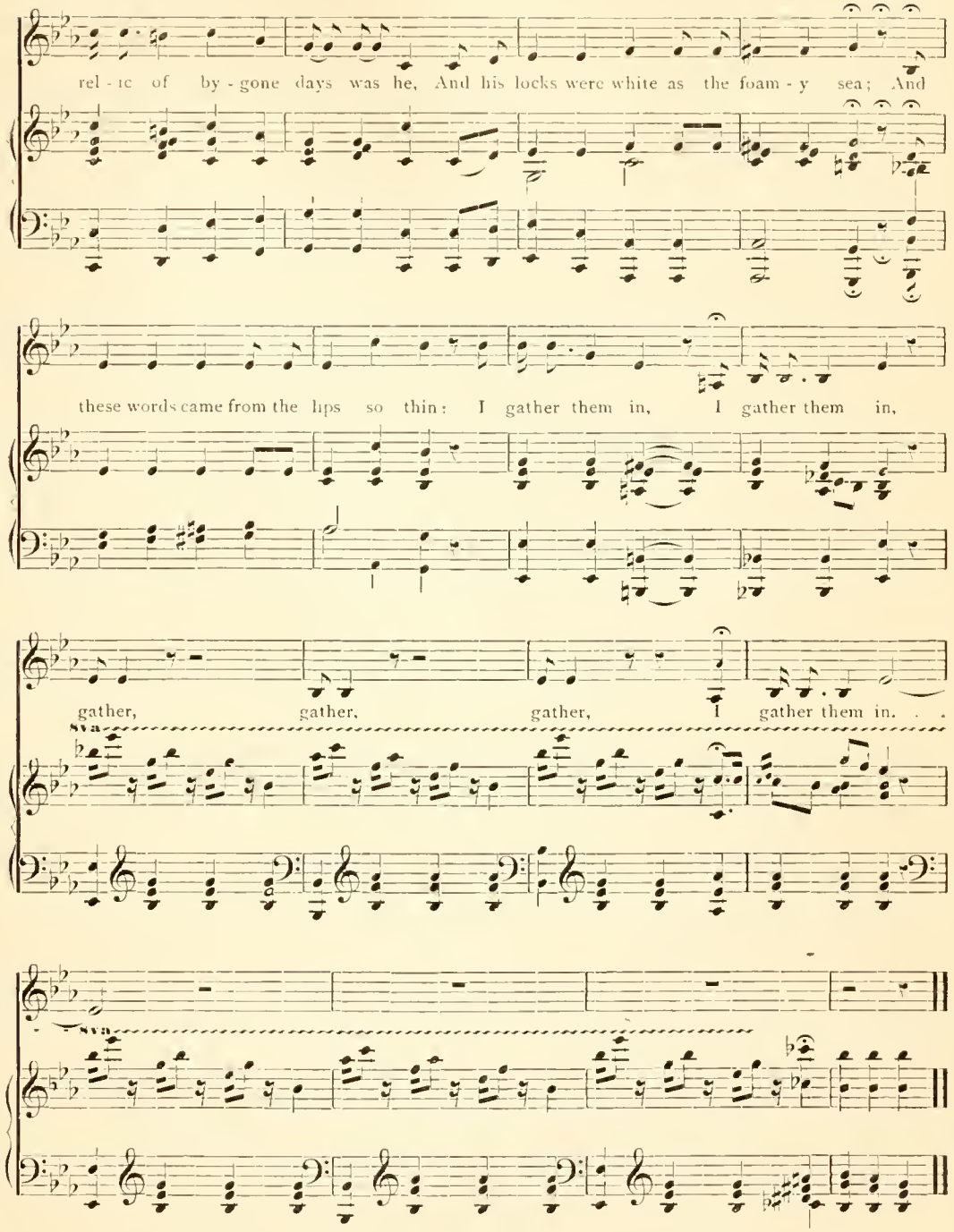
3 I am sweeping through the gate,
Where the blessed for me wait;
Where the weary workers rest for evermore.
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won,
Oh! I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

4 Burst are all the prison bars,
And I soar beyond the stars;
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Robed in whiteness, I'm sweeping through the gates.

THE OLD SEXTON.

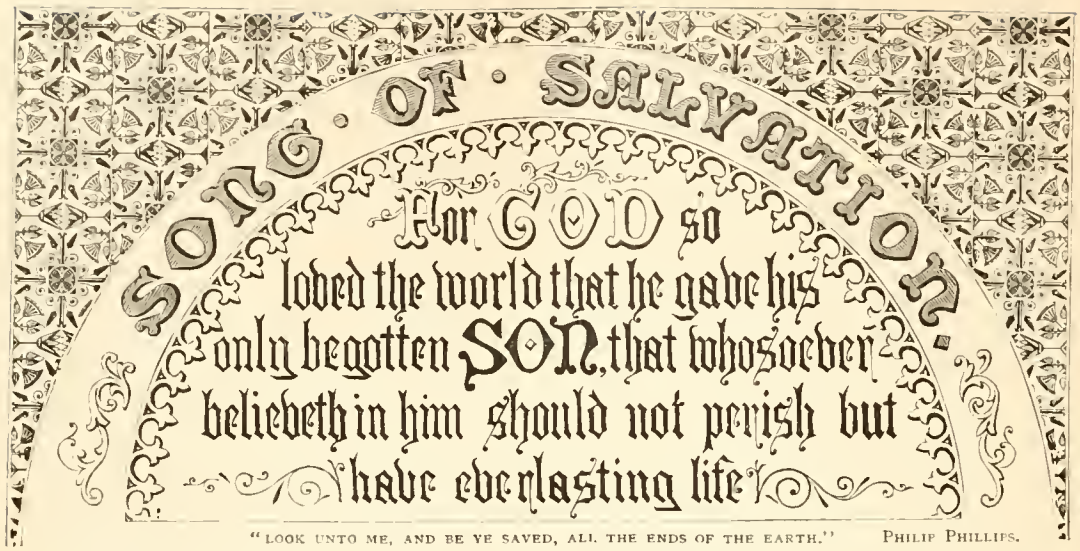
BENJAMIN. HENRY RUSSELL.





2 I gather them in, for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy;
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial-ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one;
But come they strangers or come they kin,
I gather them in, etc.

3 I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast.
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain;
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old,
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
I gather them in, etc.



"LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED, ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



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2 I have heard how he suffer'd and bled,
How he languish'd and died on the tree;
But, then, is it anywhere said
That he languish'd and suffer'd for me?

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky,
Made ready and furnish'd for me?

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine;
To whom shall I go but to thee;
And say by thy Spirit divine,
There's a Savior and heaven for me! CHORUS.

WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW SHALL I DIE?

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT, THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 When, where, and how shall I die?
Will strangers attend me, or kindred be near,
And voices that love me fall sweet on my ear?
Or shall I alone through the valley depart,
With none to support me or comfort my heart?
When, where, and how shall I die?
When o'er the dark river I pass from the shore,
Go with me, dear Jesus,
I ask for no more.

3 When, where, and how shall I die?
By illness protracted or hasty decline?
Will pain, or tranquil departure, be mine?
Will reason forsake me or conscience be clear?
Will hope or its angel of mercy be near?
When, where, and how shall I die?
Oh, grant that I may pillow my head on thy breast!
Thou Guide of the faithful,
And God of the blest.

4 When, where, and how shall I die?
Though solemn the question, the time or the place,
'Twill matter but little, if God, by his grace,
Will help me to labor, to watch, and to pray,
And wait for his coming: I know not the day
When, where, and how I shall die.
One blessing I crave, 'tis the greatest of all—
Prepare me for death
Ere thy summons shall call.

Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Ministry," 1873.



"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON."

Voice. Distinct and full. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Come and hear the grand old sto - ry,
Sto - ry of the a - ges past, All earth's annals far surpassing, Sto - ry that shall ev - er
last; Noblest, truest, oldest, newest, saddest, gladdest, That this world has ev-er known.

Accomp.

REFRAIN. Expressive.

2 Christ, the Father's Son eternal,
Once was born a Son of Man;
He who never knew beginning,
Here on earth a life began.

3 Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.

4 In Gethsemane behold him,
In the agony of prayer:
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.

5 It is finished! see his body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us he lieth yonder,
Prince of Life, enwrapped in gloom.

6 But in vain the grave has bound him,
Death has barred its gates in vain;
See, for us the Savior rises,
Lo! for us he bursts the chain.

7 Hear we, then, this grand old story,
And, in listening, learn to love;
Flowing through it to the guilty,
From a pardoning God above.

DR. H. BONAR.

Arranged and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Ministry," 1876.

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

"LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL-DOING."

Words by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, D. D. — Philip Phillips.



Arranged from "Hallowed Songs" and "Song Life," by per.

Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Hallowed Songs," 1872.



2

Seek those of evil behavior,
Bid them their live to amend;
Go point the lost world to the Savior,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.
Then work, &c.

3

Work, though the enemies laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.
Then work, &c.

4

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.
Then work, &c.

5

Offer thy life on the altar,
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.
Then work, &c.

OLD TIME IS FLYING.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. "COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR?" PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Arranged from, and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Sermons," 1877.

2 Praise, brethren, praise,
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise,
The fight is ending.
Behold! the glory draweth near,
The King himself will soon appear.
Eternity, etc.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch.
Old time is flying.
Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity, etc.

4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark!
The dead are waking.
With girded loins all ready stand—
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.
Eternity, etc.

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.



2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

JUBILANT SONG OF PRAISE.

Words written by Mrs. James Havens for Philip Phillips, on his return from Singing "Round the World."

Jas. C. Phillips.



2

I glorify Thee for the work I have wrought,
In singing Thy love to the souls Thou hast brought;
To nations benighted I spoke with my songs,
But the praise and the glory to Jesus belongs.

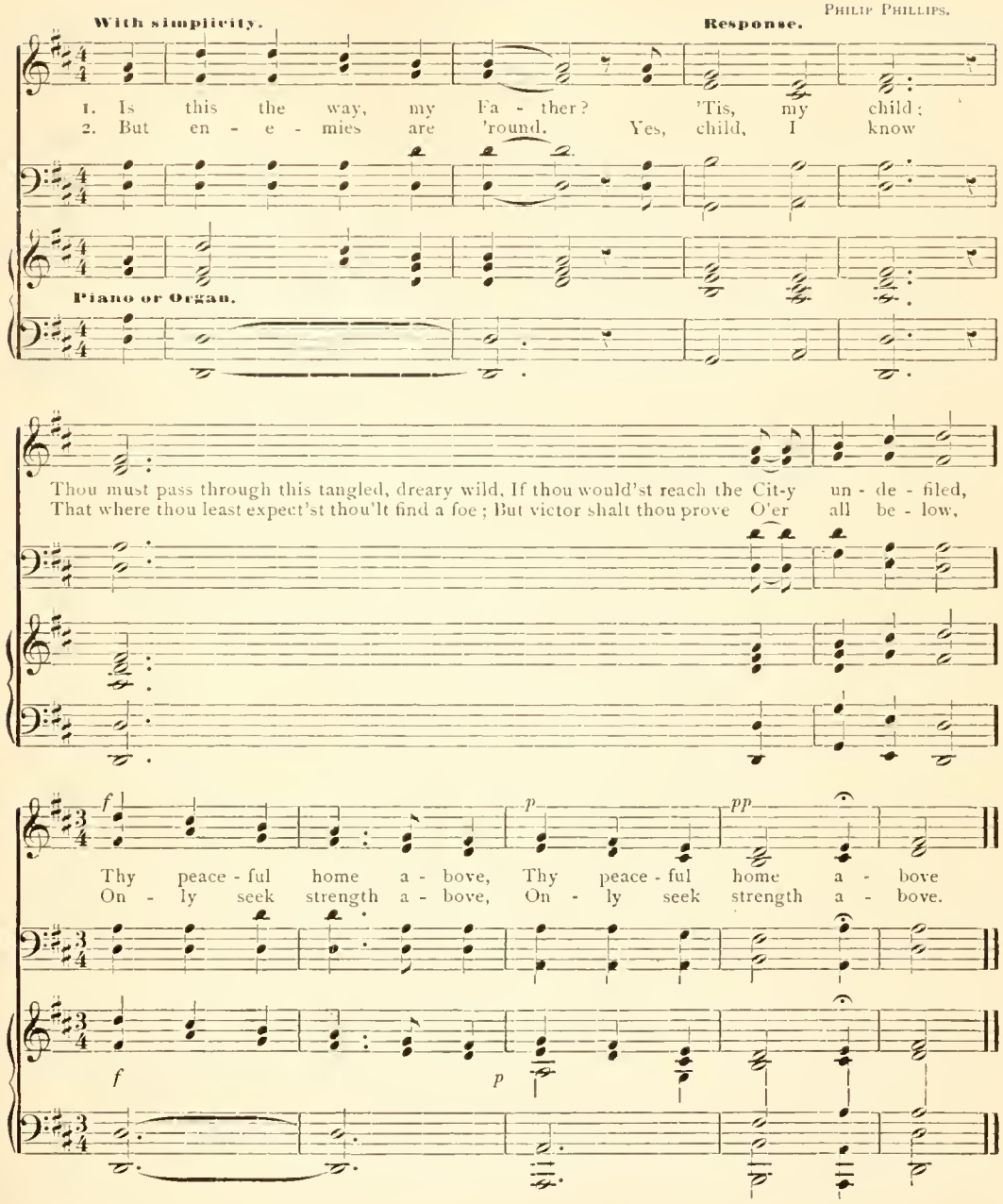
3

And when I have finished my last earthly song,
When my heart is restrung for the heavenly throng,
For ever my jubilant anthem shall be,
My Savior, my Savior, I glorify Thee.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3

My Father, it is dark.
Response—Child, take my hand;
Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the land;
Trust my all-seeing care
So shalt thou stand
Midst glory bright above,
Midst glory bright above.

4

My footsteps seem to slide.
Response—Child, only raise
Thine eyes to me, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings;
And thou shalt praise
Me for each step above,
Me for each step above.

5

O Father, I am weary!
Response—Child, lean thine head
Upon my breast; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on,
Till I have said—
Rest, rest, for ever rest;
Rest, rest, for ever rest.

N. B.—The *Response* and *chant* would be effective if sung as an *echo*, or from another room or gallery, just so as to be distinctly heard.

Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Sermons," 1877

SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY."

MISS PHŒBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea. *Chorus.*

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown. *Chorus.*

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think. *Chorus.*

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"NOR THIEVES, NOR DRUNKARDS, SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

RECITATIVE

Arr. by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

A drunk-ard reached his cheer-less home, The storm with-out was dark and wild; He

forced his weep-ing wife to roam, A wand'rer, friendless, with her child; As through the fall-ing

snow she pressed, The babe was sleeping on her breast, The babe was sleep-ing on her breast.

2 And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifted snow,
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
O God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

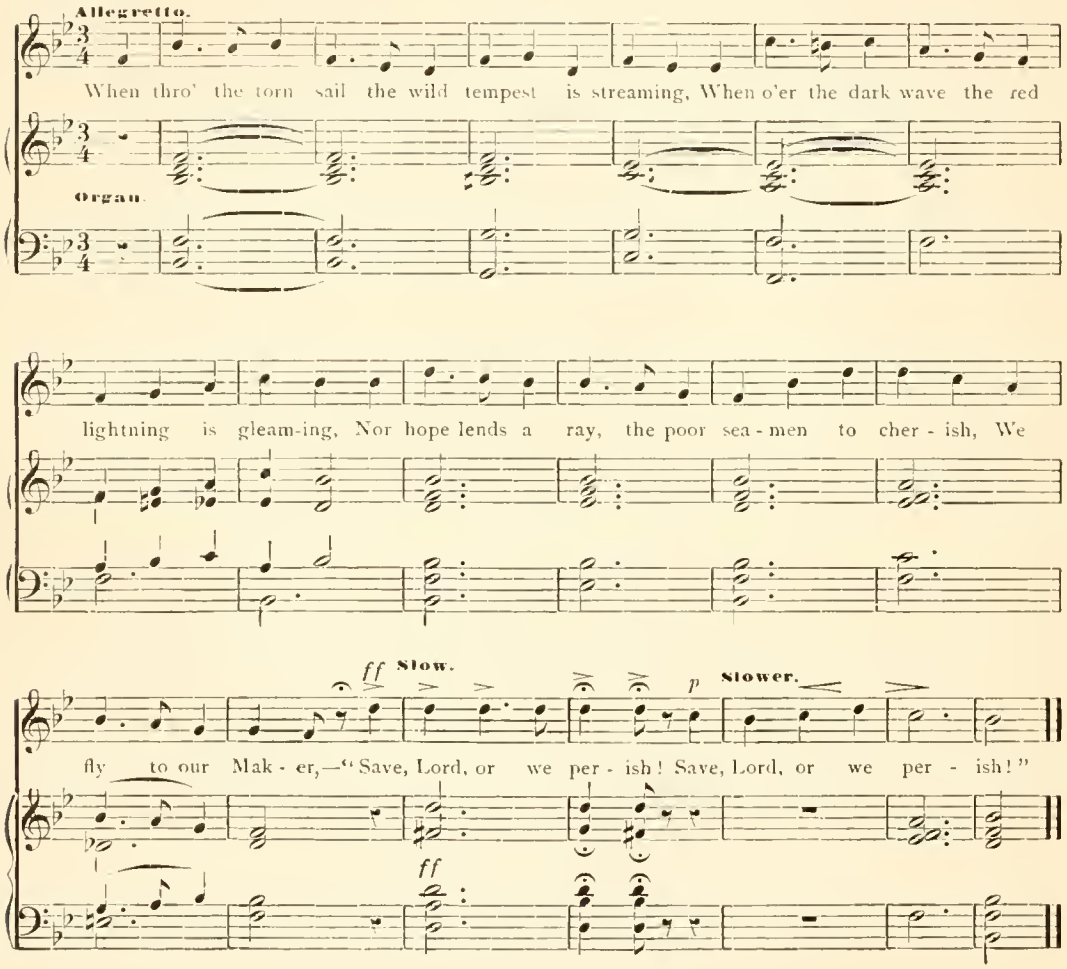
3 She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
The broken-hearted found relief.

4 At morn her cruel husband passed,
And saw her on her snowy bed;
Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled.
He raised the mantle from the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
Poor thoughtless one, *it speaks to you:*
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue:
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
Immortal soul, why will you die?

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH!

R. Herer — Harvey C. Camp.



2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And O, when the wirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed ones to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS



MRS. ALBERT SMITH. "IN HIM THAT SOWETH RIGHTEOUSNESS, SHALL BE A SURE REWARD." Written for MR PHILLIPS, by S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun - beams, Ly - ing all a - round our

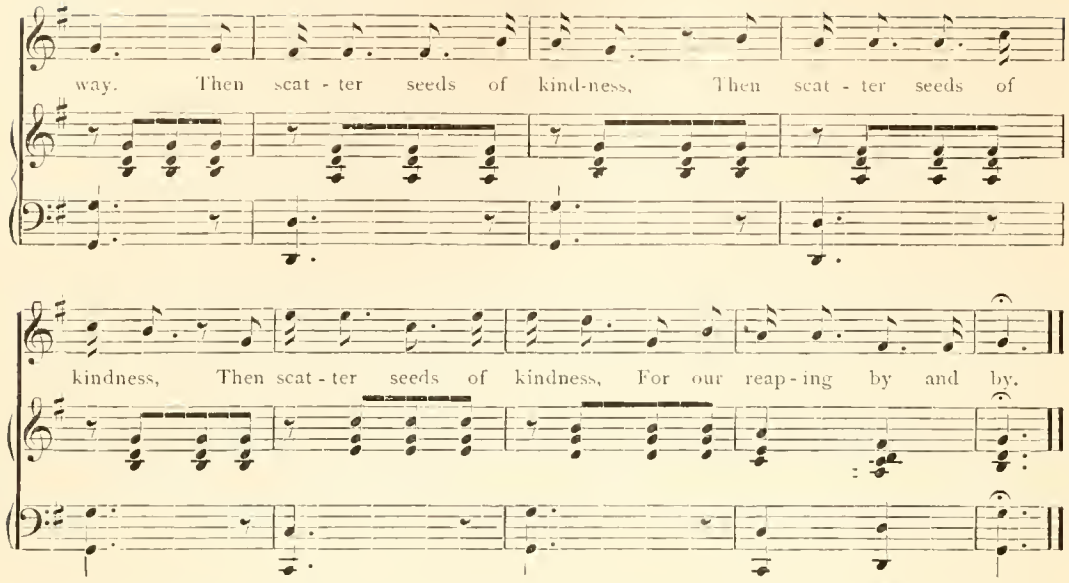
Piano or Organ.

path: Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and

chaff; Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the bless - ings of to-

day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the

Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Singing Annual, No 4," 1878.



2

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
Chorus.

3

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Chorus.

4

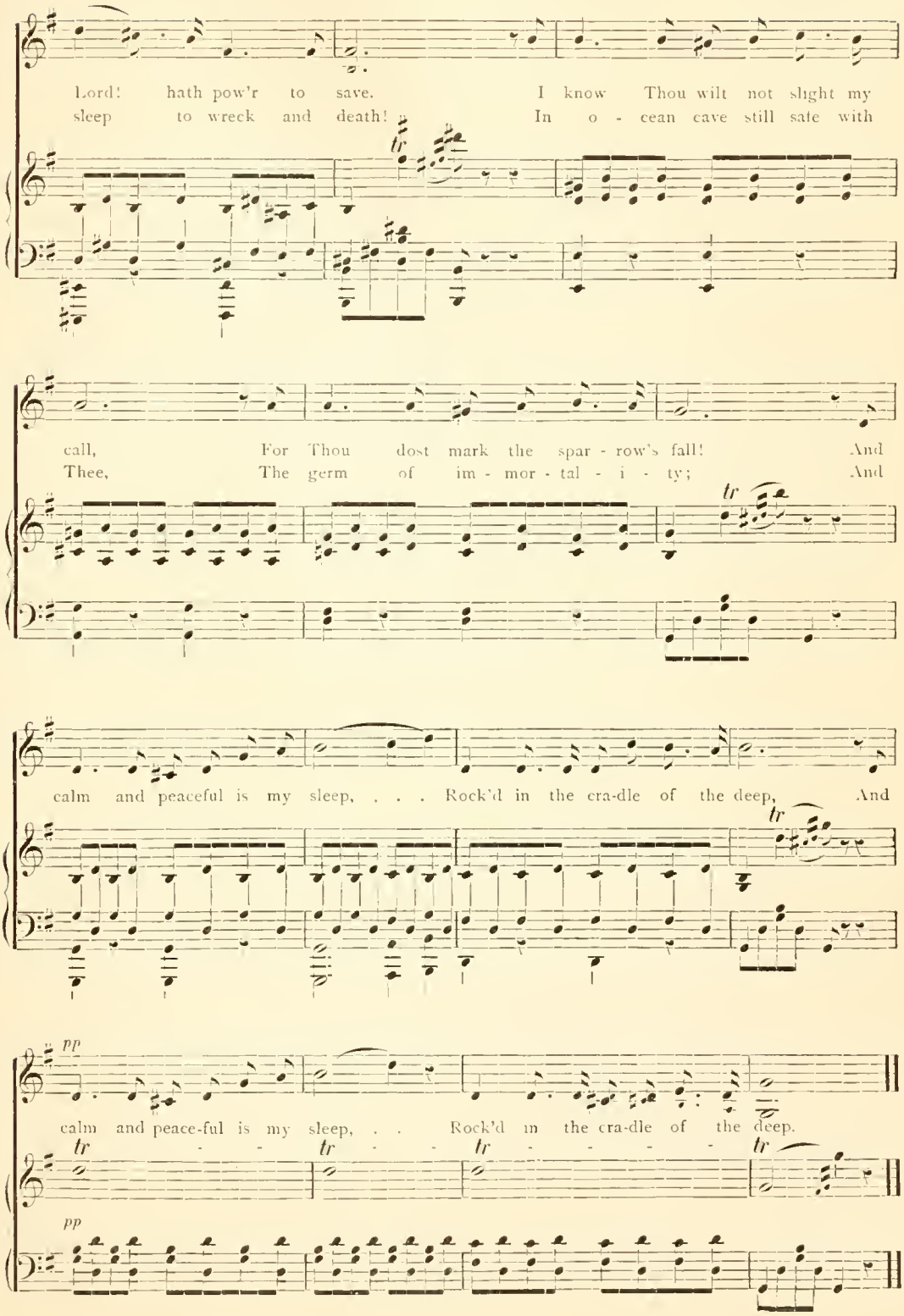
Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!
Chorus.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

WILLARD. KNIGHT.



*Play first four measures for introduction and interlude.


Lord! hath pow'r to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with
call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall! And
Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And
calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, And
pp
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
tr
pp

THE NINETY AND NINE.

"I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDINGS."

E. C. CLEPHANE — IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



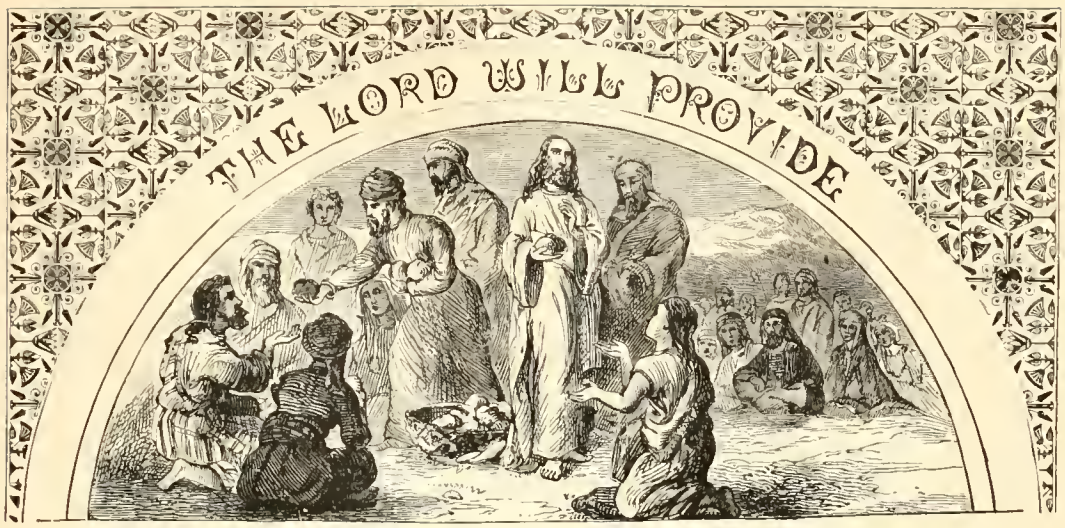
2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine,
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed:
How dark the night the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

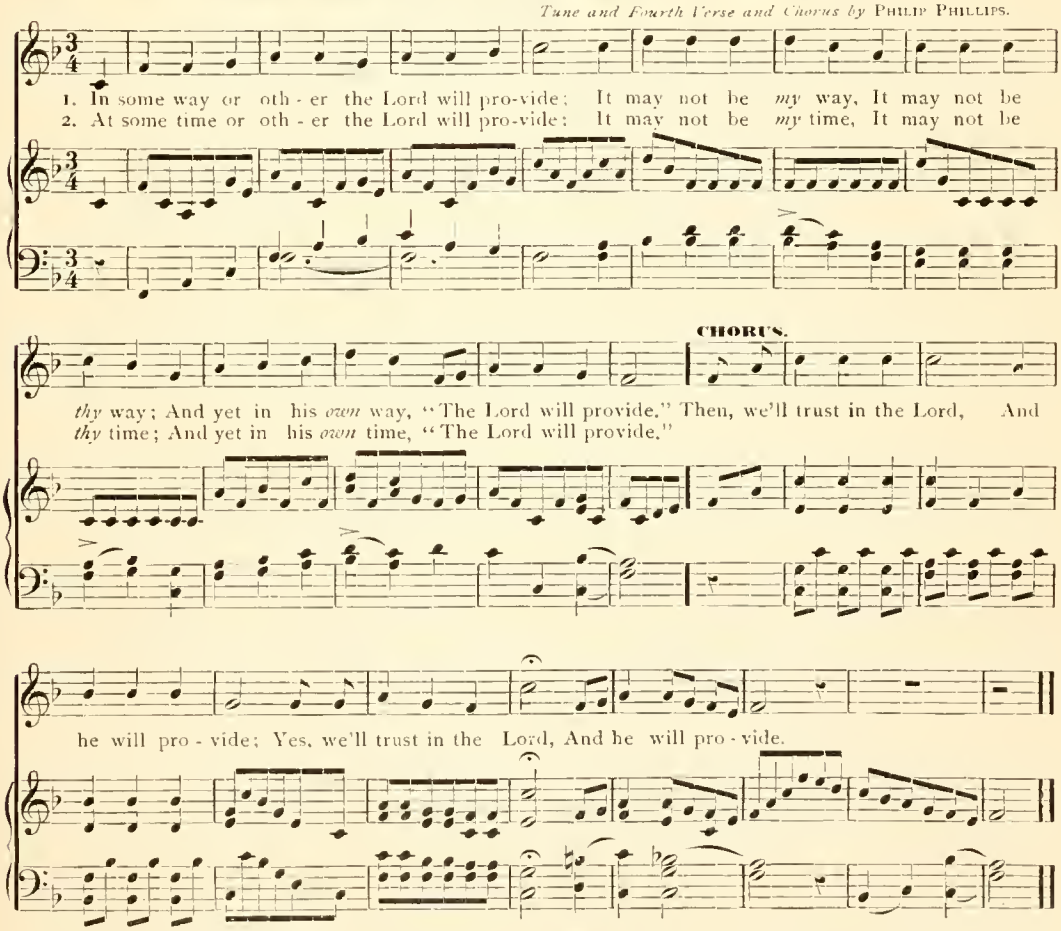
5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE



"THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE, AND UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

Tune and Fourth Verse and Chorus by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



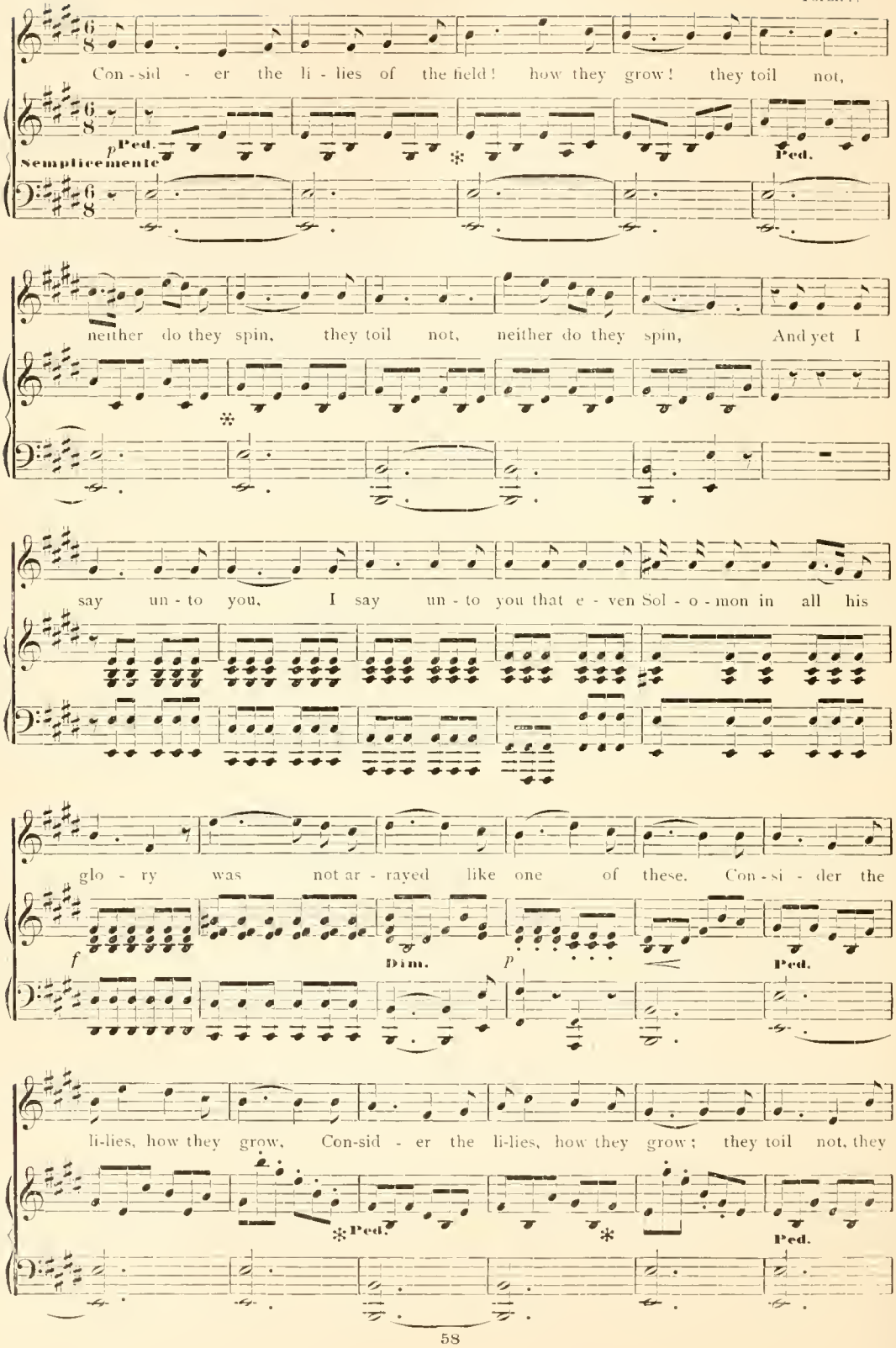
3 Despond, then, no longer, the Lord will provide
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Arranged from, and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Singing Annual, No. 4," 1877.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

TOPLIFF.




toil not, neit - er do they spin, yet, I say un - to
Cres
Dim
you, Sol-o-mon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed,
f
Dim
p
was not arrayed like one of these,
was not arrayed, was not arrayed
8va
loco
Ped
p
like one of these, and yet I say un - to you, Sol - o - mon in all his
loco
Cres
Dim
f



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BROTHER?

"SAY NOT YE, THERE ARE YET FOUR MONTHS, AND THEN COMETH HARVEST."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Arranged from, and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Musical Leaves," 1864.



2 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past:
The vigour and strength of manhood.
My brother, are yours at last;
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things;
A duty to those less favoured,
The smile of your fortune brings.
CHORUS.—Go, prove that your heart is grateful—
The Lord has a work for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendour,
And rides through a cloudless sky.
You are holding a high position,
Of honour, of trust, and fame;
Are you willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's name?
CHORUS.—The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you;
Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The tempter is near at hand:
Look not on the wine that sparkles,
Remember the great command.
Go not to the midnight revel,
Nor join in the careless song;
Beware of the wine that sparkles,
'Twill lead thee to ruin and wrong.
CHORUS.—The eyes of the angels in pity
Are mournfully turning to you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

5 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.
CHORUS.—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you:
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. CH. GOUNOD.




died that we might be forgiven. He died to make us good, That we might go at
Cres.
Dim.
p
last to heav - en, Saved by His pre-cious blood. There was no oth - er
Cres.
Dim.
p
good e - nough To pay the price of sin. He
p
on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us
Cres.
f
Dim.
Molto espress.
in. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He lov - ed!
Cres.
Dim.


And we must love Him, too; And trust . . . in His re-
Cres.
Dim.
p
deeming blood, And trust in His re-deeming blood, And
Cres.
Molto.
try His works to do, And try His works to do;
Dim.
p
p
Cres.
We must love Him, too, We must love Him, too, And try His
p
Cres.
Dim.
p
Cres.
works to do.
Dim.
p
pp



"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NEITHER SORROW NOR CRYING."

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

Recitative. Voice.

I met a child, his feet were bare, His weak frame shiver'd with the cold; His youthful brow was knit with care, His flashing eyes his sorrow told. Said

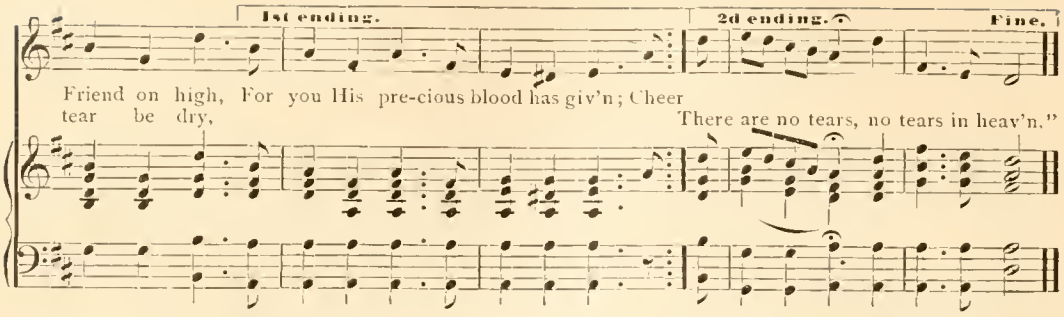
Accomp.

I, "Poor boy, why weep-est thou?" "My par-ents are both dead," he said, "I

Soothingly.

have not where to lay my head; O! I am lone and friendless now." "Not friendless, child, a up and hid each

From "Sharon" by Wm. B. Bradbury, by per. of Biglow and Main.



2 I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not!"
"Weep not!" in accent wild he cried,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
"Forgotten? no! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears, your tears in heaven."

3 I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she pressed
An infant, seemingly asleep
On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more."
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up;
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
"Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

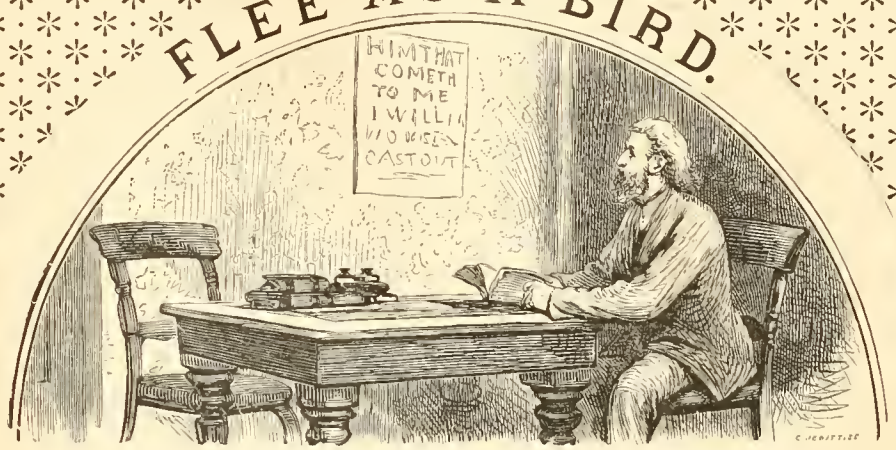
4 Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down by grief, overwhelmed by care—
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud,
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud.
Then trust to thy Redeemer's love,
Where'er thy lot in life be cast;
Whate'er of toil or woe be given,
Be firm, remember to the last,
"There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.



From "Jubilee Songs," by per.

FLEE AS A BIRD.



"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT ARE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Written and adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

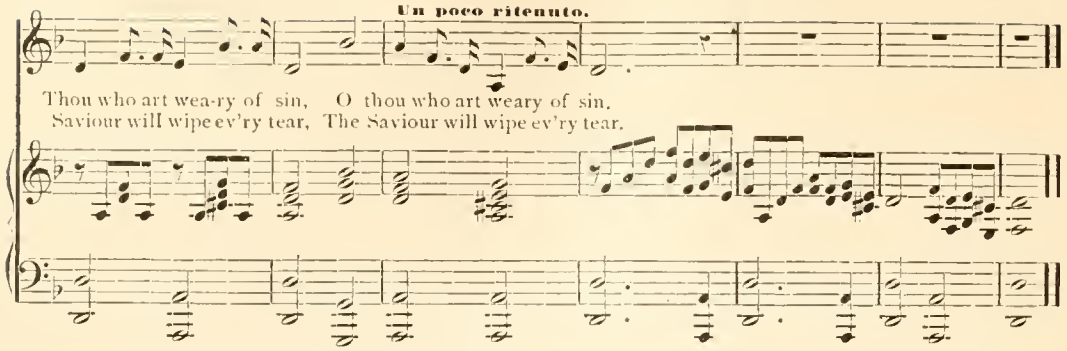
Voice. Moderato espressivo.

2. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
3. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall - ing tear;

Accomp.

Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean. Fly, for th' avenger is
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly there; Haste, then, the hours are

near thee; Call, and the Saviour will hear thee, He on His bosom will bear thee,
fly - ing, Spend not the moments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The



REMEMBERED BY WHAT I HAVE DONE.

"LET NOT THY HANDS BE SLACK."



2 Shall I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown?
No, for the sower may pass from his labour,
Only remembered by what he has done.

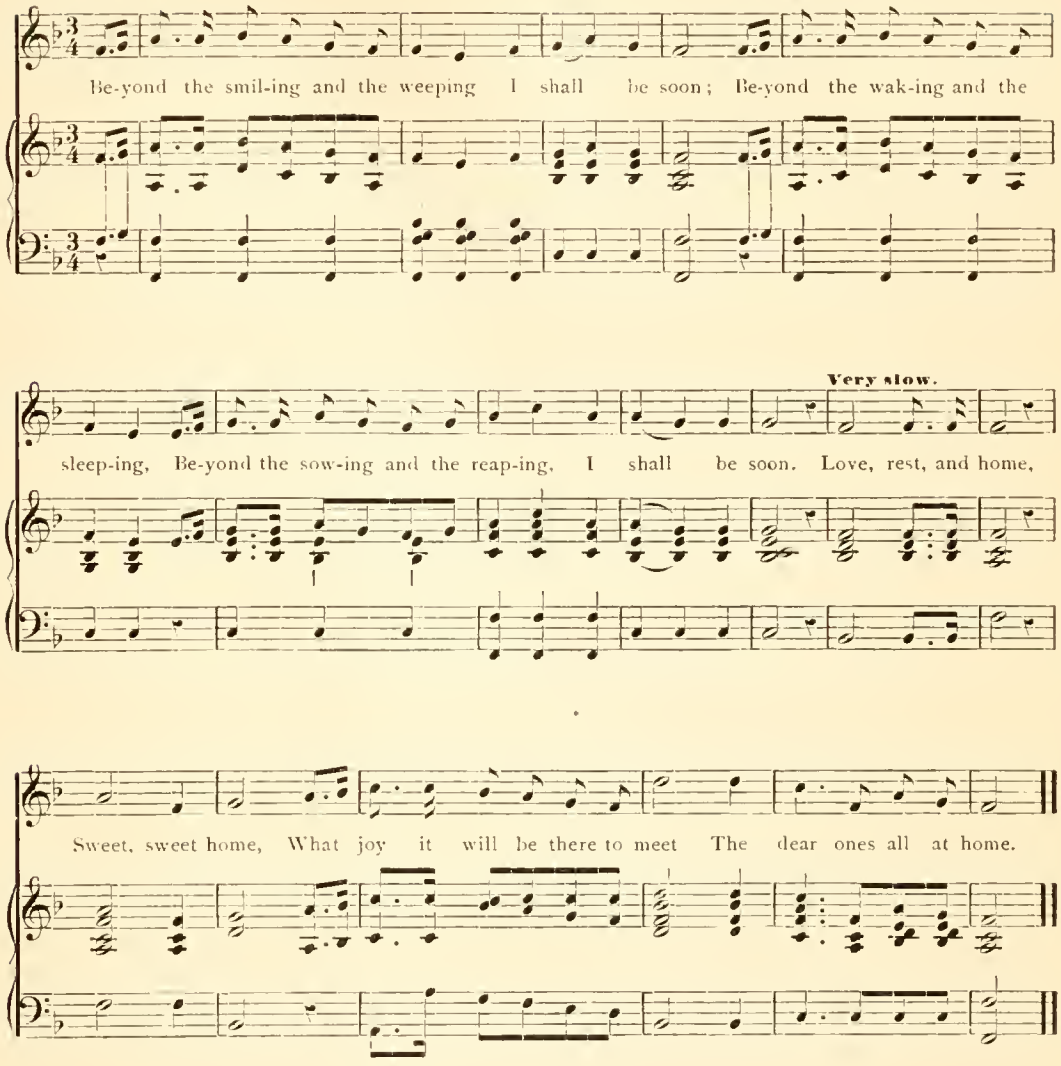
3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown;
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.

4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will his faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.

Last verse by Phillips.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

DR. H. BONAR. Written for MR. PHILLIPS, by S. J. VAIL.



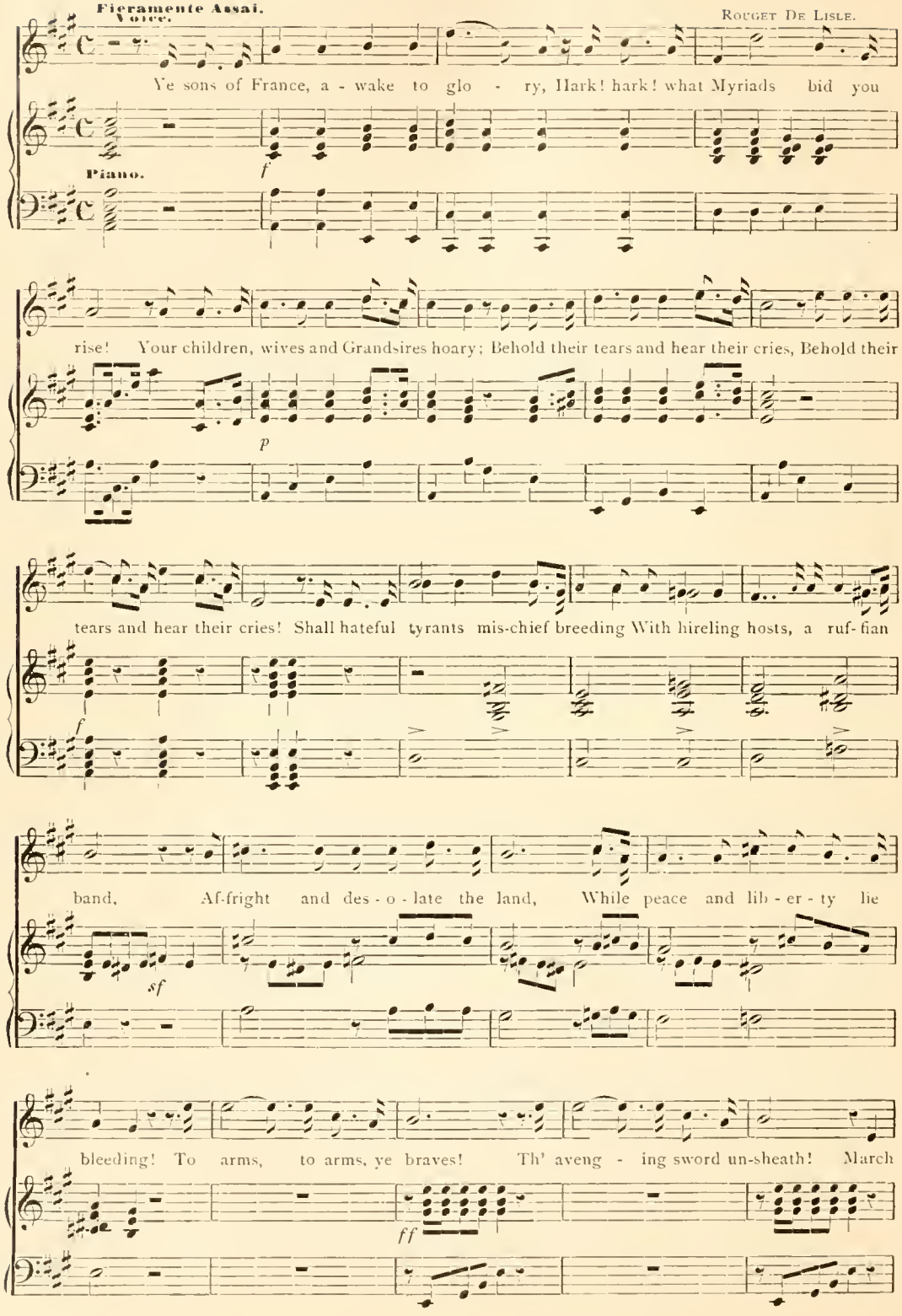
2 Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home,
Sweet, sweet home,
What bliss it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home.

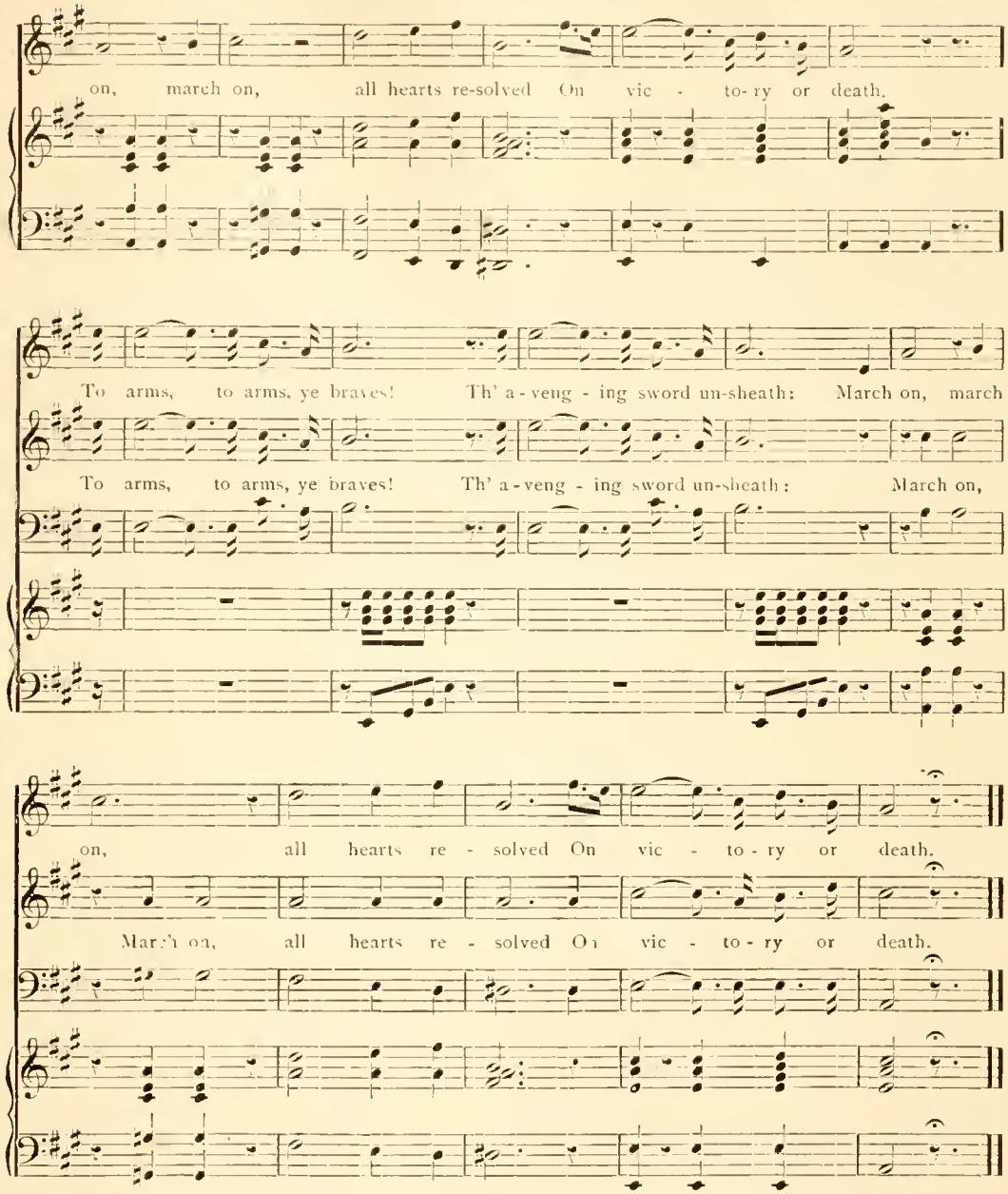
3 Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond rememb'ring and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home,
Sweet, sweet home,
What bliss it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home,
Sweet, sweet home,
What bliss it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home.
Sweet, sweet home.
What bliss it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.





2 Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling—
And lo! our walls and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
To arms, &c.

3 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, &c.

4 Oh! liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, &c.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

ASA HUTCHINSON. By per.

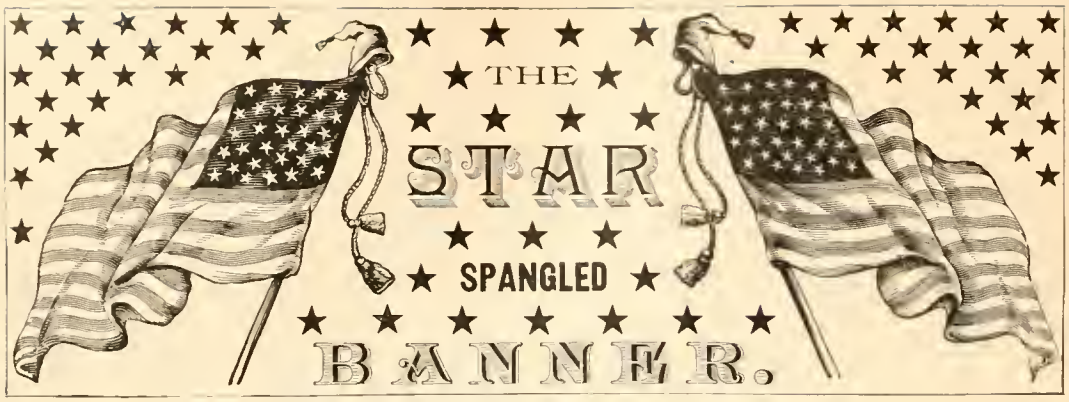


THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WALLACE. COVERT. By permission.

Allegretto.





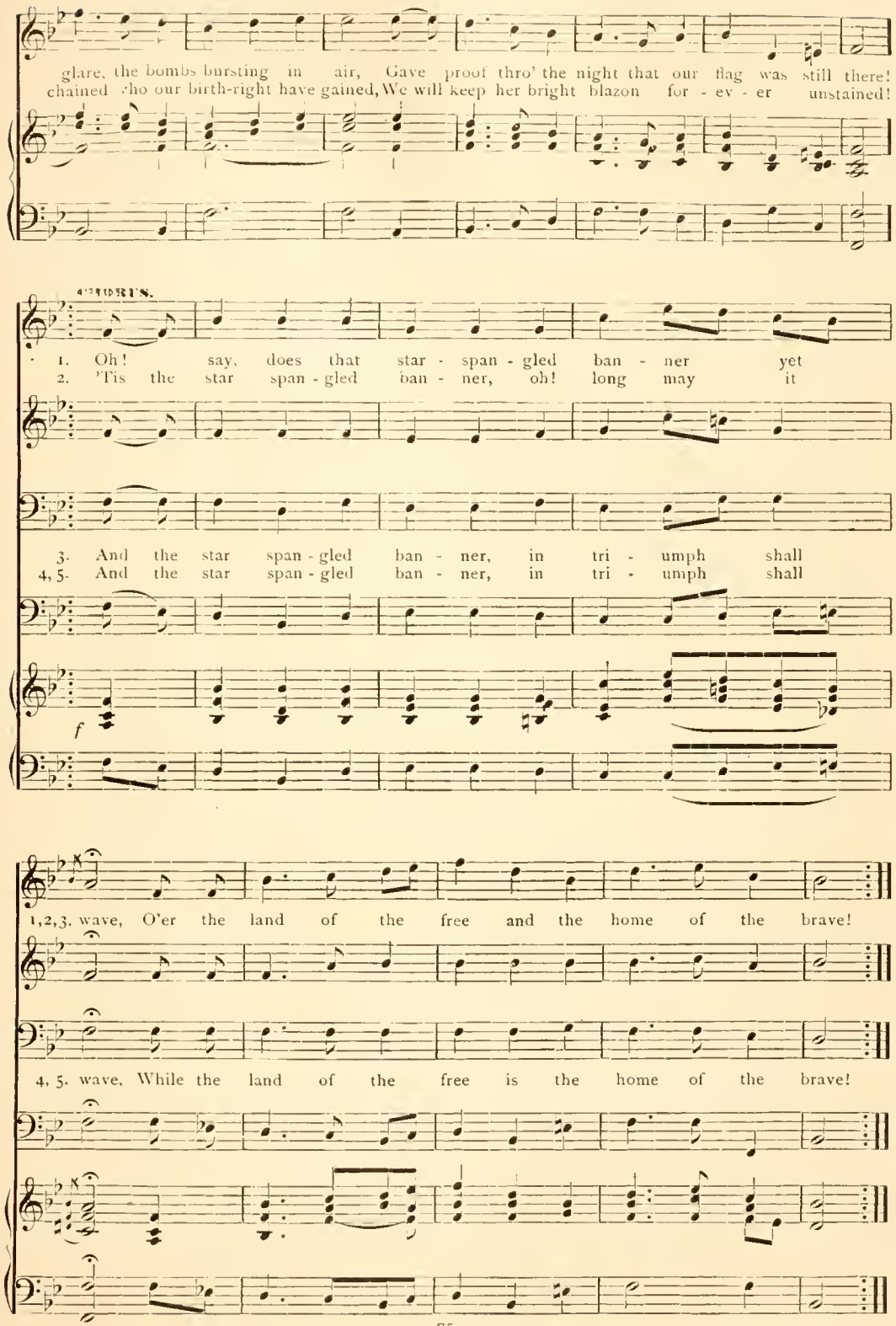
SONG FOR THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

Con spirito.

1. Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light What so proud - ly we
5. When our land is il - lum'd with lib - er - ty's smile, If a foe from with-

hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous
in strike a blow at her glo - ry, Down, down with the trai - tor, that dares to de-

fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming; And the rock - et's red
file The flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry! By the mill - ions un-


glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
chained who our birth-right have gained, We will keep her bright blazon for - ev - er unstained!
CHORUS.
1. Oh! say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3. And the star span - gled ban - ner, in tri - umph shall
4, 5. And the star span - gled ban - ner, in tri - umph shall
f
1,2,3. wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
4, 5. wave, While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

2 On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream:

3 And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

4 Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

Last verse written by Dr. O. W. Holmes.

SELF-DECEIVED.

MRS. H. E. BROWN. Written and copyrighted in sheet music by Philip Phillips, 1875.





"LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED."

First Degree.

My heart is light and free;
My step is firm and strong;
I move amid the multitude,
The happiest of the throne.
The wine is sparkling red,
Most beautiful to see;
They say it glitters to deceive,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The wine will ruin you, perhaps, but can not injure me.

"DO NOT DRINK STRONG DRINK, THOU NOR THY SONS WITH THEE."

Second Degree.

I'm older than I was,
I'm wiser now, to-day,
Than last year when I danced and sang—
The happiest of the gay;
My limbs are slightly weak,
I tremble some, you see,
And brandy need to calm my nerves,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe, no danger can I see;
The brandy'll ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure me.

"STRONG DRINK SHALL BE BITTER TO THEM THAT DRINK IT."

Third Degree.

Carnival joys I prize,
To drive dull care away;
And often quit life's busy round
To cheer the long dull day.
My brain is over-taxed
With grave perplexity,
A glass of whisky builds me up,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The whisky'll ruin you, perhaps, but can not injure me.

"IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT AND STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER."

Fourth Degree.

Ah, nothing harms me now,
All liquors tempt my thirst—
Old ale, and gin, and rum alike
Are good as wine at first;
For drinking seldom a man,
Sets him from bondage free;
I'm not fastidious in my taste,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
Strong drink will ruin you, perhaps, but can not injure me.

"THE DRUNKARD AND THE GLUTTON SHALL COME TO POVERTY."

Fifth Degree.

When I am asked to drink
I never answer, No;
I can not purchase it myself,
I daily poorer grow.
My living all is gone,
My clothes in rags you see;
I take whatever I can beg,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The rags might frighten you, perhaps, but can not frighten me.

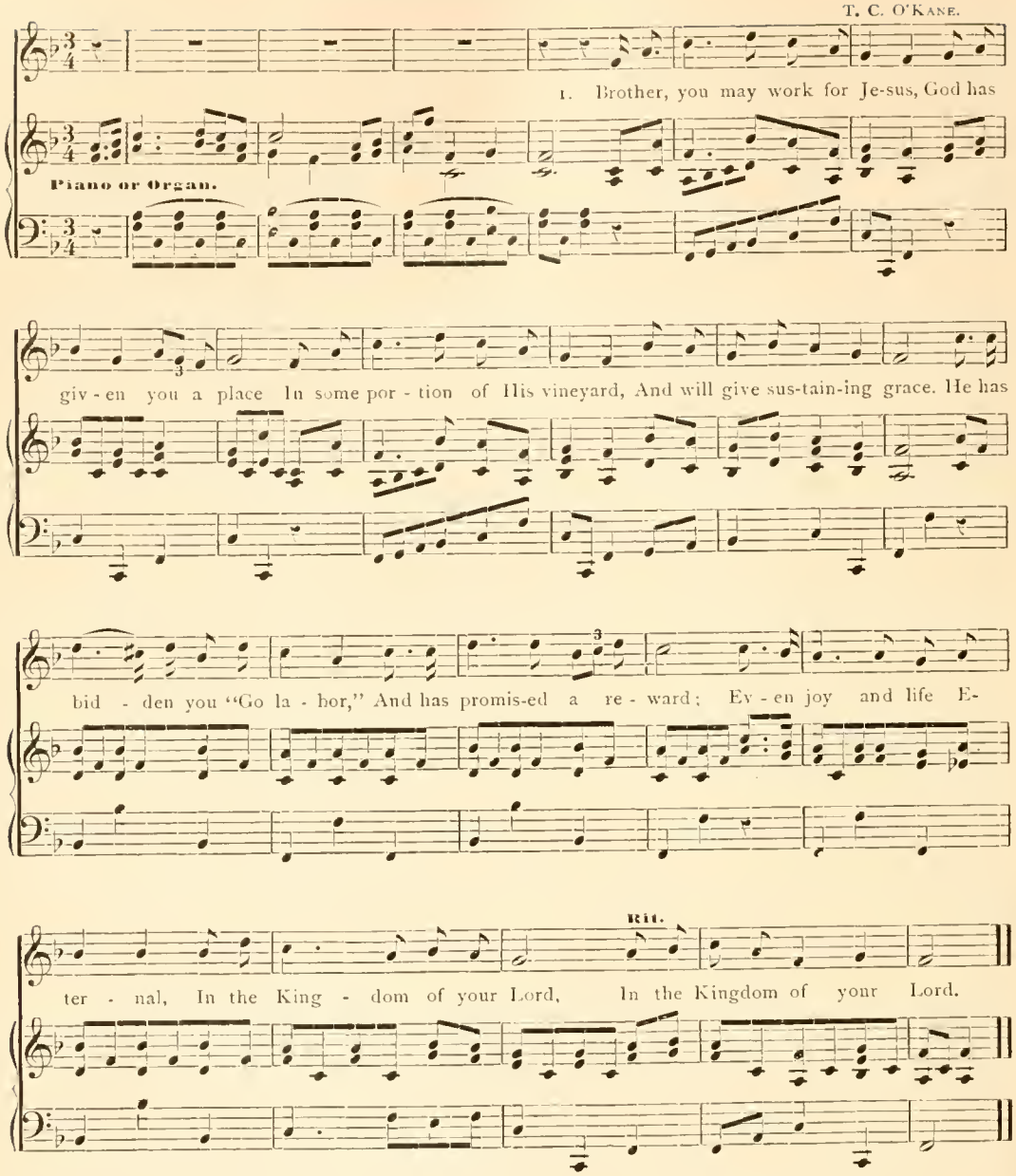
"NOR DRUNKARDS NOR EXTORTIONERS SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

Sixth Degree.

I'm safe! But am I safe?
Oh! what is that I see!
A yawning gulf before me lies,
A drunkard's grave for me.
For me! for me! Oh, save!
Brave comrades, hear my call!
Stretch out a hand to rescue me;
I tremble! shiver! fall!
Not one, alas, is safe! but all who take the glass,
And drink the brandy, rum, and gin, shall feel its sting at last.

CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

T. C. O'KANE.

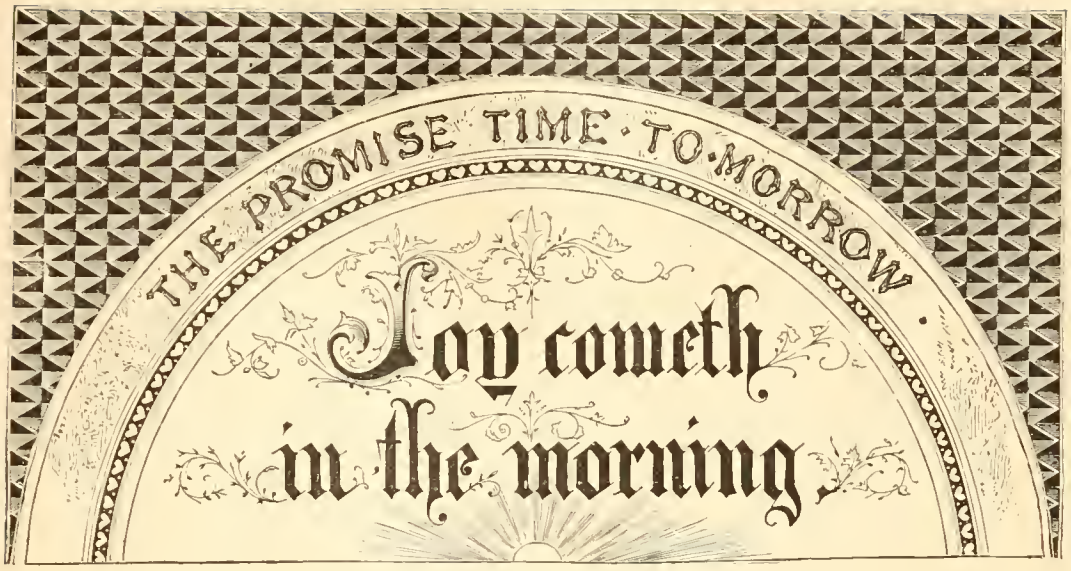


2 Brother, you may pray to Jesus
In your closet and at home;
In the village, in the city,
Or wherever you may roam.
Pray that God may send the Spirit
Into some dear sinner's heart,
And that in his soul's salvation
‖: You may bear some humble part. :‖

3 Sister, you may "sing for Jesus,"
O, how precious is his love!
Praise him for his boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sins and guilt He bore;
How His blood hath sealed your pardon;
‖: "Sing for Jesus" evermore. :‖

4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
He who died that you may live;
O, then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to his service give.
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus;
‖: Love and serve him every day. ‖

Arranged from, and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Dew Drops," 1874.



"LET NOT MINE ENEMIES TRIUMPH OVER ME."

JAMES G. CLARK.





2
Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming,
But life beats in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up always,
Though we may stand in sorrow,
And our good bark aground to-day,
‖: Shall float again to-morrow. :‖

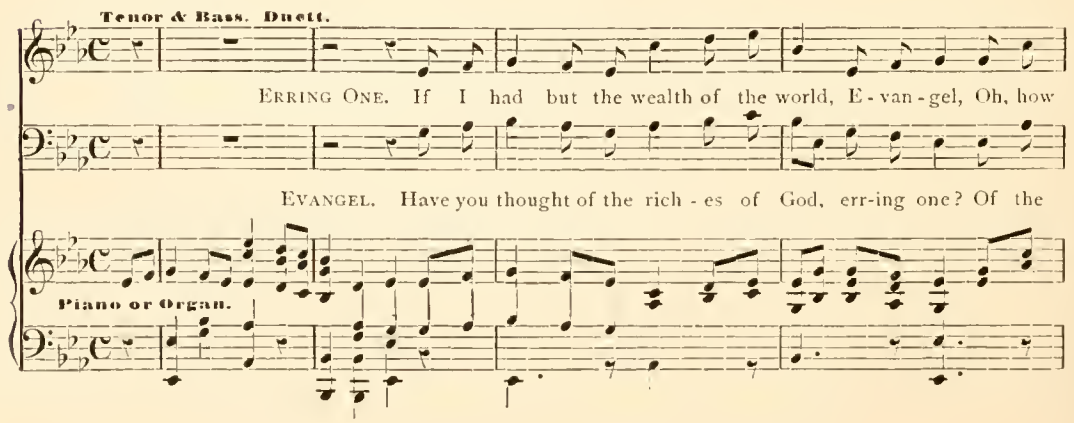
3
Tho' hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
Lo! now the dawn bursts up the skies;
Lean out your souls and listen.
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow,
And 'tis the martydom to-day,
‖: Brings victory to-morrow. :‖

4
Tho' all the long dark night of years,
The people's cry ascended,
And earth was wet with blood and tears,
Ere their meek sufferance ended;
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow,
The bars of hell are strong to-day,
‖: But Christ shall rise to-morrow. :‖

5
O youth, flame earnest still inspire
With energies immortal,
To many a haven of desire,
Your yearning opes the portal;
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
‖: The harvest comes to-morrow. :‖

ERRING ONE AND EVANGEL.

BISHOP I. W. WILEY. "LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Rearranged from "Singing Pilgrim" and copyrighted by Philip Phillips, 1887.



ERRING ONE. I would build me a mansion of stone, Evangel,
Out of gems, clear and polished like glass;
I'd surround it with lawns, and with trees and with flowers,
With rich statues, pure streams, and with green rosy bowers,
Such as nothing on earth could surpass.

EVANGEL. Have you thought of the mansions of God, Erring One,
Which He builds for His children on high?
Can you build as can He who hath made the great world?
Or adorn as can He who the sky hath unfurled,
And whose bounties all creatures supply?

ERRING ONE. I would fill it with pictures, and purchase rare wines;
I'd surround me with children and friends;
And with music and song, and with dance would be gay,
And would fear for no want and would dread no decay,
And my pleasures would never have end.

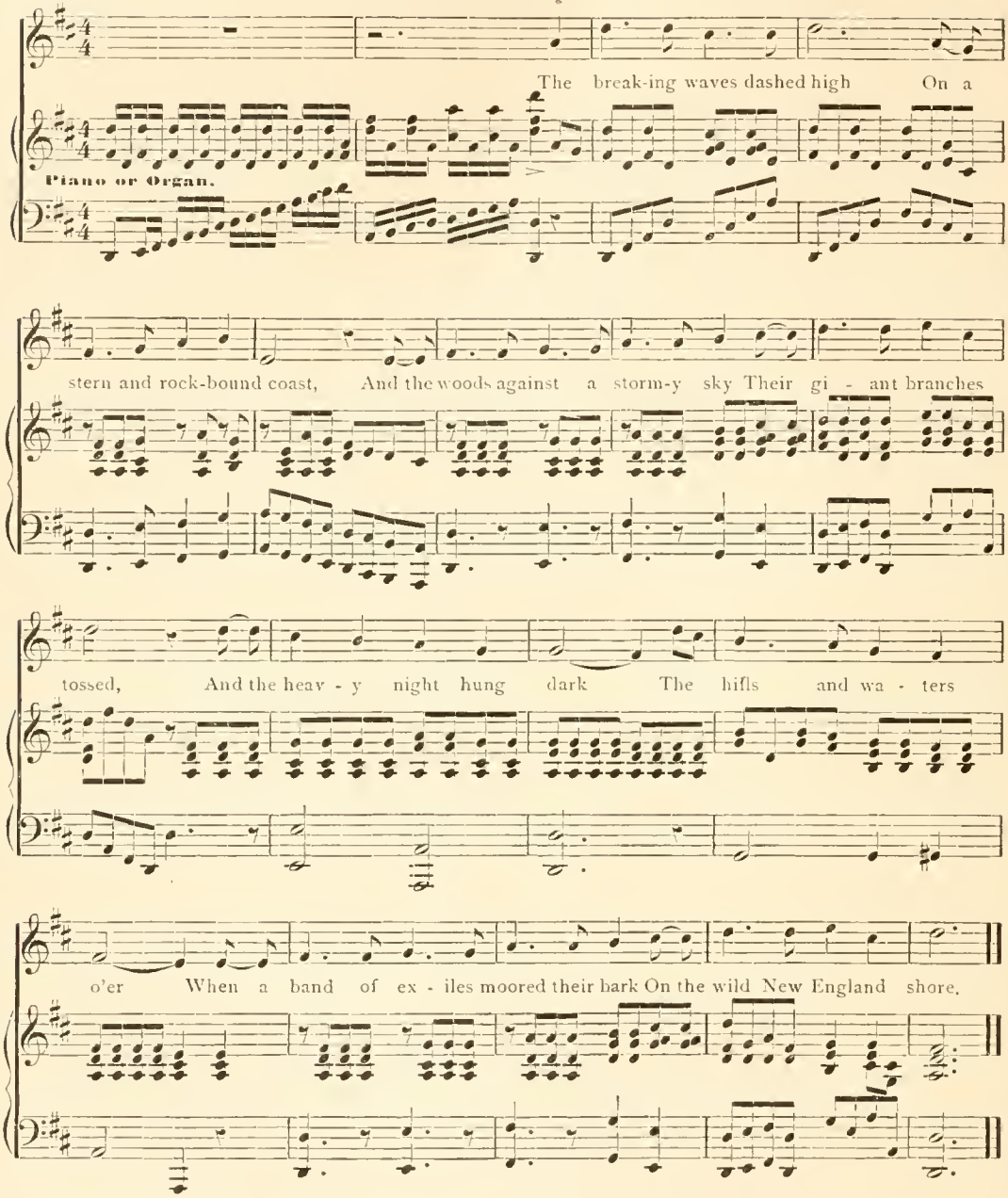
EVANGEL. Have you thought how earth's riches take wings, Erring One—
How our children and friends pass away;
How the strong man grows weak, and how pleasures grow stale,
Or how beauty soon fades, and our senses soon fail,
As we haste to that infinite day?

ERRING ONE. I would seek the world's honors, and make me a name;
EVANGEL. But your honor and fame would soon die!
ERRING ONE. Can I claim nothing, then, Evangel, as my own?
EVANGEL. If you had all the world, nothing's yours, Erring One;
All is His who doth reign in the sky.

ERRING ONE. Can I have, then, these riches of God, Evangel,
That honor those mansions above?
EVANGEL. God hath made them for you, and for me, and for all.
BOTH. Who before Him in faith, love, and duty will fall,
He will raise to the bliss of His love.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.



2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trump that sings of fame;
Not as the flying came,
In silence and in fear,
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3 Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what here they found:
Freedom to worship God.



"THERE ANGELS DO ALWAY BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN."

Arranged from Air by Mr. Martin.

Voice.

I re-mem-ber a voice which once guided my way, When tossed on the sea fog - en-

Accomp.

· shrouded I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child as he stood on the shore, It sounded like

2nd Voice.

mu - sic o'er the dark bil-lows' roar "Come this way, my fa - ther, steer straight for



2 I remember that voice, as it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and through breakers and high-dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows' roar:
2nd Voice.—"Come this way, my father; steer straight for me;
Here, safe on the shore, I am waiting for thee."

3 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my way;
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
2nd Voice.—"I am calling you, father, oh! can you not hear
The voice of your darling, as you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee."

4 I remember that voice in many a lone hour;
It speaks to my heart in fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the grave:
2nd Voice.—"Come this way, my father; oh! steer straight for me!
Here, safely in heaven, I am waiting for thee."

SINGING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

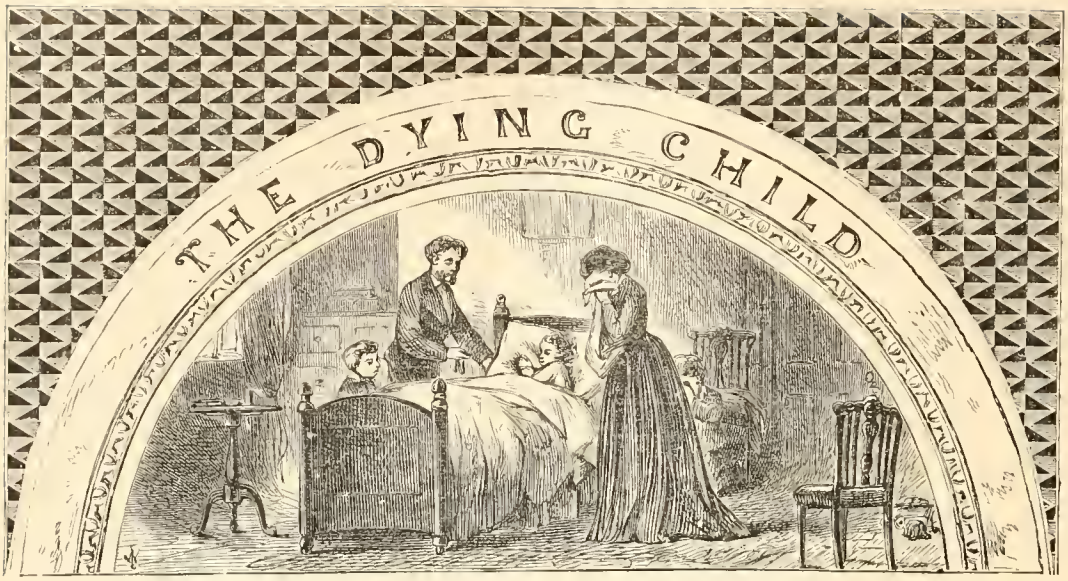


Arranged from, and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Singing Pilgrim," 1865.



2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more.

3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end!



"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

Slow, with great expression. L. V. H. Crosby.

I'll not be with you long, mother, I soon must say Good-bye; But, mother, we shall meet a - gain In God's bright home on high; O mother, don't you know you said Sweet sis - ter's liv - ing there, And that she is with an - gels now, All beau-ti - ful and fair.

2 She'll know me when I come, mother,
She'll take me by the hand;
We'll always be together there,
In yonder peaceful land.
And, Mother, we shall wear bright crowns,
We'll be with Jesus too;
And then, before God's golden throne,
We'll stand and wait for you.

3 I like to feel your hand, mother,
So soft upon my brow;
I always loved its gentle touch,
'Tis dearer to me now.
O mother, do not weep for me,
I'm not afraid to die;
Your lip is trembling, and I see
The tears are in your eye.

4 Lean closer down your ear, mother,
My voice is growing weak;
You're weeping yet, I felt a tear
Just fall upon my cheek.
My eyes grow dim, and, oh! I hear
Sweet music from the sky;
It is for me, I'm going now—
Mother, dear mother, Good-bye!

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

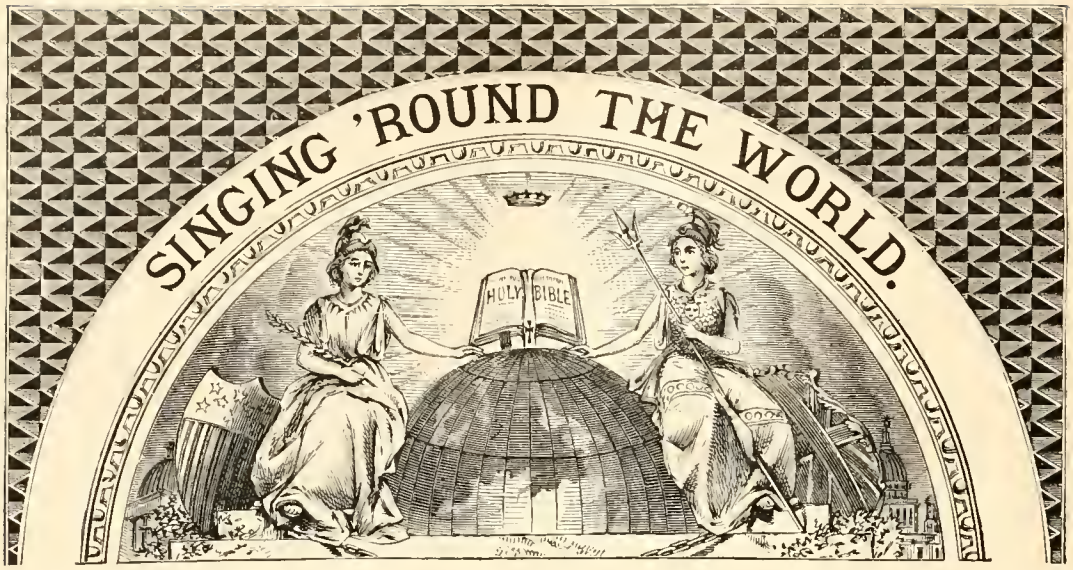
JOHN H. NEWMAN. Arranged from J. B. DYKES.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

SINGING 'ROUND THE WORLD.



PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. You who love the grand-eur of the vast cre - a - tion,

Piano or Organ.

List - en to a sto - ry wo - ven in a song, Trac - ing in their splen - dor

scenes that rose before us, Round a world of wonders while we pass a - long. Start-ing on our jour-ney

Copyright, 1887, by Philip Phillips.



2.

O'er the South we journey, o'er its sunny regions,
Drinking in its beauties—what delight is ours!
With its vernal landscapes Florida beguiles us,
Florida our fathers called the land of flowers;
Stately pines are waving in the laughing breeze,
Golden fruits are dropping from the orange trees;
All around is smiling, all of joy is telling,
Every thing to charm us, every thing to please.

3.

O'er the Mississippi and the great Missouri
We have glided onward 'neath the sky so blue;
At the grave of Lincoln, sacred to our nation,
Saviour of our country, faithful, loyal, true;
Over California, where for days we journeyed,
Pleasant were the changes, rich in beauty rare;
But Yosemite Valley rivals all description,
With its falls majestic and their rainbows fair.

4.

Thro' a park we journey, spreading out before us
Like a panorama—Yellowstone its name;
See the geyser fountains into air ascending!
Then again receding quickly as they came.
Farms of finest culture, fields of growing wheat,
Orchards, too, and meadows all around we meet;
While the honest farmer, resting from his labor,
Smiles upon the children gathered at his feet.

5.

Australia, England, Scotland, Erin, famed in story,
Holland, France, Italia, where the poets dwell,
German state and province, Switzers' Alpine country,
Each in turn have bound us like a magic spell.
Gazing on the mountains with the sunset glow
Resting o'er their summits crowned with white and snow,
What a sight imposing! what a sea of grandeur!
With the roses sleeping in the vale below.

6.

We have been in Asia, through the many countries
That to every Christian sacred still should be;
We have stood in reverence where our blessed Saviour
Taught the crowds that gathered, taught them by the sea.
India's gentle breezes oft our cheeks have fanned;
We have seen the sand-storms in old Afric's land;
By the Nile we've wandered, where the rod of Moses
Brought the plagues of Egypt, at the Lord's command.

7.

Time would fail to tell you more about our journey,
We must end our travels woven in a song;
We shall try to picture scenes the most attractive,
Round the world of wonders while we passed along.
Home again and happy, oh, how glad are we
Those we left behind us once again to see!
God protect our Union, God preserve our banner,
Long to wave in triumph o'er the noble free.

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. J. H. KIRKPATRICK.



THE MASTER IS WAITING.

"LOOK ON THE FIELDS, THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST."

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



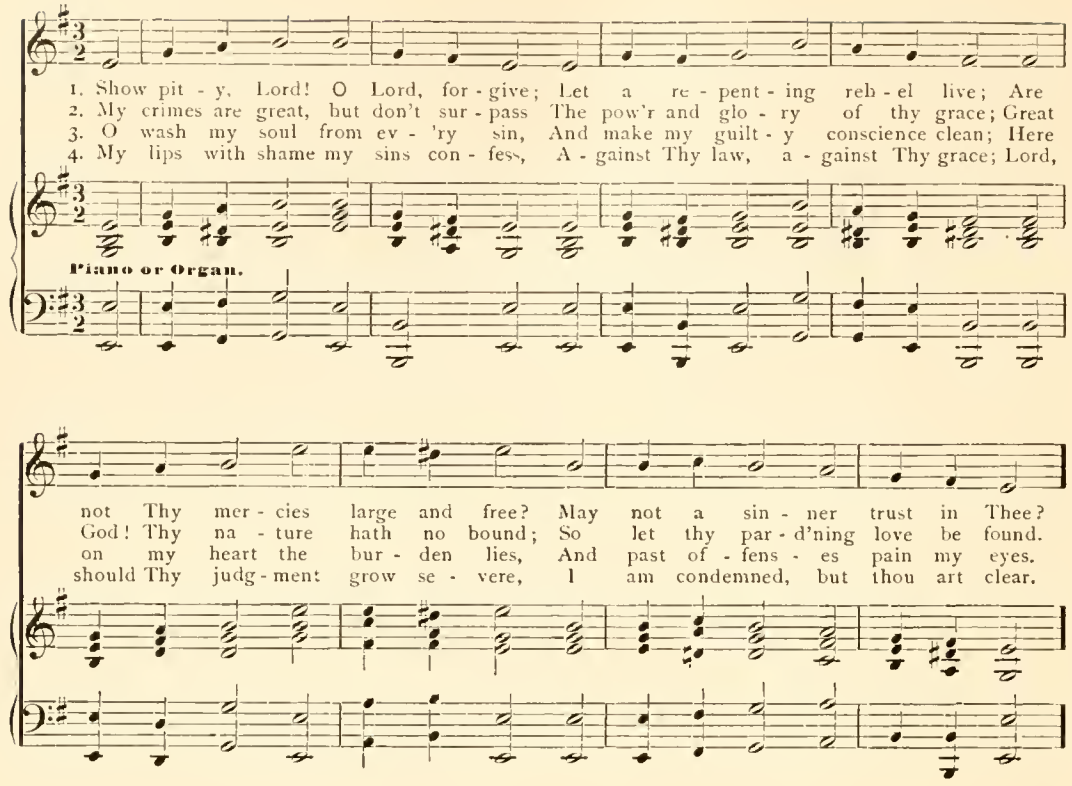
3 He waits in the homes of the poor and oppressed,
To lighten the burdens they bear;
And brings to the weary and fainting ones rest—
Go quickly, and meet with Him there. CHO.

4 My sister, the Master is waiting for you;
He calls for the reapers to-day.
There's work for each one of His children to do;
Oh, haste thee! no longer delay. CHO.

Arranged from, and copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Sermons," 1876.

THE SOUL'S CRY ANSWERED.

WINDHAM L. M. "COME UNTO ME." DANIEL READ.



Scripture response to first verse.—James iv, 8. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

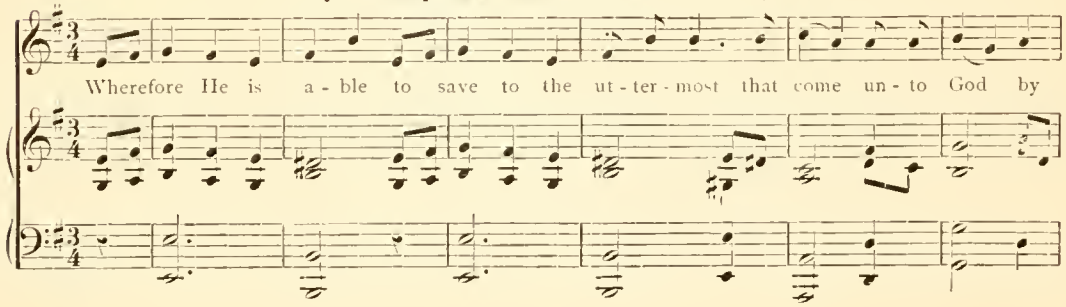


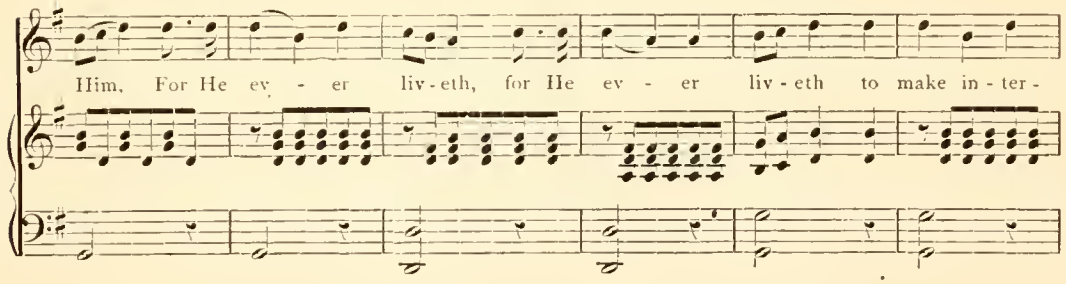
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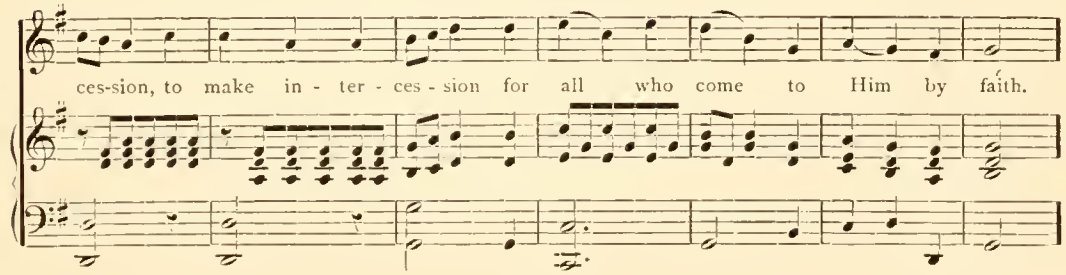




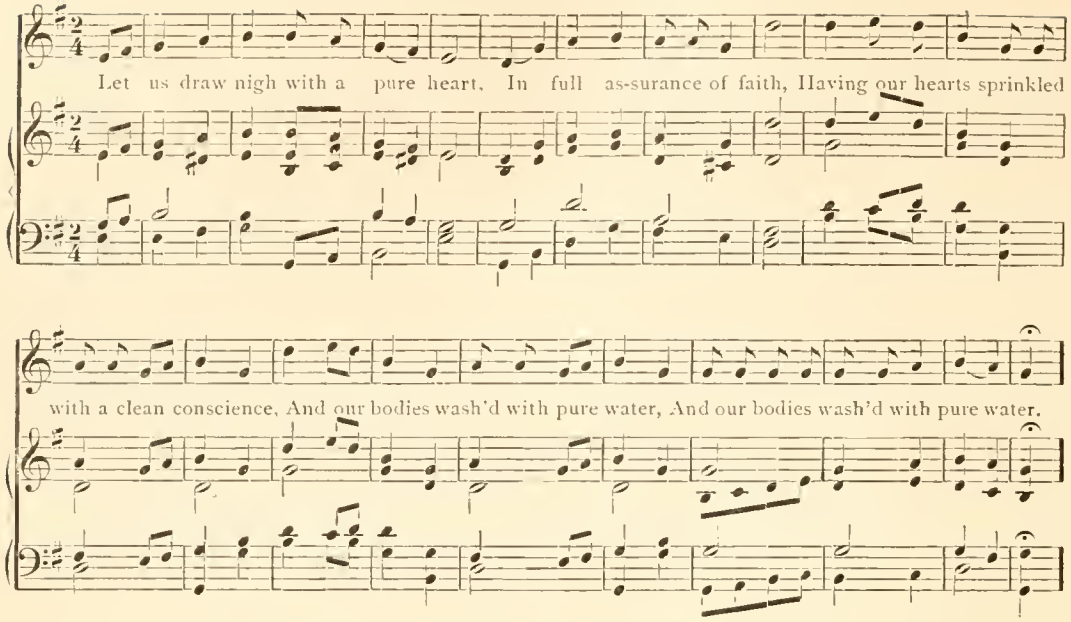
Scripture response to second verse. Heb. vii, 25.



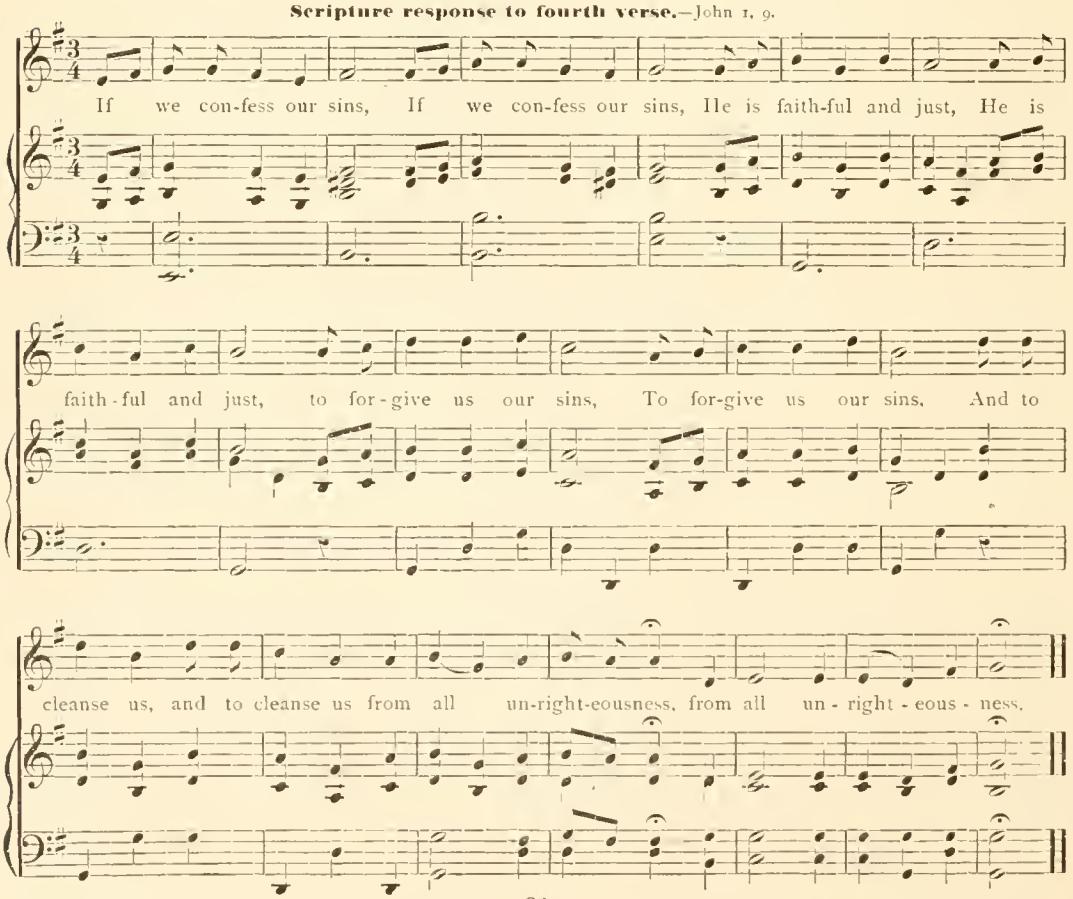




Scripture response to third verse.—Heb. x, 22.



Scripture response to fourth verse.—John i, 9.



HOME PATRIOTISM.

"A LAND THAT FLOWETH WITH MILK AND HONEY."

FANNY CROSBY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

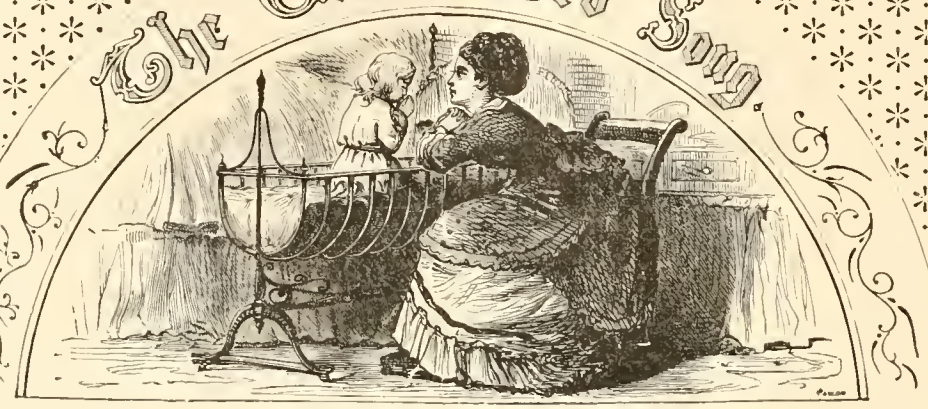


This arrangement copyrighted 1887, by Philip Phillips.

2 Our country, the birthplace of freedom,
The land were our forefathers trod,
And sang in the aisles of the forest
Their hymns of thanksgiving to God.
Their bark they had moored in the harbor,
No more on the ocean to roam;
And there, in the wilds of New England,
They founded a country and home.

3 Our country, with ardent devotion,
In God may thy children abide;
In Him be the strength of our nation,
His laws and his counsel its guide.
Our banner—that time-honored banner
That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam—
God keep them unsullied forever—
Our standard, our union, our home.

The Cradle Bed Song.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

Very slow. T. C. O'Kane.

1. As I wander'd round the homestead, Many a dear familiar spot, Brought within my recollection, Scenes I'd

seemingly for-got: There the orchard—meadow yonder; Here the deep, old-fashioned well, With its old moss-cover'd

Rit.

Rit. 2nd ending.

bucket, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed.

Rit.

Arranged from "Dew Drops" and copyrighted by Philip Phillips, 1874.

2 Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within,
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in.
To the garret dark ascending
(Once a source of childish dread),
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my cradle-bed.

3 Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother,
To me in that cradle-bed.
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour for my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my cradle-bed I'm kneeling,
As in yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says.
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed ever be Thy name."

6 Prayer is over—to my pillow
With a good-night kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild,
* "Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless my precious child."

7 Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again.
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet graveyard lain.
But her blessed angel-spirit
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my cradle-bed.

* *Use the second ending for these two lines.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.*

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN."

ALFRED TAYLOR. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows
If our light grows dim.
He looks down from heaven,
Sees us shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness
In this world abound—
Sin and want and sorrow.
We must shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

* This tune was first sung and taught to 3000 children, in the Town Hall at Melbourne, Australia, by Mr. Phillips.

FATHER TAKE MY HAND



"COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD."

Written for Mr. Phillips by S. J VAIL.

The way is dark, my Fa - ther! ‖ { cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly
o'er my head, and loud The thunders

roar a - bove me, ‖ Yet see, I stand like one bewildered! Father, take my hand, And

thro' the gloom lead safe - ly home, safe - ly home, safe - ly home, Lead safely home Thy child.

2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears of a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child.

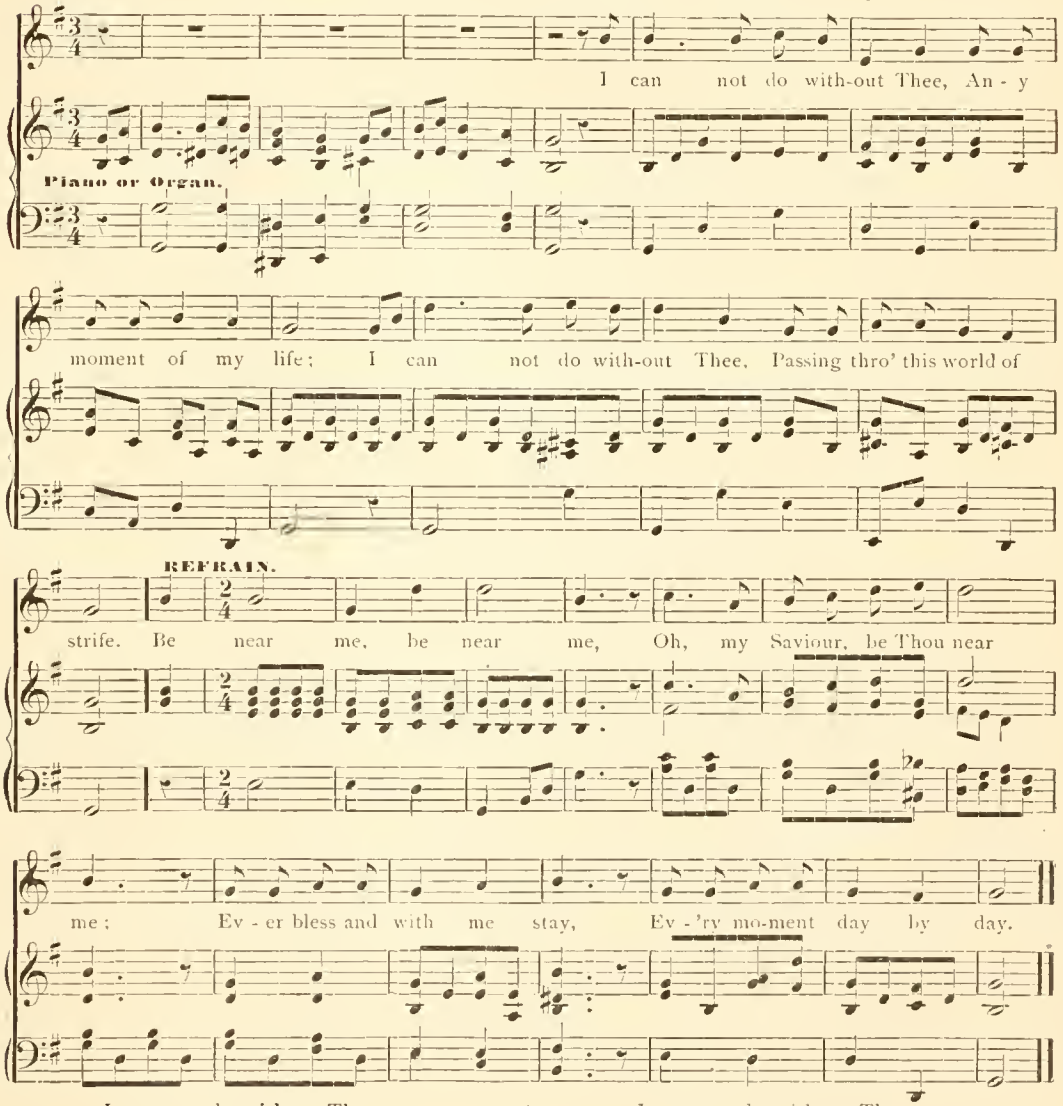
3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child.

4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child.

5 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it, || Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

I CAN NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

PHILLIPS. "WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING." Words and music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 I can not do without Thee,
Any moment at my side;
I can not do without Thee,
Sweetly, Lord, with me abide. *Cho.*

3 I can not do without Thee,
Any moment of my way;
I can not do without Thee,
Lead me on to perfect day. *Cho.*

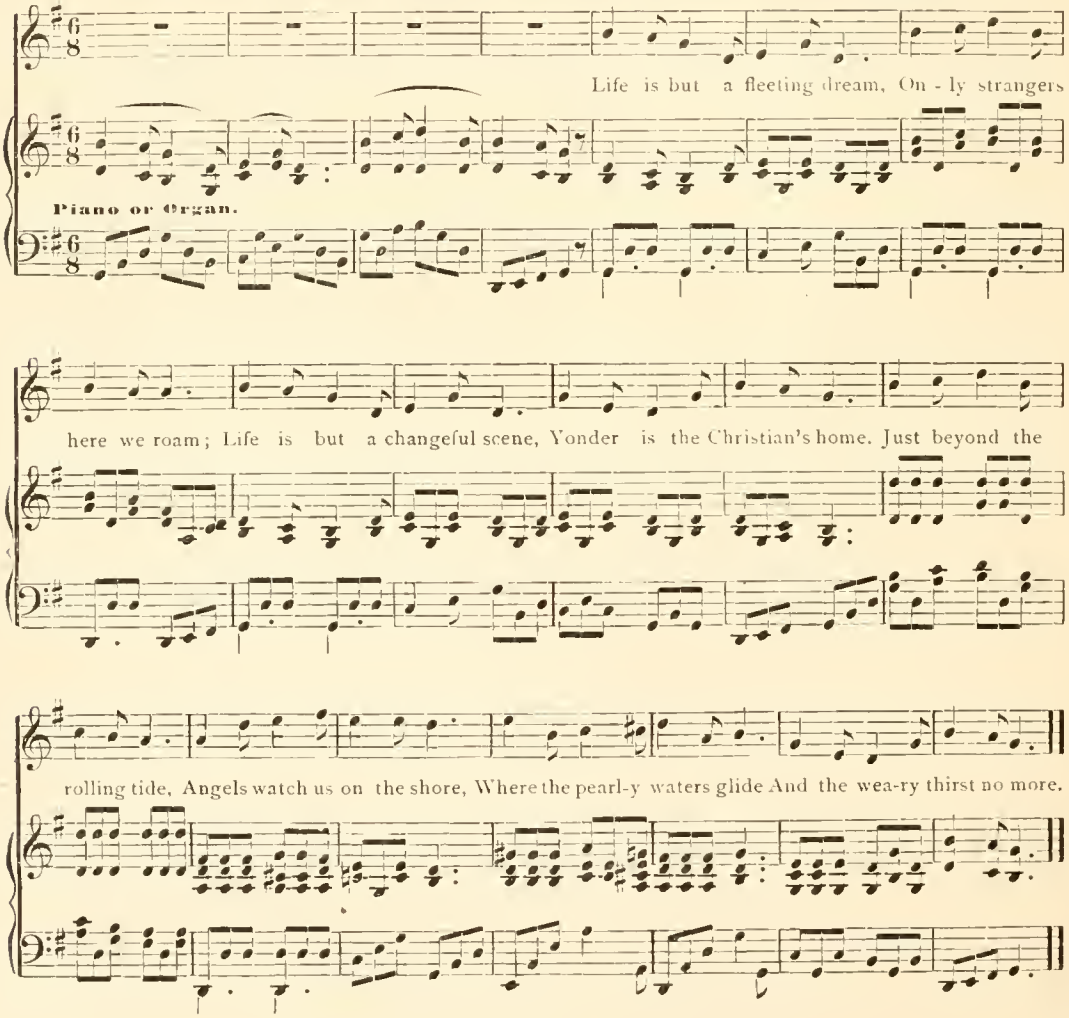
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HERE AND THERE.



"FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, BUT THEN FACE TO FACE."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Standard Singer," 1874.

2 Here we feel the tempter's power,
Here we sigh for living-bread;
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
Doubt and fear and storms are o'er;
There the fruits of joy abound,
We shall hunger there no more.

3 Here we breathe the sultry air
Of a lonely desert plain;
Trials here the heart must bear
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.
There the waves of death are passed,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.

4 Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day;
Christ the Lamb shall be the Light,
He will wipe our tears away.

GUARD THY TONGUE.

"THE TONGUE IS A LITTLE MEMBER, AND BOASTETH GREAT THINGS."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



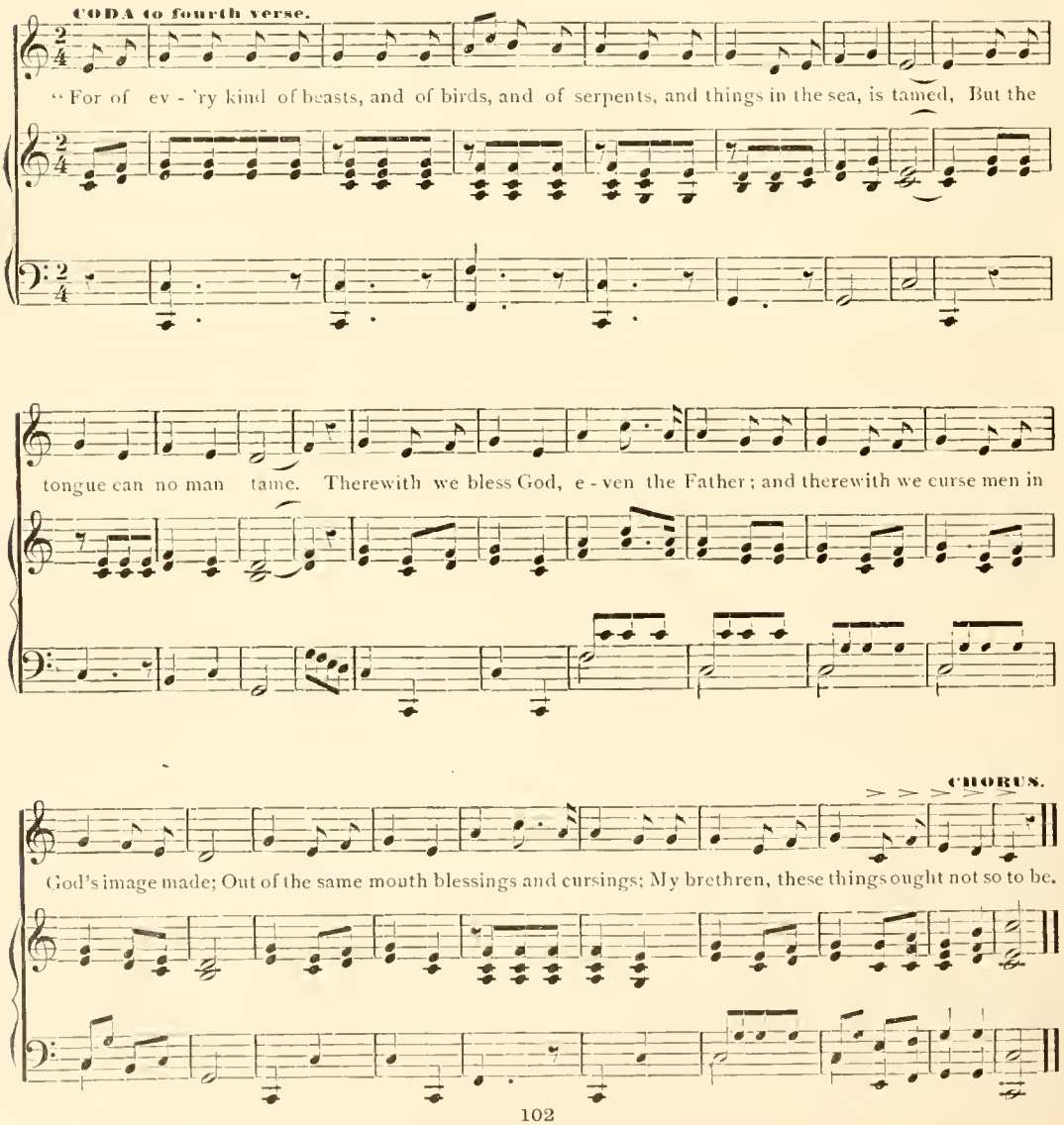
Copyrighted by Philip Phillips in "Song Ministry," 1876.

2 It can cheer the sad and lonely,
Like a beam of morning light;
O'er a gentle, loving spirit
It can throw a cruel blight.
We have need to guard it wisely,
And be careful what we say,
Lest we harm an erring brother,
Who may stumble by the way.
Set a watch, &c.

3 With the tongue we blend our voices
In the melody of song;
With the tongue we utter falsely,
And we do each other wrong.
Can a single fountain give us
Sweet and bitter waters too?
Yes! the tongue speaks good and evil,
Though it ought not so to do.
Set a watch, &c.

4 How a spark of angry feeling
It will kindle to a flame;
We can chain the savage lion,
But the tongue can no man tame.
With the tongue we bless our Father,
With the tongue His law profane;
With the tongue we praise our Maker,
And we take His Name in vain.
CODA.—For of every kind of beasts, &c.

5 Hush that idle whisper, sister,
Think the Lord is standing near!
Listening to each word thou speakest
Of the souls to Him so dear!
Tell how firmly walks thy brother;
All his brave and true deeds tell;
Speak not of the past's dark errors,
Tell not that he tripped and fell.
Set a watch, &c.



STONE OF BEAUTY.

"A NEW STONE WHICH NO MAN KNOWETH SAVING HE THAT RECEIVETH IT." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

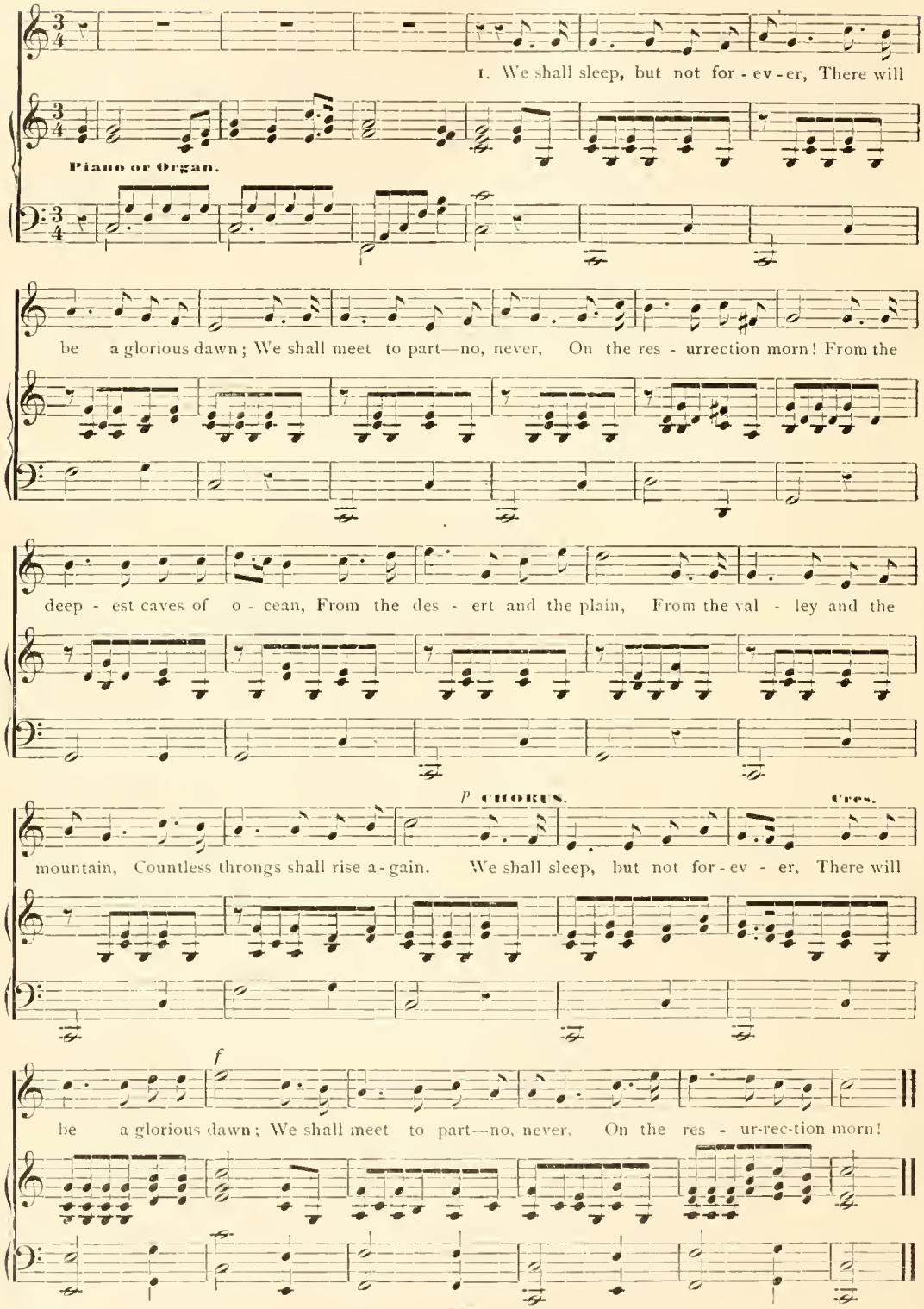


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WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

"SOWN IN CORRUPTION, RAISED IN INCORRUPTION."

Arranged from S. J. VAIL



2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so. CHO.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home. CHO.

COME UNTO ME.

"COME UNTO ME * * * AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Come like the prodigal, He will receive;
He will forgive thee all: only believe.
Joy to the mourning heart He will restore;
Turn from the path of sin, wander no more.
REFRAIN. Hark! 'tis, etc.

3 Linger not, linger not, come while 'tis day;
Come ere the shades of night close on thy way.
Life is a fleeting dream, soon 'twill be o'er;
Turn from its fading joys, wander no more.
REFRAIN. Hark! 'tis, etc.

Arranged and copyrighted by Philip Phillips, 1887.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. (A Dream.)

Verses to be sung as a Solo.

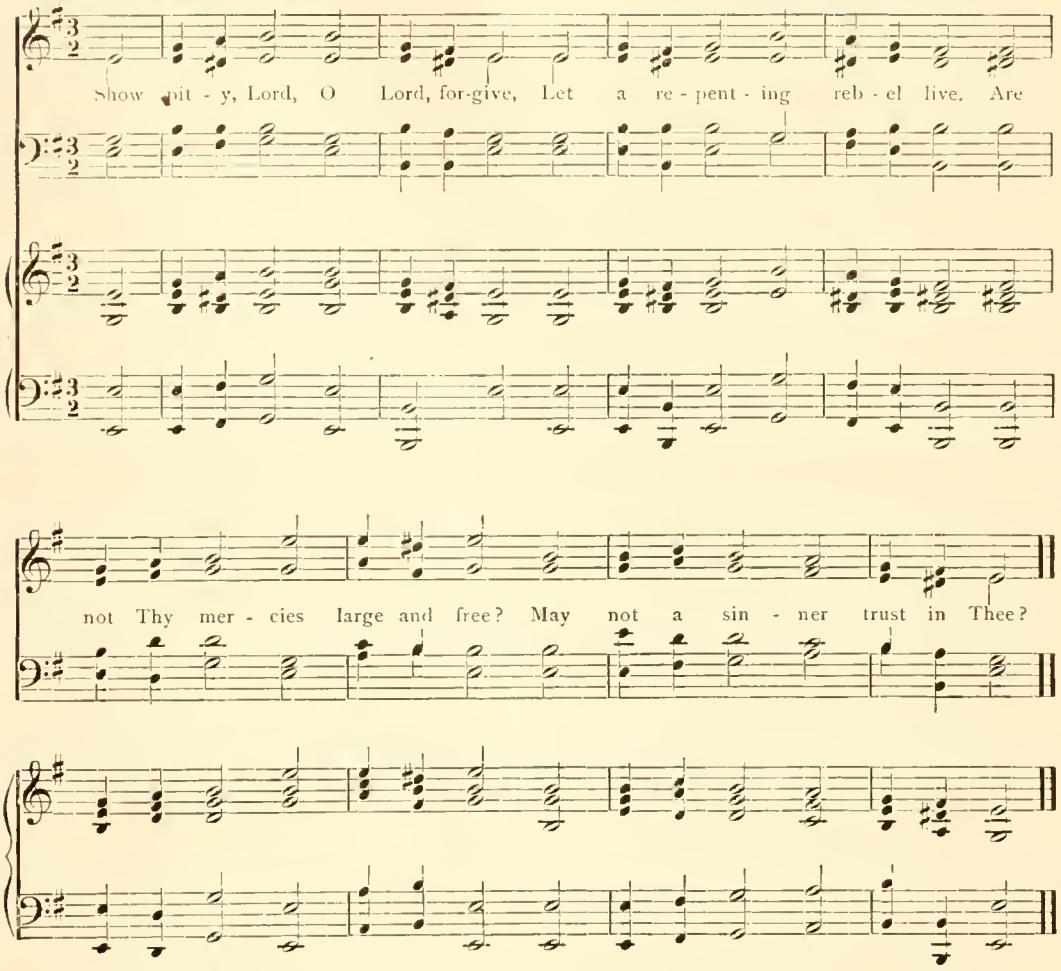
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Rearranged as a Solo and Chorus, and copyrighted, by Philip Phillips, 1887.

WINDHAM.

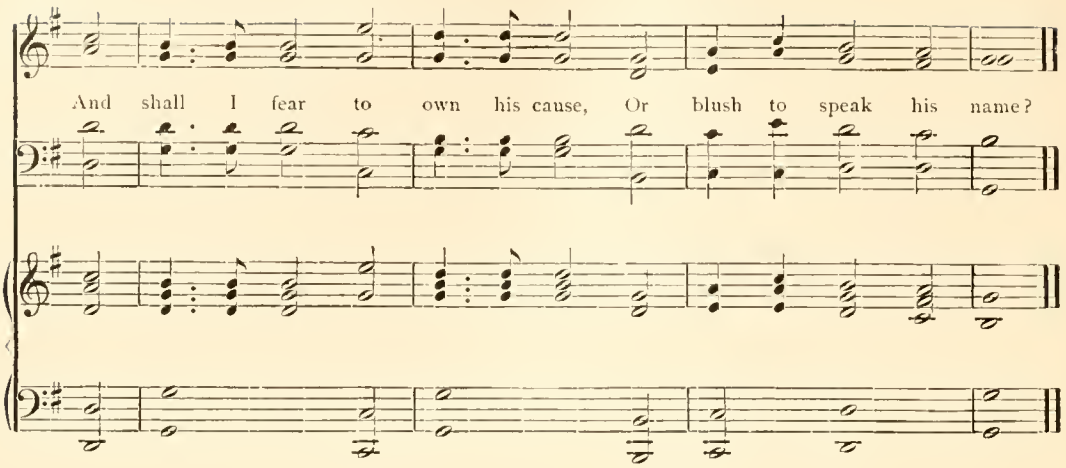
Sing after first Solo verse.



ARLINGTON.

Sing after second Solo verse.





CORONATION.

Sing after third Solo verse.



JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

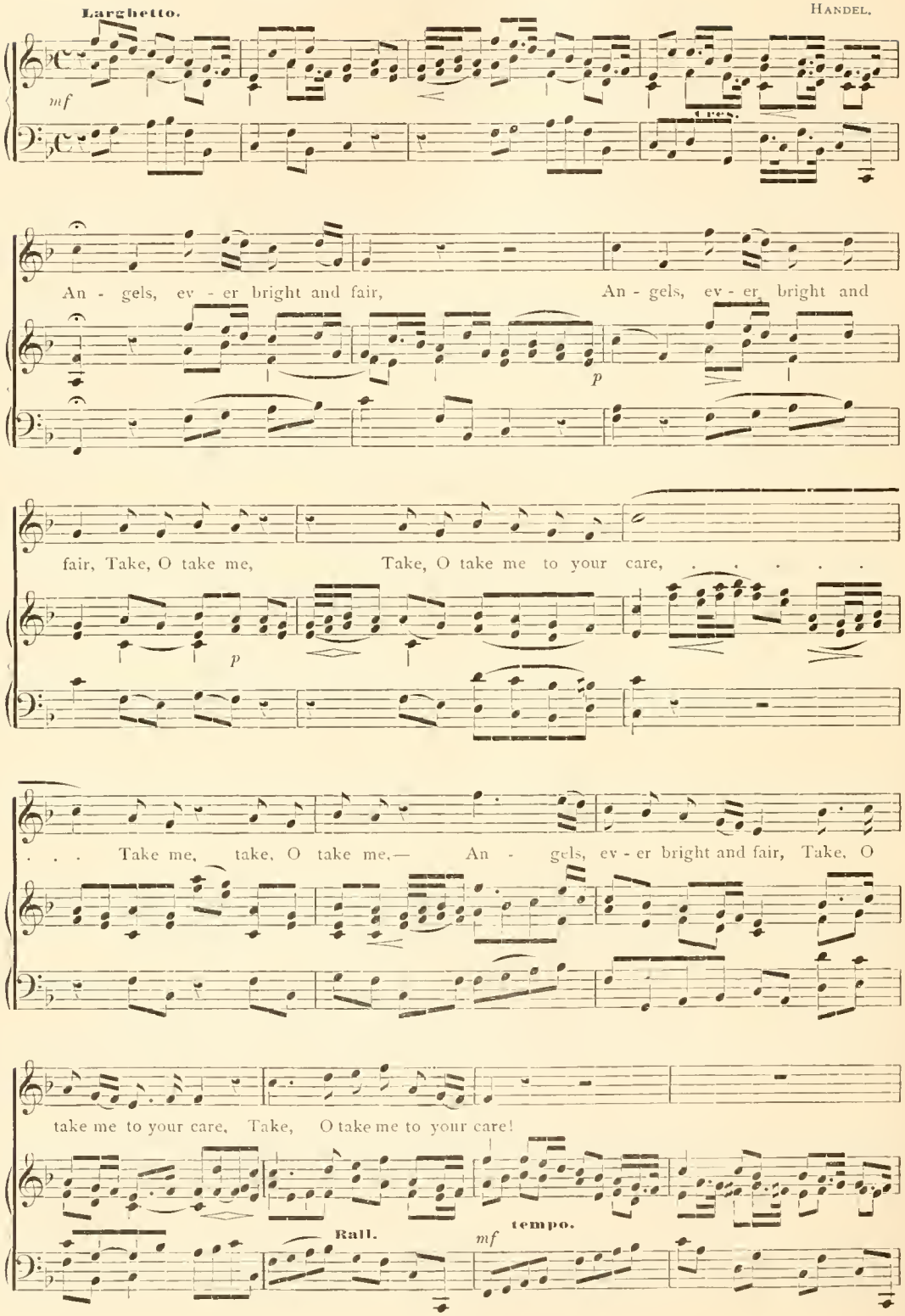
COVERT.



2 Curfew bells, remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging
Lingeringly to tower and tree.
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Finer rose the notes, and clearer;
Oh! 'twas heaven itself to hear her—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea!"

3 How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea?
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame me—
"Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee!"

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

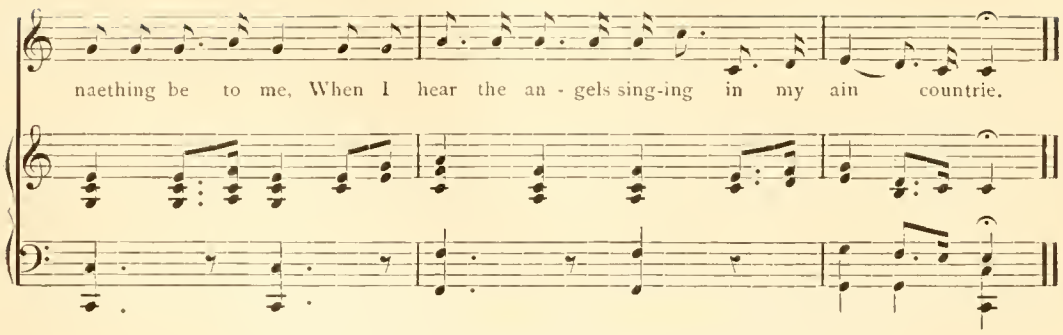



Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin
p
Cres.
white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Take me, An-gels ev-er bright and fair, Take, O take me,
p
mf
p
Take, O take me to your care, ... Take me, take, O take me,— An - gels,
p
mf
Rall.
ever bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care; Take, O take me to your care!
Calla voce.
mf
tempo.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.



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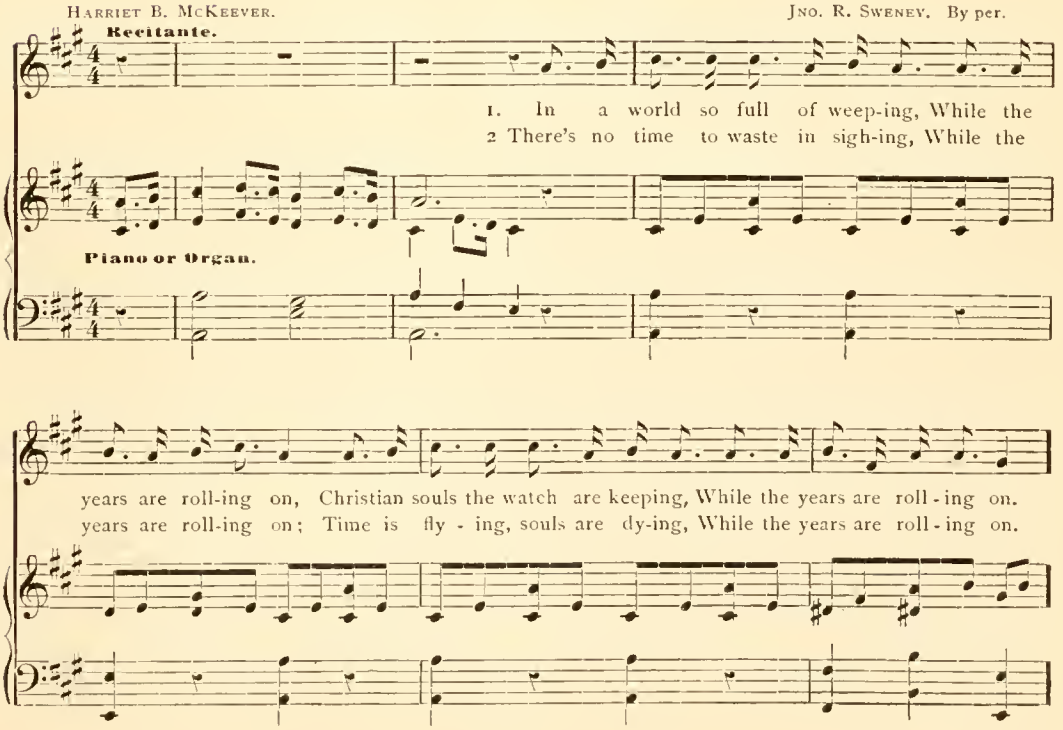


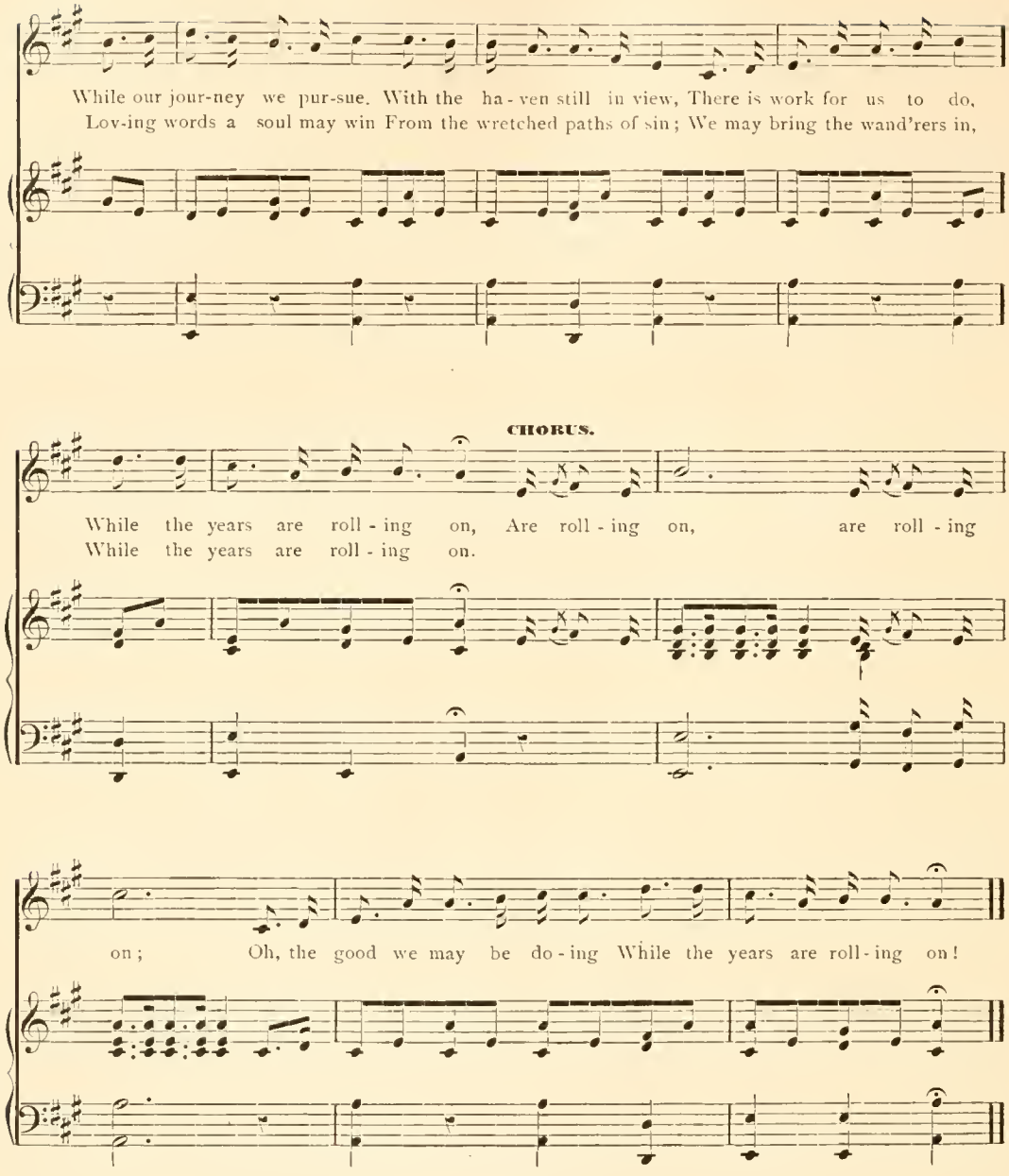
2 I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace, His banished hame will bring,
Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain' countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid hath made me white, an' His hand shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.





3

Let us strengthen one another,
While the years are rolling on;
Seek to raise a fallen brother,
While the years are rolling on.
This is work for every hand,
Till, throughout creation's land,
Armies for the Lord shall stand,
While the years are rolling on.

CHORUS.

4

Friends we love are quickly flying,
While the years are rolling on;
No more parting, no more dying,
While the years are rolling on.
In the world beyond the tomb
Sorrow never more can come;
When we meet in that blest home,
While the years are rolling on.

CHORUS.



"LET EVERY THING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE THE LORD."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Largo. Andante.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, Praise the Lord, O my soul. I will praise the Lord,

mf Accomp. *fz* *fz* *mf*

I will praise the Lord, Be-cause His lov-ing kind - ness is bet - ter than life. While I

f

live I will praise the Lord. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, I'll praise my

fz *fz* *fz* *mf*

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*WE'LL MEET AND REST.

"AT THY RIGHT HAND THERE ARE PLEASURES EVERMORE."

REV. DR H. BONAR. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



*This arrangement copyrighted, 1887, by Philip Phillips.



2 Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan—
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gather'd,
That were scatter'd on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

4 Where the blasted world shall brighten
Underneath the bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

*These beautiful verses were handed to Mr. Phillips by the author, Dr. Bonar, while at his home in Edinburgh, Scotland.



"ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE."

Moderato.
Voice.

HENRY RUSSELL (revised and newly arranged by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

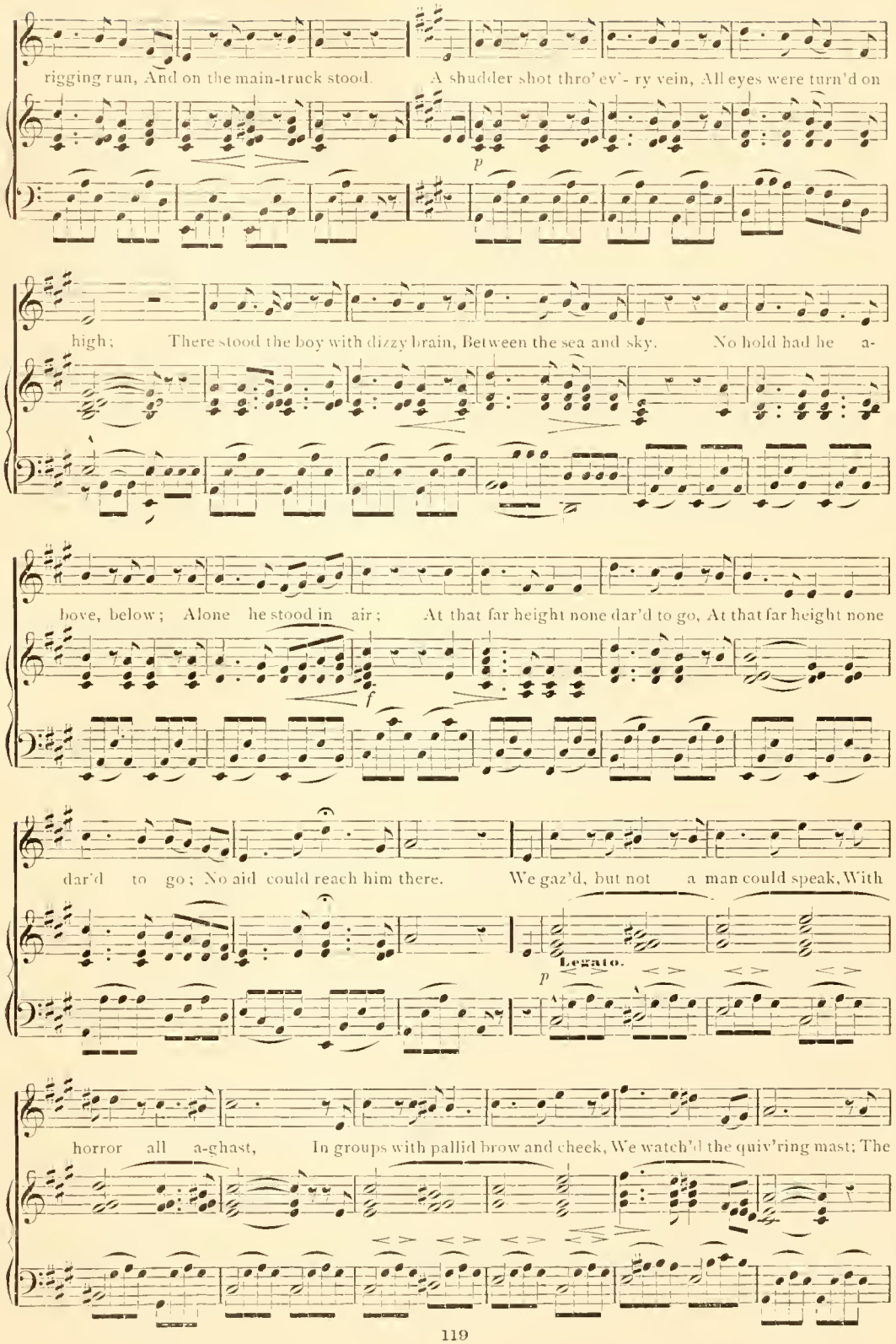
Tranquillo.

Old I-ron - sides at

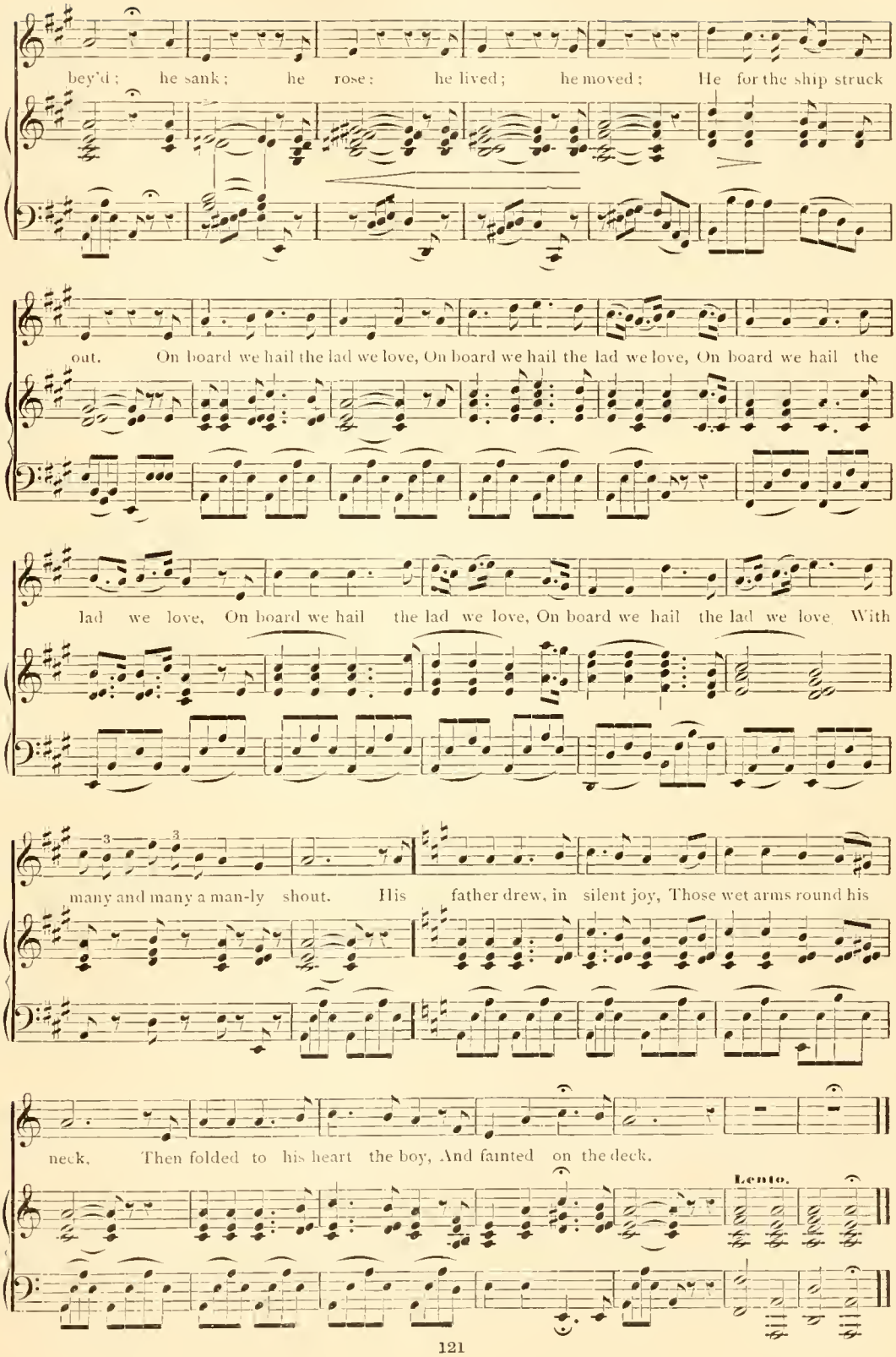
p Accomp.

anchor lay, In the harbor of Ma - hon; A dead calm rested on the bay, The waves to sleep had

gone, When lit - tle Hal, the Captain's son, A lad both brave and good, In sport up shroud and


rigging run, And on the main-truck stood. A shudder shot thro' ev'- ry vein, All eyes were turn'd on
p
high; There stood the boy with dizzy brain, Between the sea and sky. No hold had he a-
bove, below; Alone he stood in air; At that far height none dar'd to go, At that far height none
f
dar'd to go; No aid could reach him there. We gaz'd, but not a man could speak, With
Legato.
p
horror all a-ghast, In groups with pallid brow and cheek, We watch'd the quiv'ring mast; The


at-mosphere was dim and hot, And of a lu - rid hue; As riveted un - to the spot Stood
officers and crew. We gaz'd, but not a man could speak, We gaz'd, but not a man could speak, not a
man could speak. The father came on deck, He gasp'd, "O God, Thy will be done!" Then
sudden - ly a ri - fle grasp'd, And aim'd it at his son. "Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump! or I fire," he said. "That on - ly chance your life can save. Jump, jump, boy!" He o-
Ad lib.
Ad lib.


bey'd; he sank; he rose; he lived; he moved; He for the ship struck
out. On board we hail the lad we love, On board we hail the lad we love, On board we hail the
lad we love, On board we hail the lad we love, On board we hail the lad we love. With
many and many a man-ly shout. His father drew, in silent joy, Those wet arms round his
neck, Then folded to his heart the boy, And fainted on the deck.
Lento.

THE BETTER LAND



"THY RIGHT HAND, WHERE THERE ARE PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE."

Words by Mrs. Hemans. Written by S. J. Vail, for Mr. Phillips.

Voice.

1. I have heard thee speak of the
2. Is it far a - way in some

Moderato.

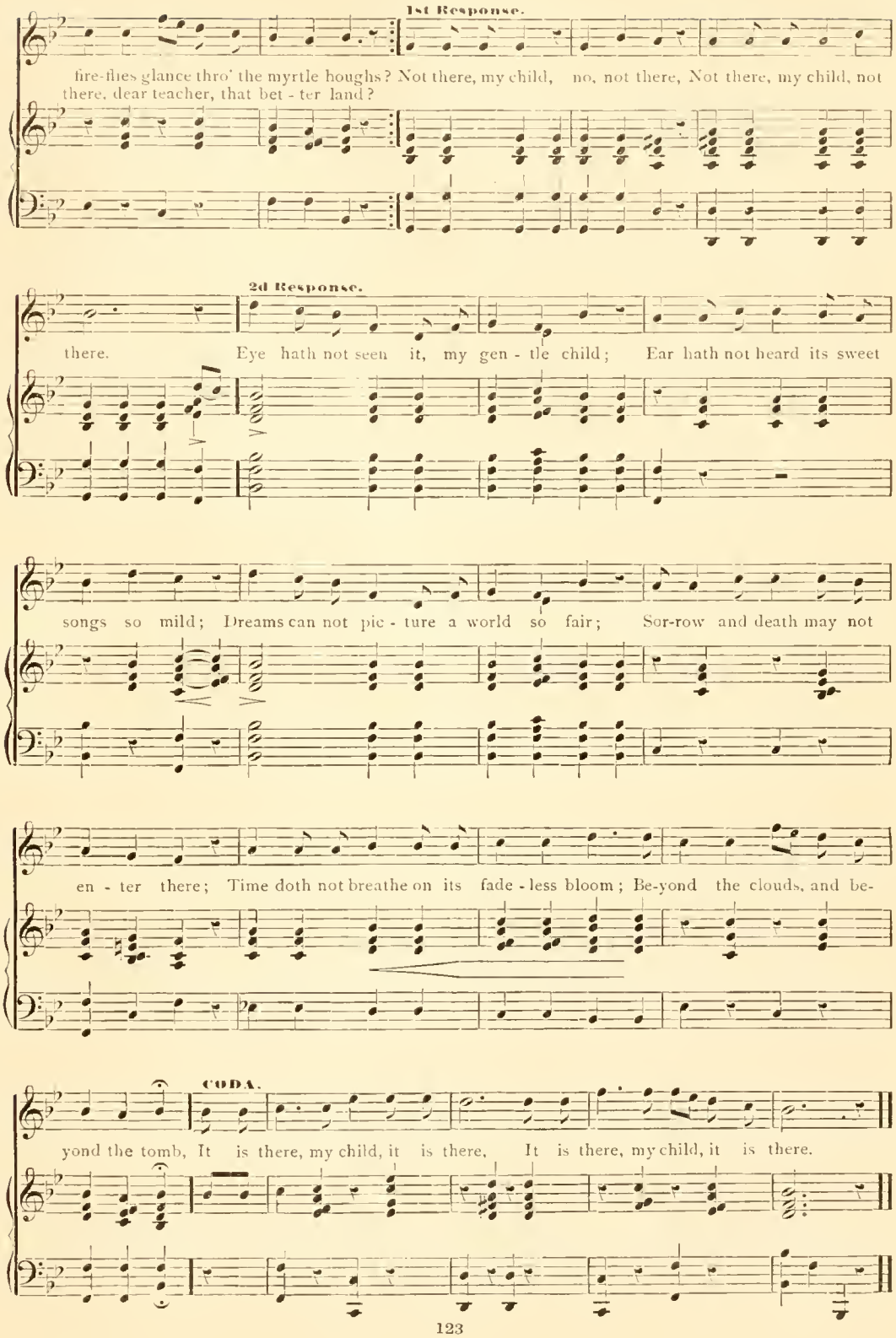
f **Accomp.**

better land; Thou calledst its children a hap-py band; Dear teacher, where is that radiant shore? Oh,
region old, Where rivers are wand'ring o'er sands of gold, Where burning rays of the ru - by shine, And

may we not seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the
diamonds il - lu-mine its se - cret mine? Does the pearl gleam forth from its co - ral strand? Is it

f

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1st Response.
fire-flies glance thro' the myrtle boughs? Not there, my child, no, not there, Not there, my child, not there, dear teacher, that bet - ter land?
2d Response.
there. Eye hath not seen it, my gen - tle child; Ear hath not heard its sweet
songs so mild; Dreams can not pic - ture a world so fair; Sor-row and death may not
en - ter there; Time doth not breathe on its fade - less bloom; Be-yond the clouds, and be-
CODA.
yond the tomb, It is there, my child, it is there, It is there, my child, it is there.

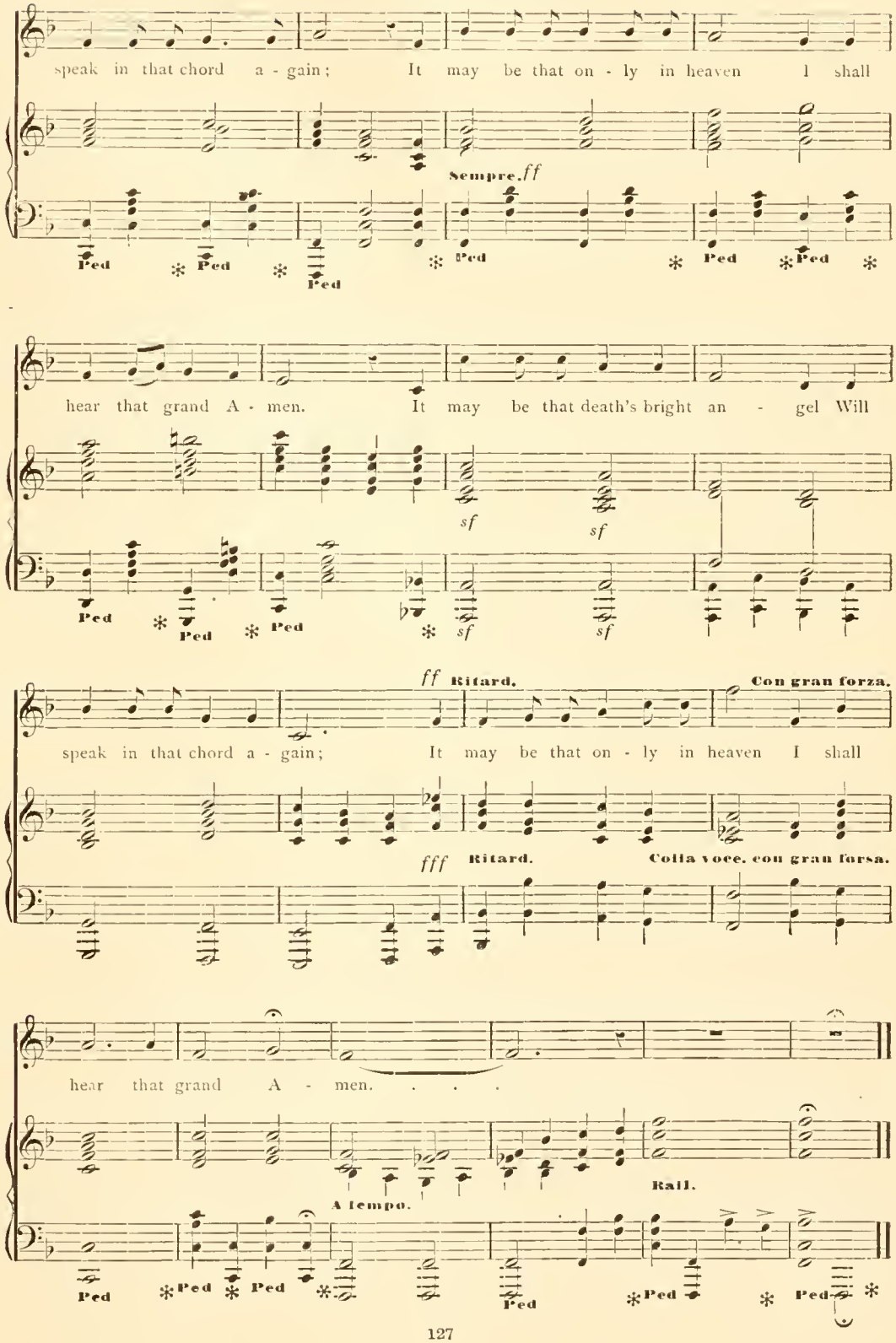
THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. (ALTO.) ARTHUR SULLIVAN.




It flood - ed the crim - son twi-light, Like the
Dim. - - - -
p
Cres.
Dim.
close of an an-gel's psalm, And it lay on my fevered spir - it, With a touch of in - fi-nite
Cres.
Dim.
Ped.
Cres.
Dim.
calm; It qui - et - ed pain and sor-row, Like love o - ver-com-ing strife; It
Cres.
Dim.
Tranquillo sempre.
seemed the har-mo-nious ech - o From our dis-cord - ant life; It linked all per-plex - ed
p
P Tranquillo.


Poco a poco più animato.
mean-ings, In-to one per-fect peace, And trem-bled a-way in-to si-lence, As
Cres.
Animato.
Ped.
f Agitato.
if it were loth to cease; I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That
f Agitato.
f
Ped.
one lost chord di-vine, Which came from the soul of the or-gan, And
Ped.
f Grandioso.
en-tered in-to mine. It may be that death's bright an-gel Will
f
ff
Cres. molto ritard.
Ped.
Ped.

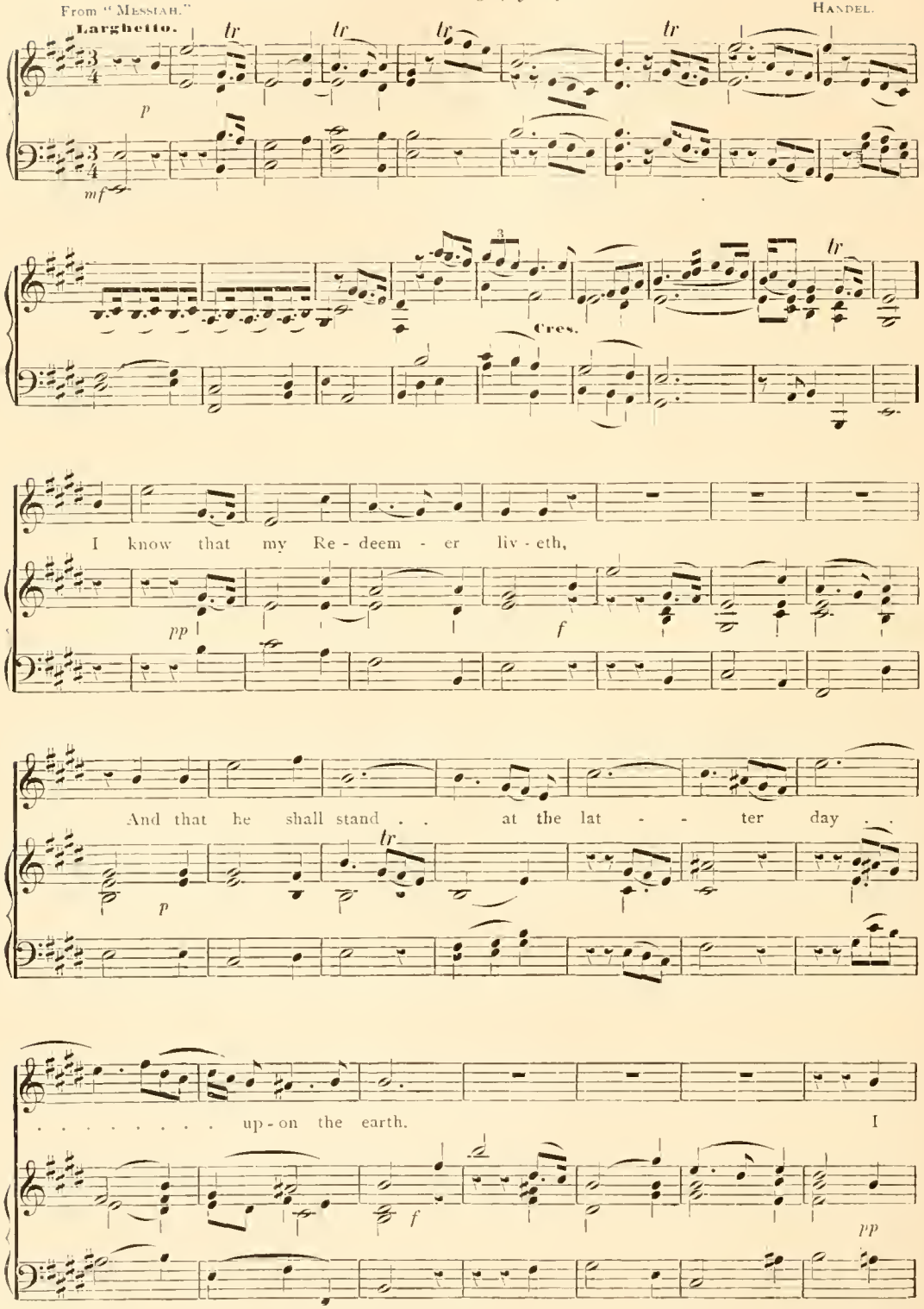

speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in heaven I shall
Sempre ff
Ped
hear that grand A - men. It may be that death's bright an - gel Will
sf
ff Ritard.
Con gran forza.
speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in heaven I shall
fff Ritard.
Colla voce, con gran forsa.
hear that grand A - men. . . .
Rall.
A tempo.

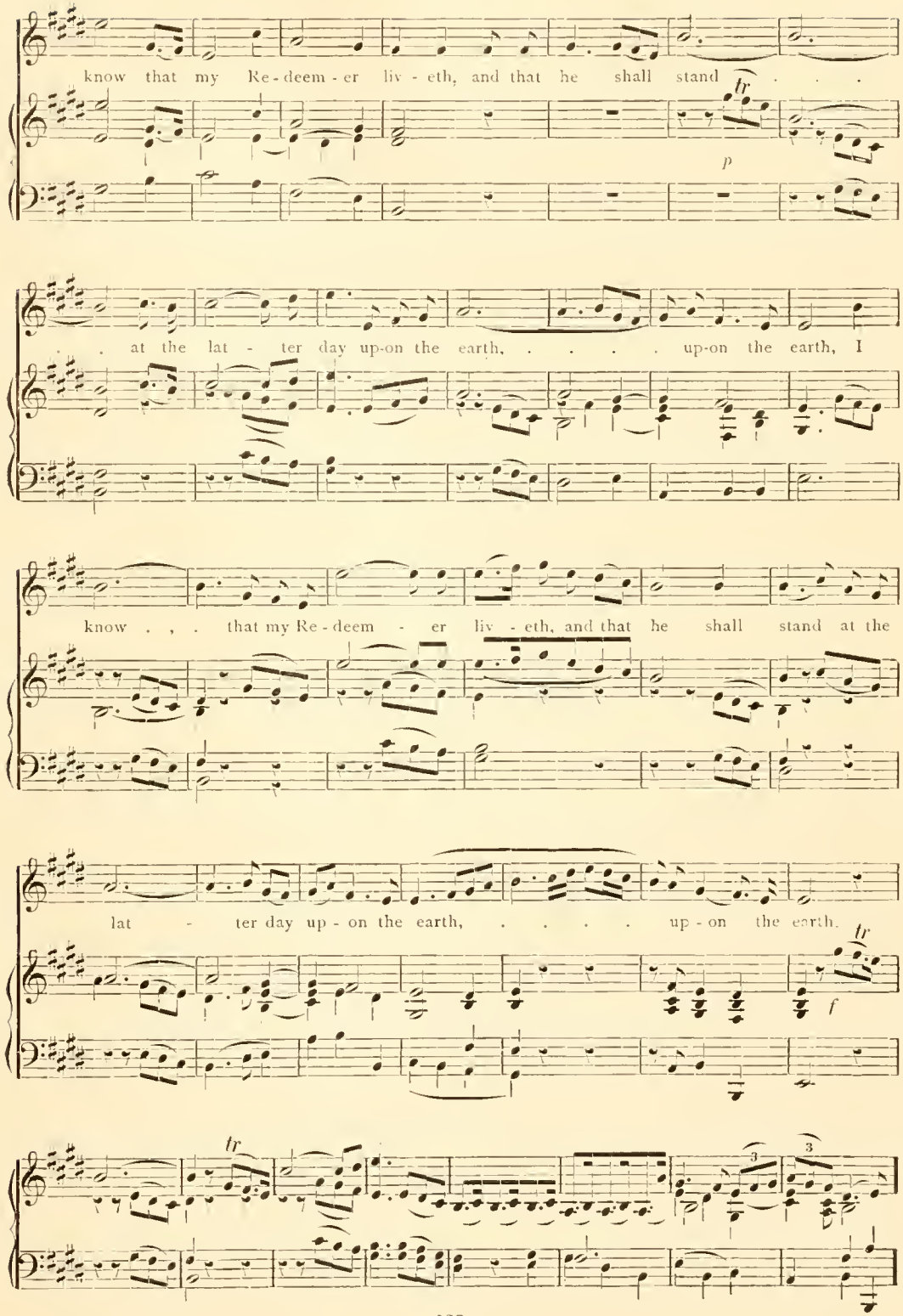
I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

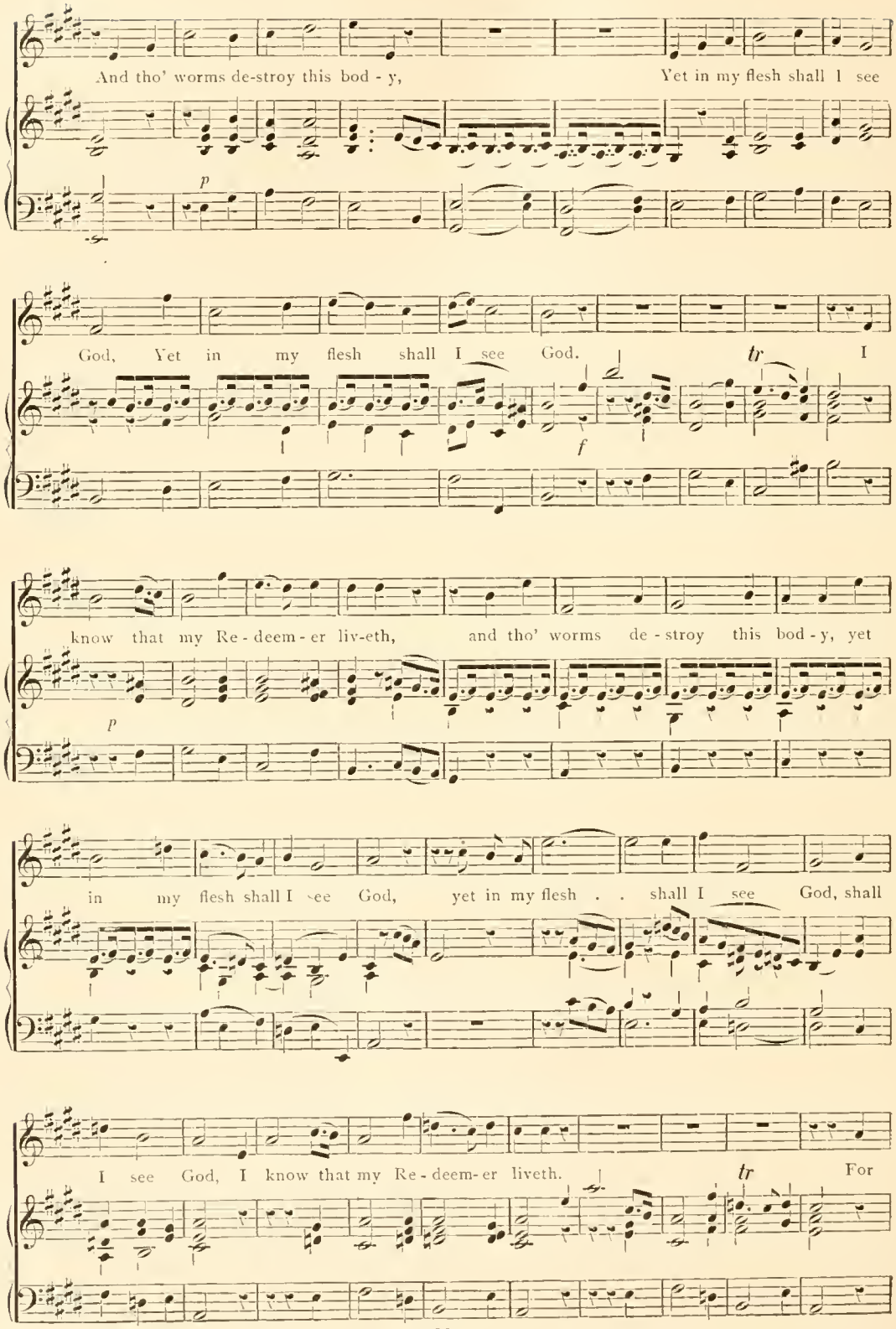
Correct edition, as sung by Jenny Lind.

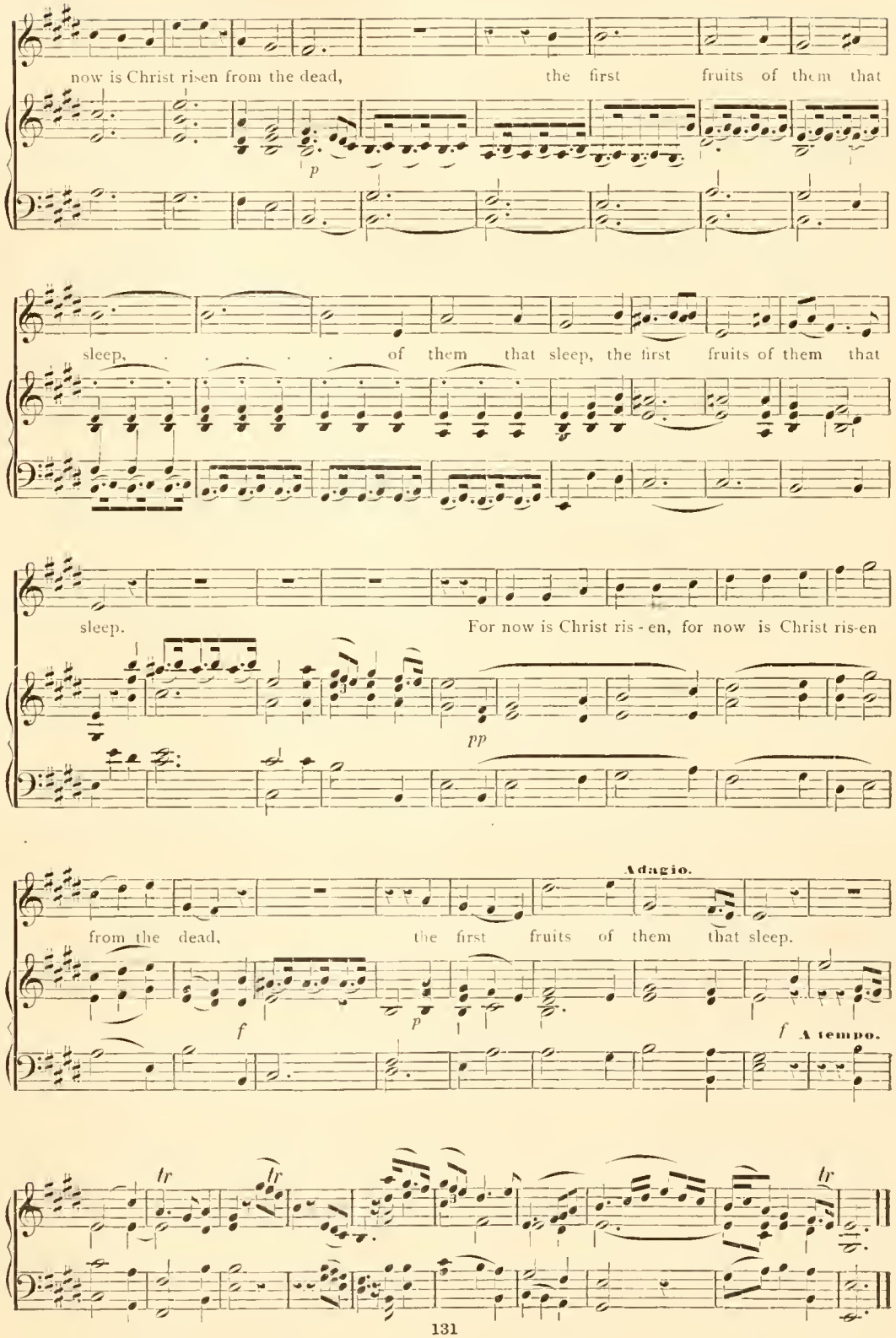
From "MESSIAH."

HANDEL.




know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, and that he shall stand . . .
tr
p
. . at the lat-ter day up-on the earth, ... up-on the earth, I
know . , . that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, and that he shall stand at the
lat-ter day up-on the earth, ... up-on the earth.
tr
f
tr
3
3


And tho' worms de-stroy this bod - y,
Yet in my flesh shall I see
p
God, Yet in my flesh shall I see God.
tr
I
f
know that my Re - deem - er liv-eth, and tho' worms de - stroy this bod - y, yet
p
in my flesh shall I see God, yet in my flesh . . shall I see God, shall
I see God, I know that my Re - deem - er liveth.
tr
For


now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that
p
sleep, ... of them that sleep, the first fruits of them that
sleep.
For now is Christ ris - en, for now is Christ ris-en
pp
Adagio.
from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.
f
p
f
A tempo.
tr
tr
tr

AMERICAN SONG MEDLEY.

Written and copyrighted by PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1887.



From Sword of Bunker Hill.

Sung after first verse.


antlers bring the sword of Bunker Hill, But quickly from yon antlers bring the sword of Bunker Hill.
From Red, White and Blue.
Sung after second verse.
ff
"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue! The
ff
Army and Na - vy for ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
From Stephen C. Foster's song, "Old Kentucky Home, Good Night."
Sung after third verse.
"Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day, We will
sing one song for my old Ken-tuck-y home. For my old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

From Jubilee Songs.

Sung after fourth verse.

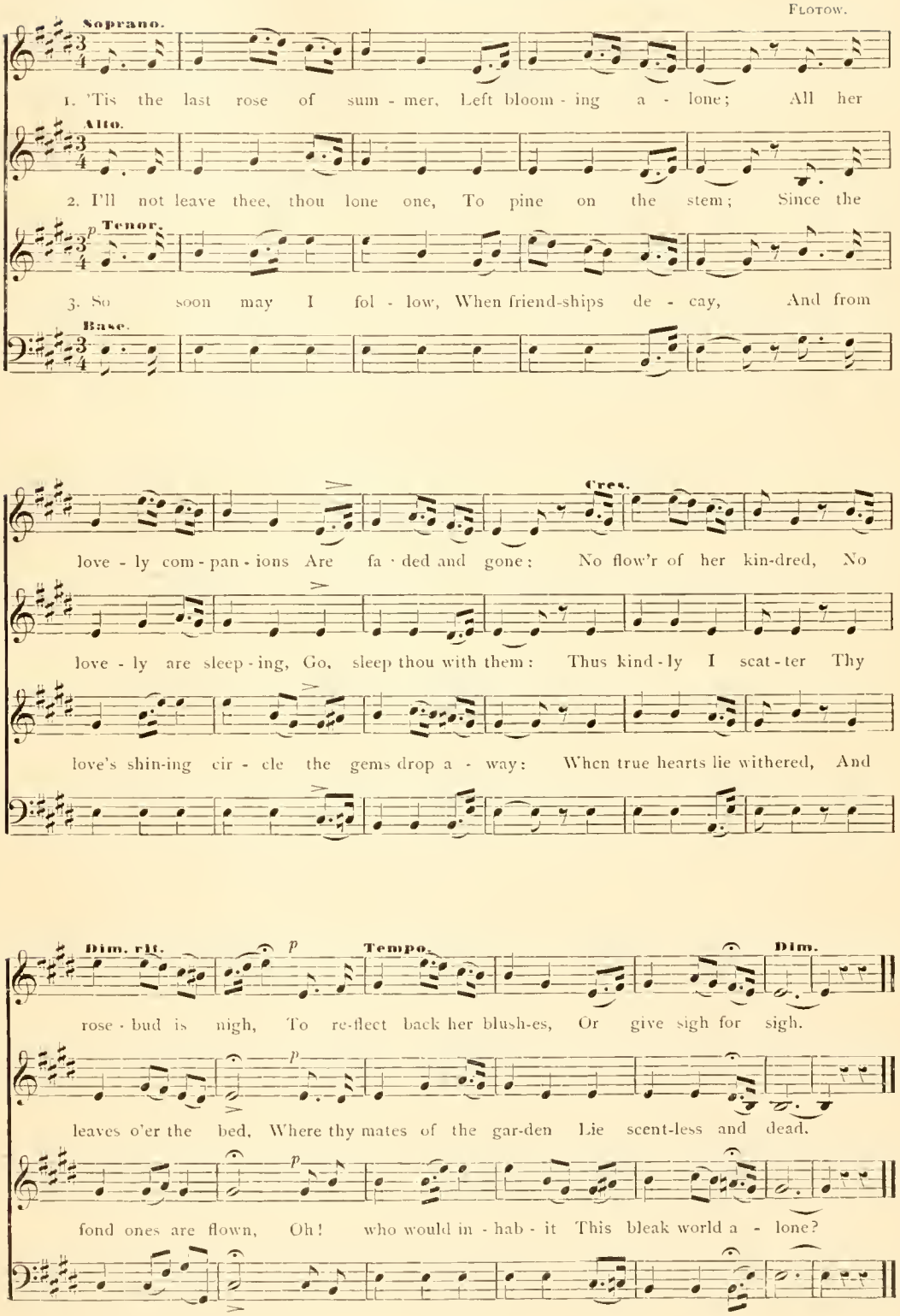


Sung after fifth verse. From "Singing for Jesus."



'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

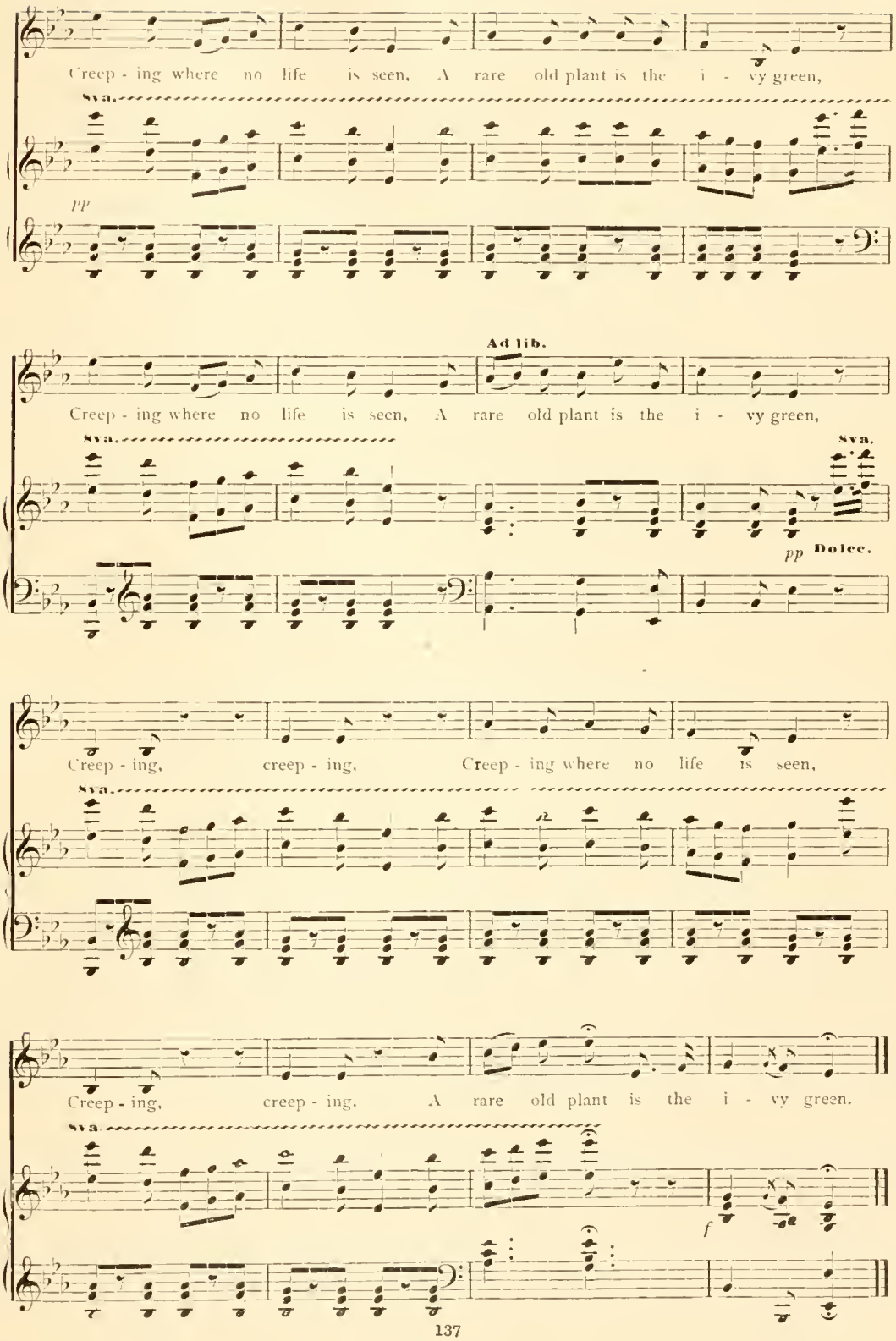
FLOTOW.



THE IVY GREEN.

"Boz." RUSSELL.




Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the i - vy green,
8va.
pp
Ad lib.
Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the i - vy green,
8va.
8va.
pp Dolce.
Creep - ing, creep - ing, Creep - ing where no life is seen,
8va.
Creep - ing, creep - ing, A rare old plant is the i - vy green.
8va.
f

IT WAS A DREAM.

R. E. Francillon. F. H. Cowen.




Cres.
dream, It was a dream; . . . A-gain I looked on the old, old
dream, It was a dream; . . . A-gain I lis - ten'd to breeze and
Cres.
place, A - gain I saw . . . my dar - ling's face, ...
birds, A - gain my dar - - ling's voice I heard, ...
f
It was a dream, it was a
It was a dream, it was a
f
dream, A - - gain we wan - der'd by the
dream, We kiss'd be - neath the moon's soft
p
Rit.
A tempo.
1st time.
stream, It was a dream, it was a dream.
beam, It was a dream, it was a dream.
p
Rit.
A tempo.
p
Rit.
2d time.
dream, it was a dream.
Rit.
f
139
Ped.
*

AGNUS DEI.

A. D. PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.





AGNUS DEI.

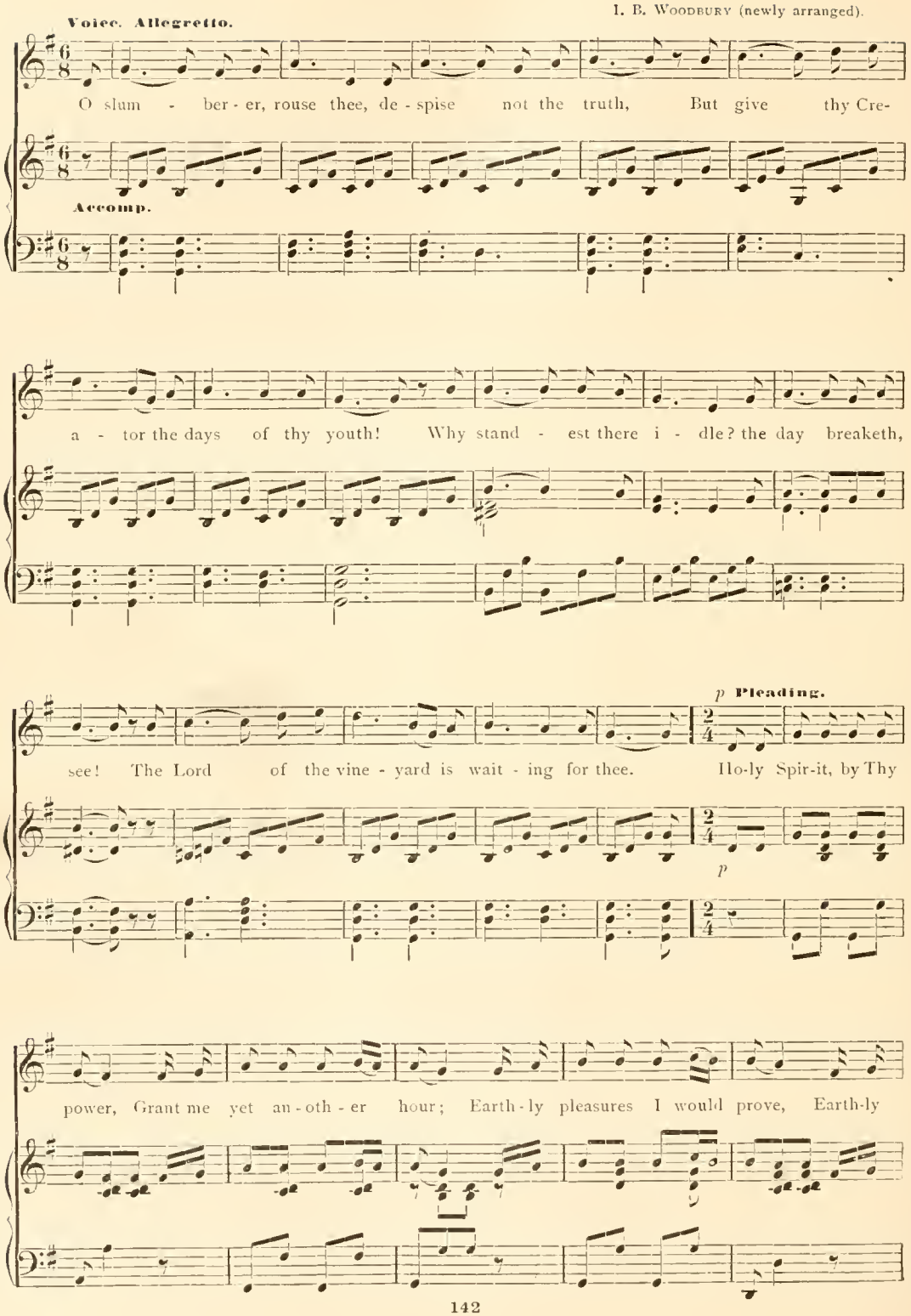
A D. PHILIP PHILLIPS, JR.



THE THREE WARNINGS.

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

I. B. WOODBURY (newly arranged).





Sixth and Ninth hours.

2 O Loiterer, speed thee, the morn wears apace;
Then squander no longer the moments of grace;
But haste while there's time, with thy Master agree,
The Lord of the Vineyard stands waiting for thee.
Gentle Spirit, stay, oh, stay!
Brightly beams the early day;
Let me linger in these bowers,
God shall have my noontide hours;
Chide me not for my delay;
Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray!

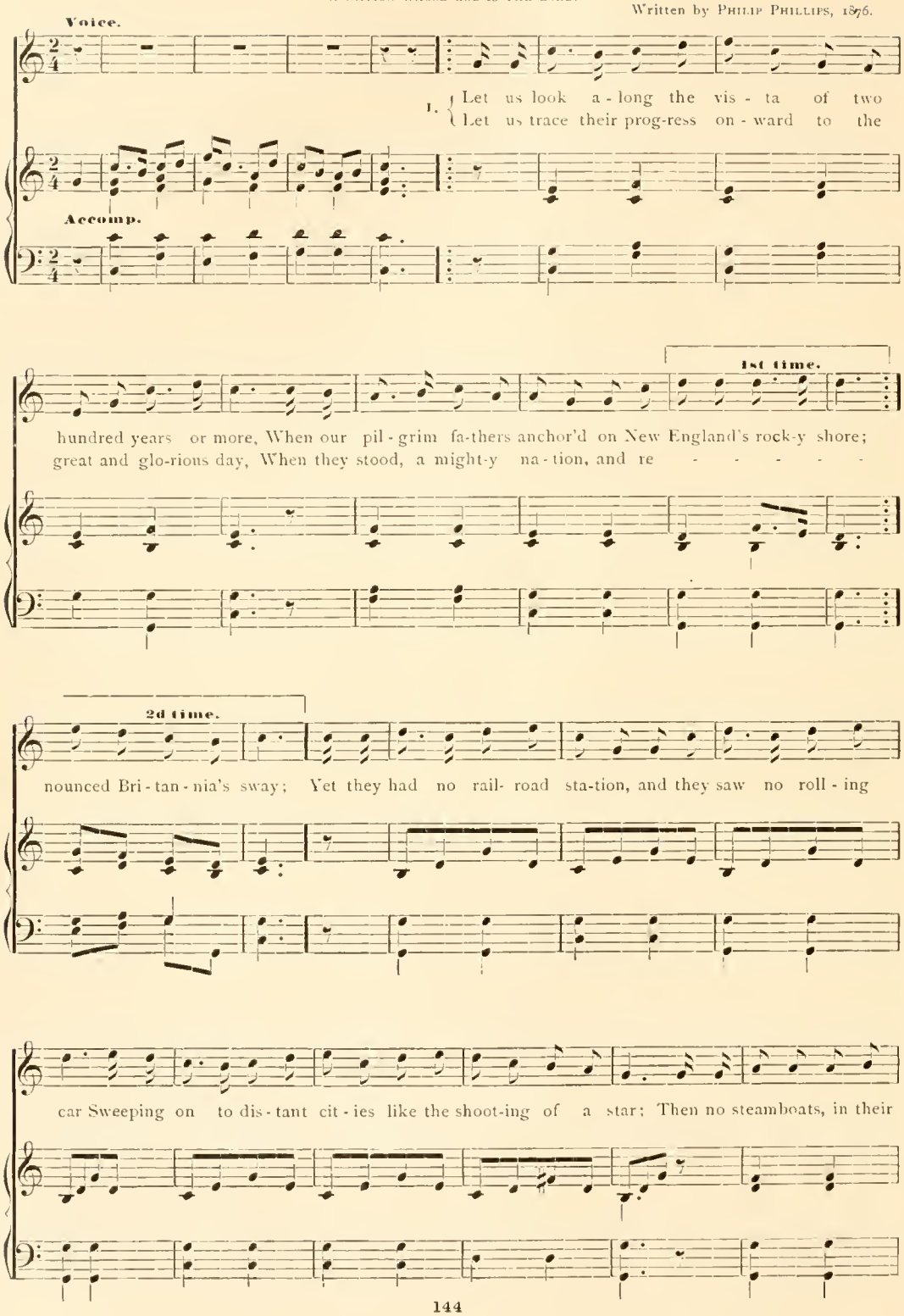
Eleventh and last hours.

3 O Sinner, arouse thee, the morning is past!
Already the shadows are lengthening fast;
Escape for thy life, from the dark mountains flee!
The Lord of the Vineyard is waiting for thee.
Spirit, cease thy mournful lay;
Leave me to myself, I pray.
Earth hath flung her spell around me;
Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me.
When the sun his path hath trod,
Spirit, then I'll turn to God! KNELL.

CENTENNIAL SONG.

"A NATION WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD."

Written by PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1876.





2.

Lo! our commerce wide extending, we can traffic where we will,
And our country's starry banner, see it waving proudly still!
And our steamships o'er the ocean bring us all our heart's desire,
And we talk with foreign monarchs by the telegraphic wire.
While from China, Britain, Europe, we have workmen to employ,
We extend the hand of kindness, and we welcome them with joy·
We will tell them of the Bible, by its pure and precious word,
We will teach them how to labour in the vineyard of the Lord.

3.

To our country's early history now we'll turn our eyes again,
When the people sang together in a quiet, simple strain,
In a church of humble structure, on a sloping hill that stood,
With a grave-yard close beside it, overshadowed by a wood:
Though the seed was sown in weakness, yet its great results we share,
For the blessings which surround us, is in answer to their prayer.
Now with all these vast improvements, and our banner wide unfurled,
With a zeal that never falters *let us Christianize the world!*



"LORD, LORD, OPEN UNTO US."

Music by Miss M. LINDSAY. Rearranged.

Solo or Chorus.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can en - ter still.
2. No light had we; for that we do re-pent, And, learn-ing this, The Bridegroom will relent.

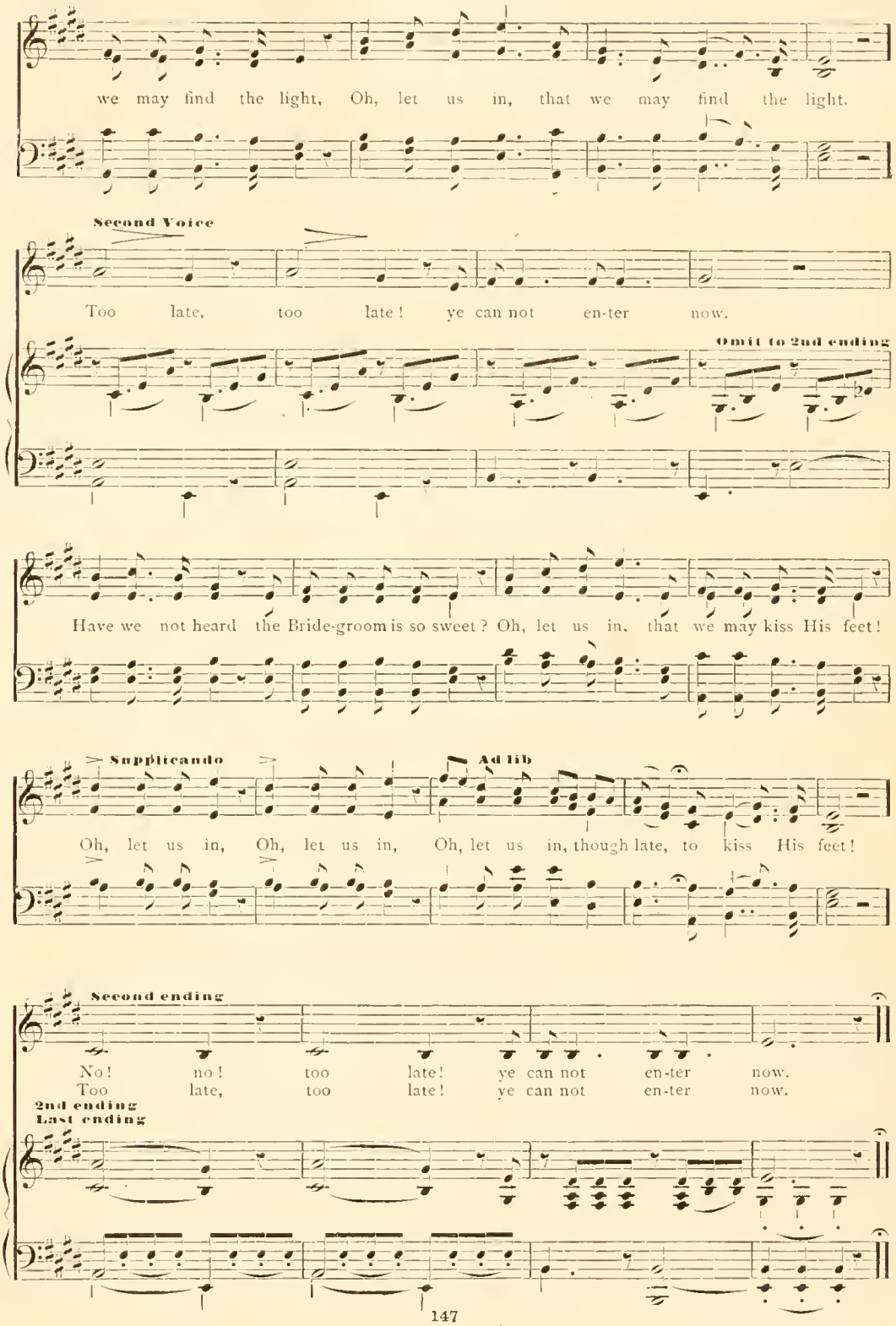
Second Voice.

Too late, too late! ye can not en - ter now;

sf *sf*

Solo or Chorus.

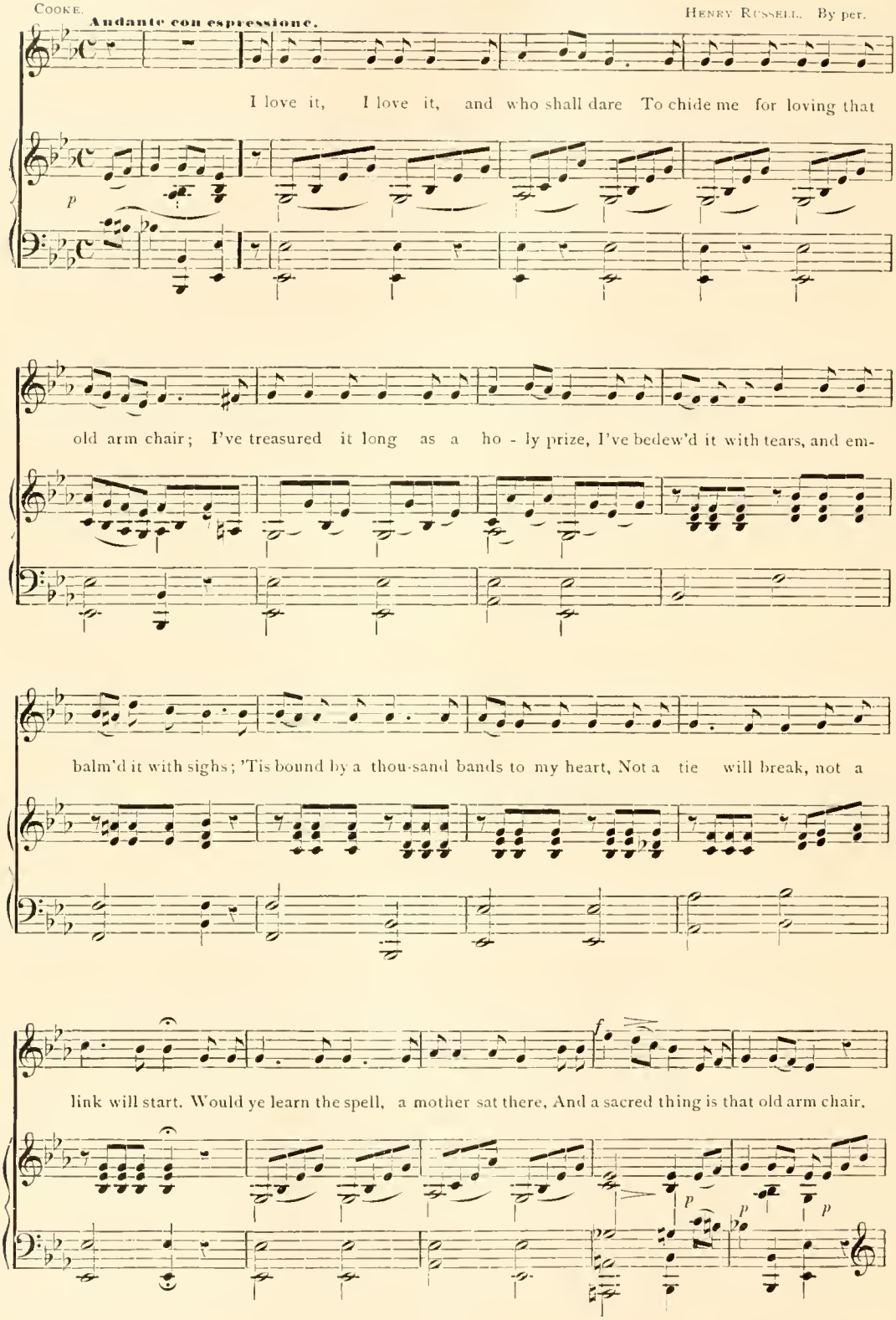
3. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that


we may find the light, Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.
Second Voice
Too late, too late! ye can not en-ter now.
Omit to 2nd ending
Have we not heard the Bride-groom is so sweet? Oh, let us in, that we may kiss His feet!
Suppliçando
Ad lib
Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!
Second ending
No! no! too late! ye can not en-ter now.
Too late, too late! ye can not en-ter now.
2nd ending
Last ending

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

COOKE. HENRY RUSSELL. By per.

Andante con espressione.

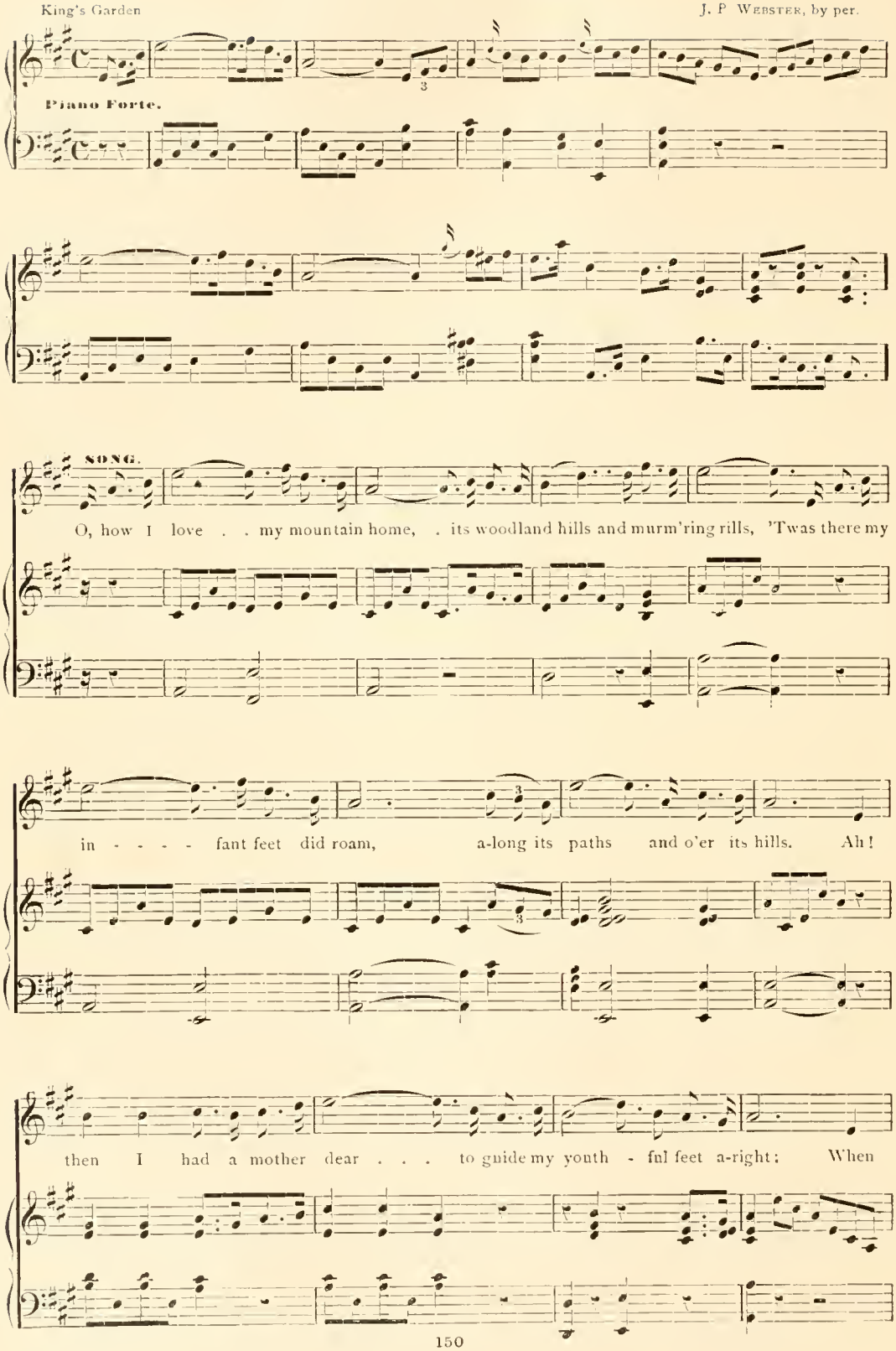


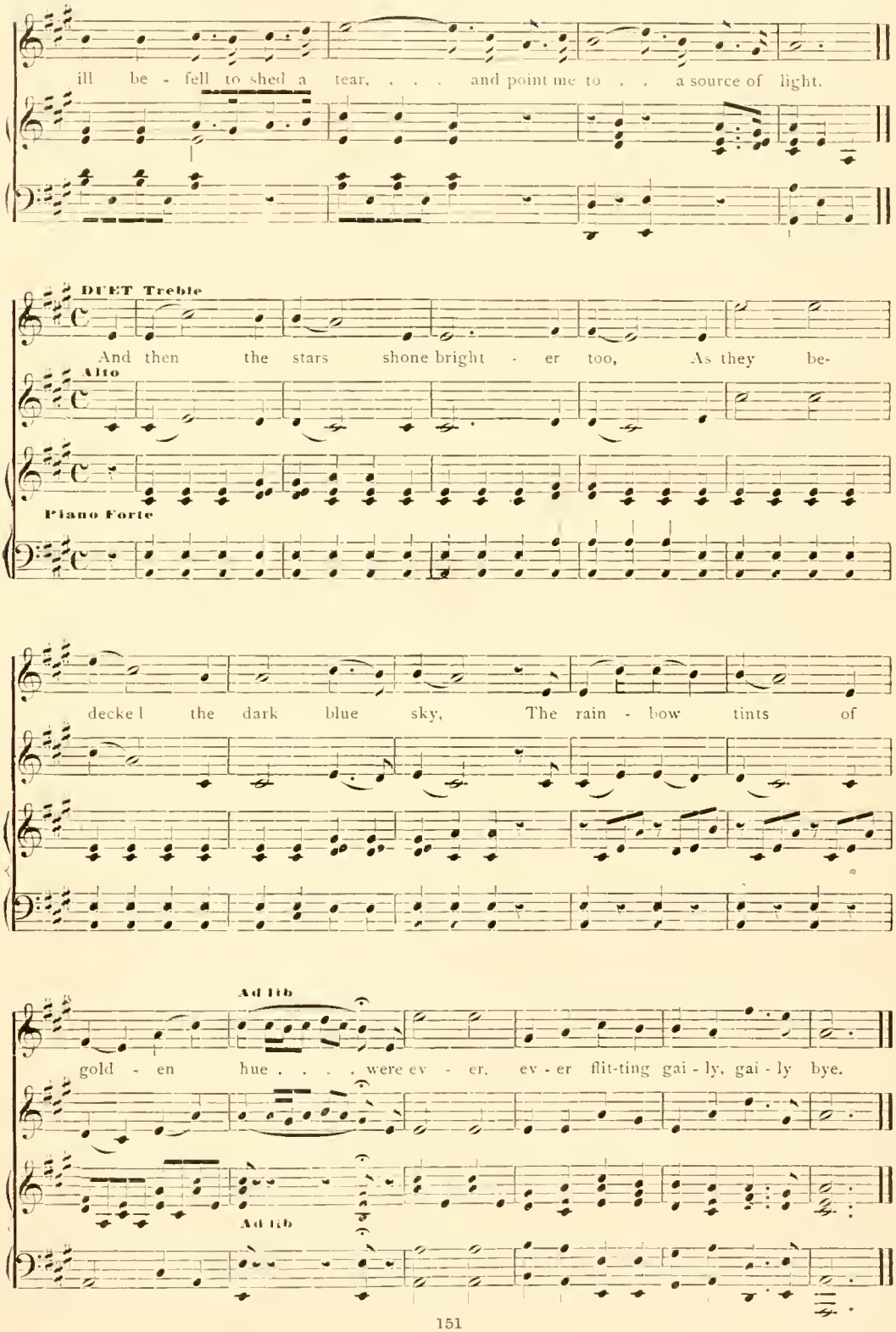

2. I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her
3. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quiv-er-ing breath, and
mf
p
p
locks were grey, And I al-most worship'd her when she smiled, And turn'd from her Bible to
throbbing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And mem'ry flows with la - va tide.
bless her child. Years roll'd on but the last one sped, My i - dol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled; I
Say it is fol-ly, and deem me weak, While the scalding drops start down my cheek; But I love it,
learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
I love it, and can not tear My soul from a mother's old arm chair.
f
p
mf
p

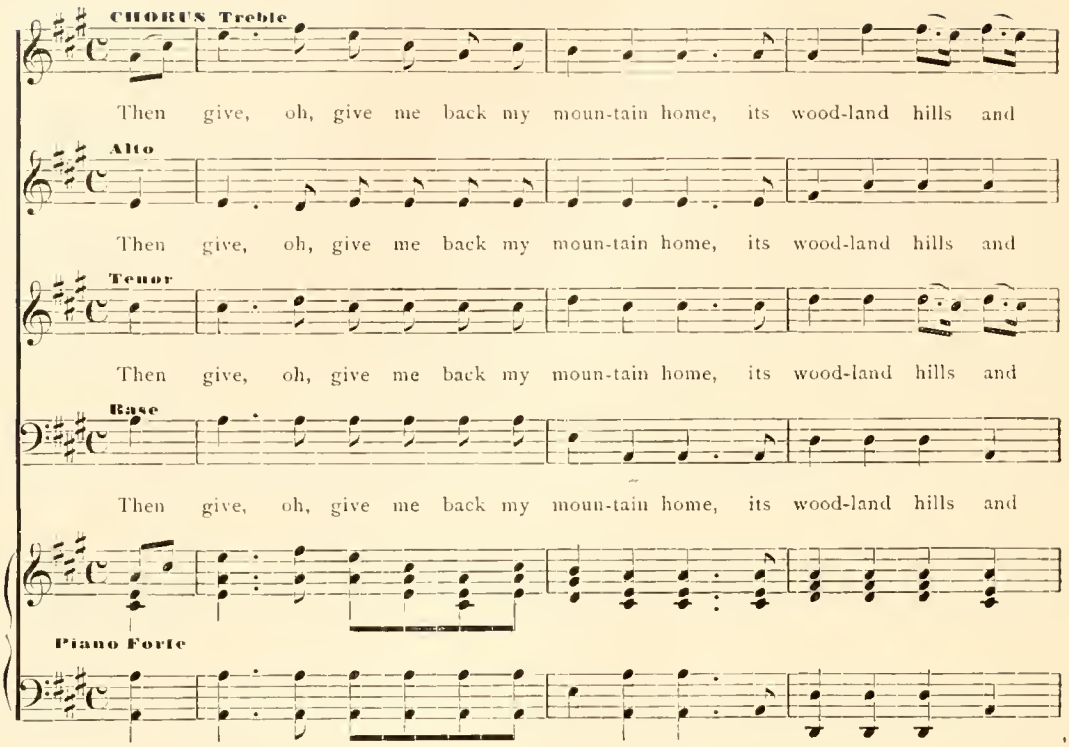
MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

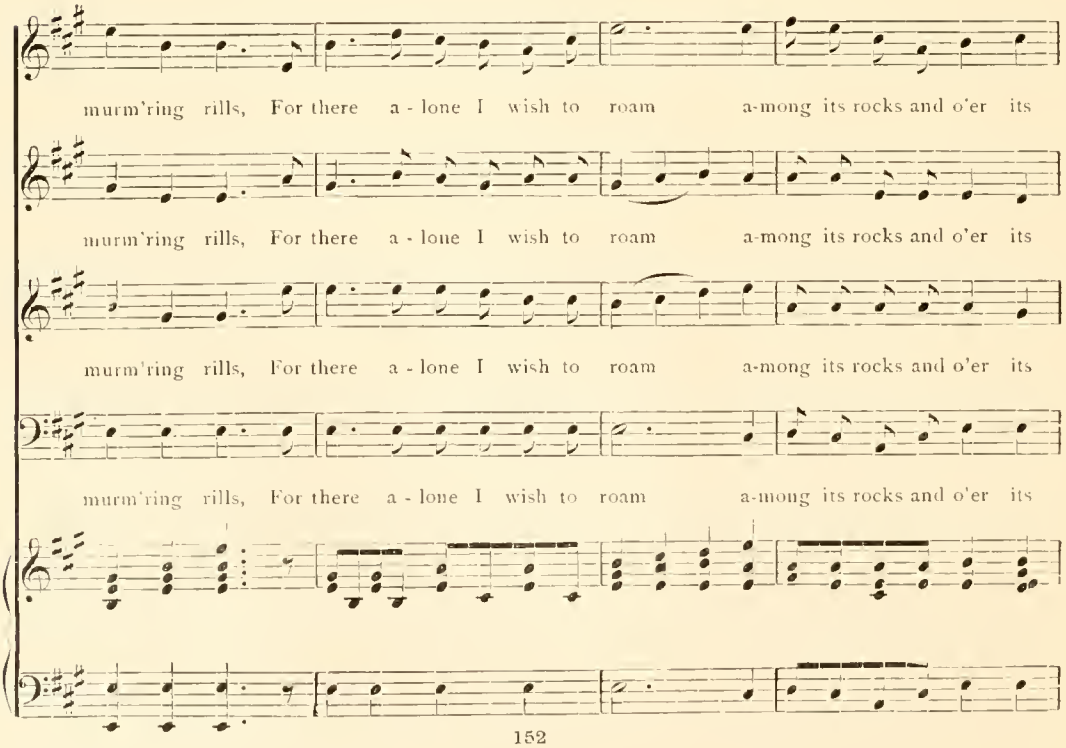
King's Garden

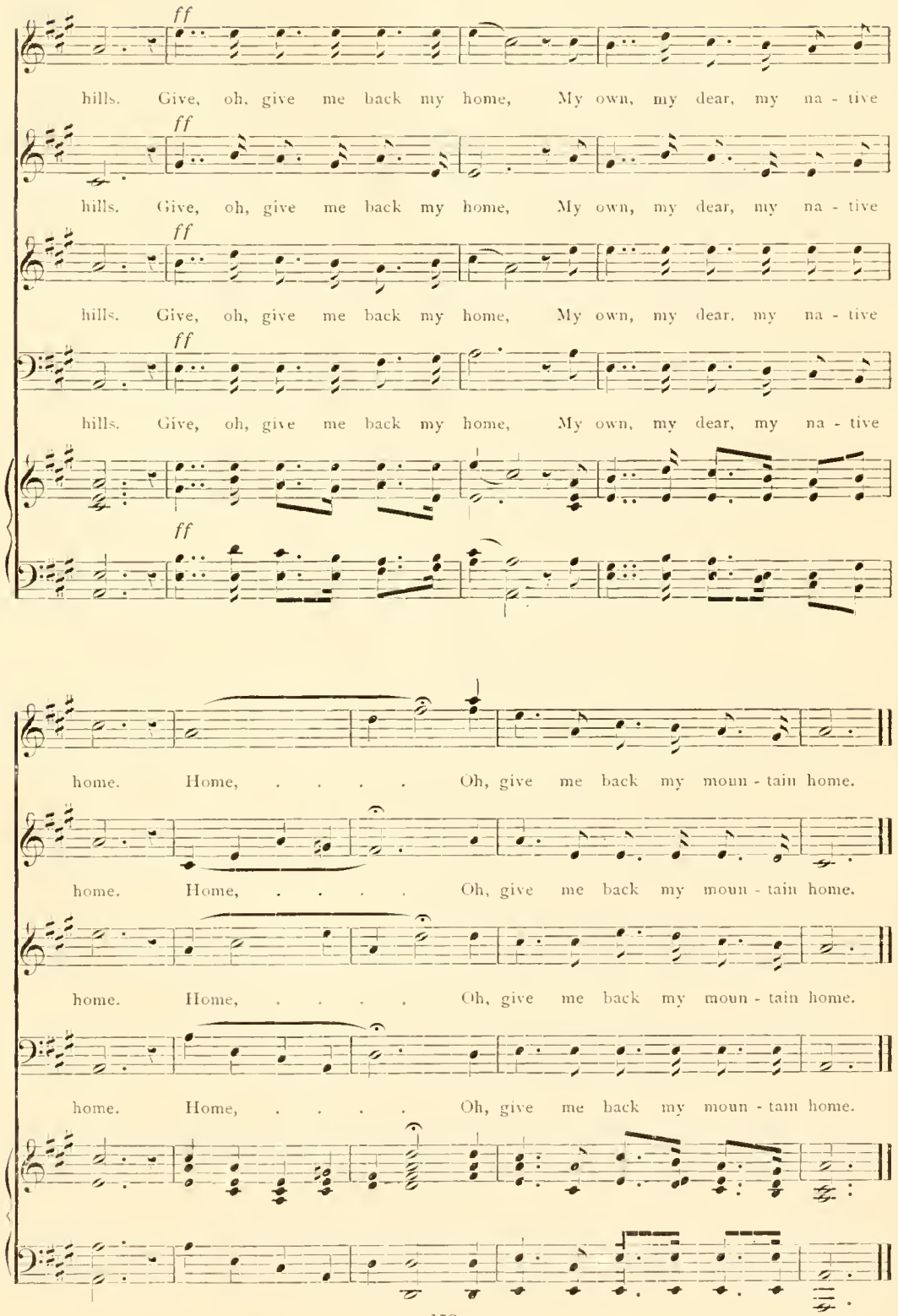
J. P Webster, by per.




ill be - fell to shed a tear, . . . and point me to . . a source of light.
DUET Treble
And then the stars shone bright - er too, As they be-
Alto
Piano Forte
decke l the dark blue sky, The rain - bow tints of
Ad lib
gold - en hue were ev - er, ev - er flit-ting gai - ly, gai - ly bye.
Ad lib

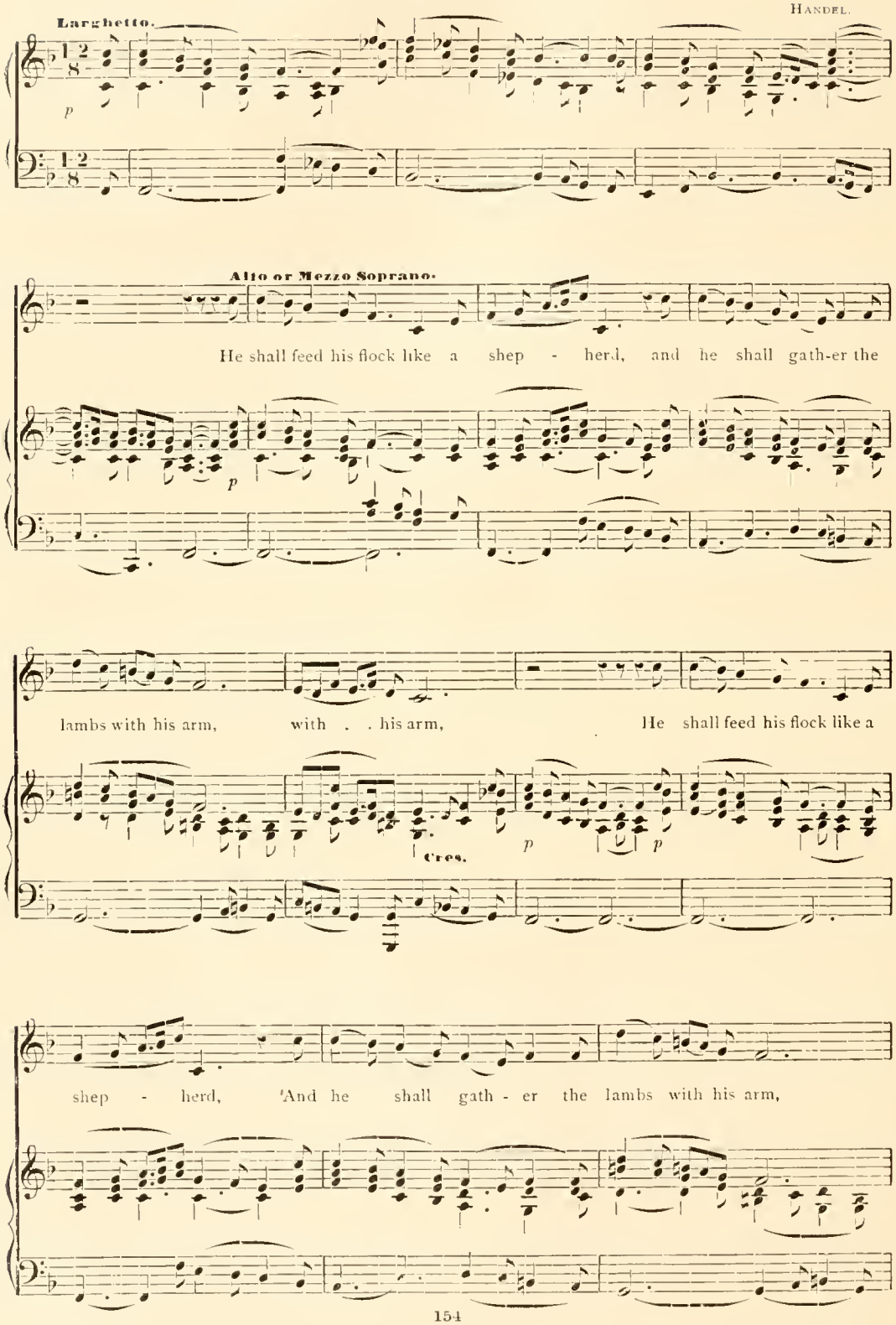

CHORUS Treble
Then give, oh, give me back my moun-tain home, its wood-land hills and
Alto
Then give, oh, give me back my moun-tain home, its wood-land hills and
Tenor
Then give, oh, give me back my moun-tain home, its wood-land hills and
Base
Then give, oh, give me back my moun-tain home, its wood-land hills and
Piano Forte


murm'ring rills, For there a - lone I wish to roam a-mong its rocks and o'er its
murm'ring rills, For there a - lone I wish to roam a-mong its rocks and o'er its
murm'ring rills, For there a - lone I wish to roam a-mong its rocks and o'er its
murm'ring rills, For there a - lone I wish to roam a-mong its rocks and o'er its

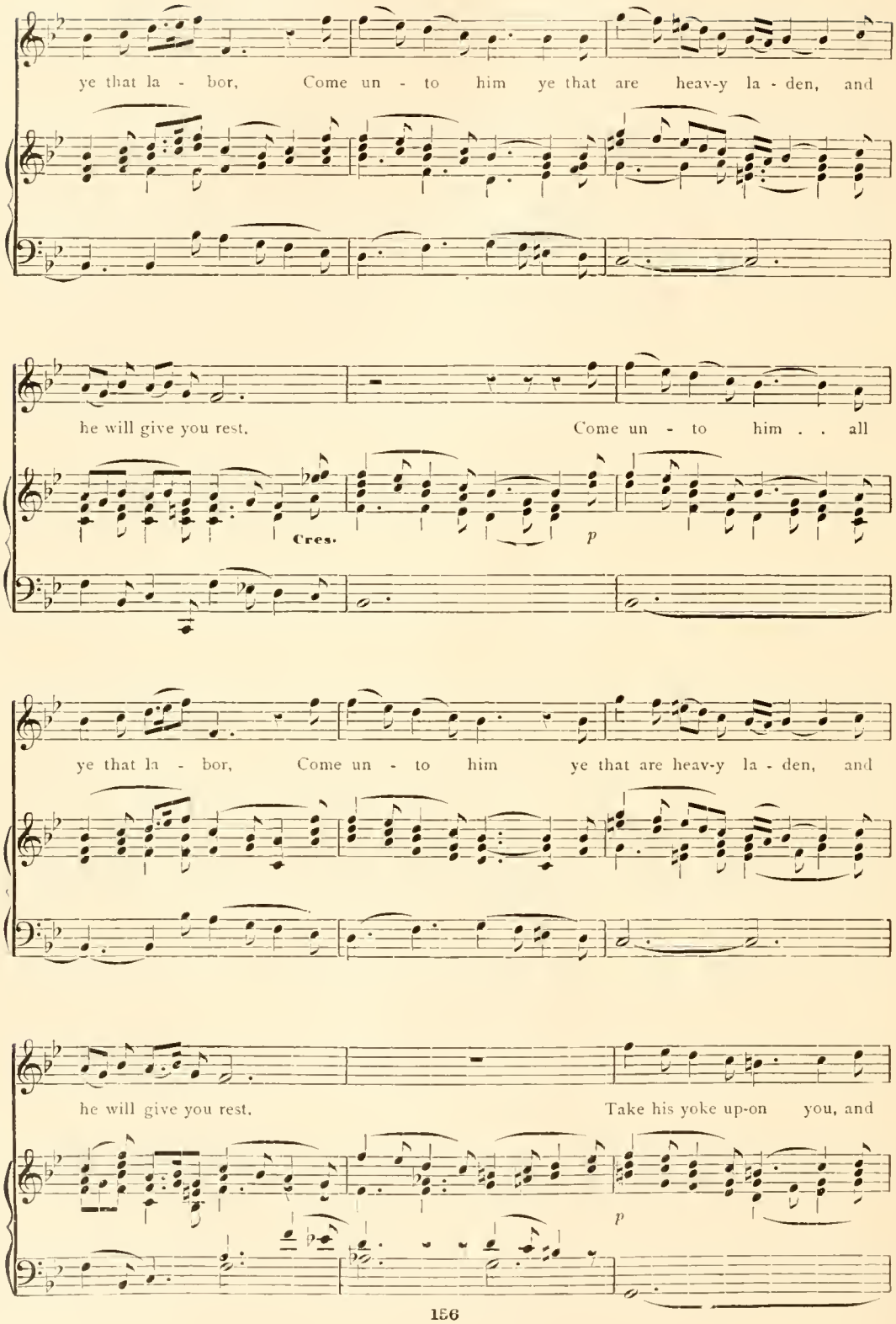

ff
hills. Give, oh, give me back my home, My own, my dear, my na - tive
hills. Give, oh, give me back my home, My own, my dear, my na - tive
hills. Give, oh, give me back my home, My own, my dear, my na - tive
hills. Give, oh, give me back my home, My own, my dear, my na - tive
home. Home, ... Oh, give me back my moun - tain home.
home. Home, ... Oh, give me back my moun - tain home.
home. Home, ... Oh, give me back my moun - tain home.
home. Home, ... Oh, give me back my moun - tain home.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

HANDEL.




with . . his arm;
And car - ry them
Cres.
p
in his bo - som, and gent - ly lead those that are with young, and
gent - ly lead, and gent - ly lead those that are with young.
Cres.
Soprano voce.
Come un - to him all
p


ye that la - bor, Come un - to him ye that are heav-y la - den, and
he will give you rest. Come un - to him . . all
Cres.
p
ye that la - bor, Come un - to him ye that are heav-y la - den, and
he will give you rest. Take his yoke up-on you, and
p


learn of him, for he is meek . . and low - ly of heart, and
ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls.
Cres.
Take his yoke up - on you, and learn of him, for he is meek and
p
low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.

Music composed by I. B. Woodbury.



2. Be kind to thy mother for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and Bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

Comin' Thro' the Rye.



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Descriptive Songs and Gem Solos

Written and Selected by

Philip Phillips